THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY
ALONZO KIMBALL

More Than
A Million
A Week
Circulation

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

The Rapid

"Built for Business"

The Rapid

12, 16 and 20-Passenger

Pullman Car

— Is a most profitable investment.

Let Us Tell You How to Make Big Money With One of These Cars

FEW lines of work or business offer
— So much profit on the cash required to start
— So much health, pleasure, and outdoor exercise as owning or running a *Rapid* Sight-Seeing Car — Bus Line or Resort Car.

Everybody loves to ride in an automobile.

Many thousands are daily paying their money to ride in Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars.

Many Rapid owners are pocketing the profits. But there are opportunities waiting everywhere.

Consider These Facts

You may be in a similar line of business now — using horses and wagons —

Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars will make more money for you.

You may be in office work — working for someone else — A Rapid Car makes your own business and will pay you a better "salary" or better "wages."

It costs you less than to start a drug store, or cigar store or grocery store, etc., and is more profitable.

We are prepared to show anybody what can be done — anywhere — with Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars.

Requires No Experience

This is an all-year-round occupation which requires no previous experience.

You can work it and have more time to yourself. It requires a comparatively small amount to start with and the running expense is very limited — scarcely to be considered beside the profits.

It is a small town business — a large city business — a country road transportation business — a summer or winter resort business. You can start right in at it.

You can ship the car at small expense from summer to winter resorts — make money the year 'round.

We Protect You

We are the largest and oldest makers of commercial power and sight-seeing cars exclusively.

Our long experience and the success of all classes who have bought Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars enable us to place dependable facts before you which you can absolutely rely upon.

Let us tell you what we believe you can do and then judge for yourself before you invest a dollar.

Are You Satisfied Now?

How much money are you making now?

We do not ask you this to have you tell us. We ask so you will consider making more money and write us to investigate how you can.

Cash In Hand Every Trip

Think of being outdoors under the most pleasant circumstances, conducting a business of this kind, either yourself or by hiring men to run your car or cars, where every return is cash down before you start or spend your time to earn it.

We make Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars for from 12-passengers to 25-passengers.

$250,000.00 Spent to Make This Rapid Car Perfect

ANYBODY can buy automobile parts.

Then put them together.

That is what some commercial car makers are doing now.

It requires one of the largest commercial automobile factories in the world to make all the parts of Rapid Cars.

Doubled Our Factory

This year we built another concrete steel factory to double our space and facilities.

We make all parts of Rapid Cars so we can know each car is perfect.

We have spent over $250,000.00 in tests the past five years to make this Rapid Pullman Passenger Car and Rapid Sight-Seeing Cars absolutely dependable.

Dependable Always On Smallest Fuel Consumption

The results of the most practical, every day in the year tests in the hands of our customers are told in their enthusiastic letters which we will show you.

In the 1908 Glidden Tour the record of the Rapid Sight-Seeing Car through sand — mud to the hubs — over the mountains of Pennsylvania — New York, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine was the wonder of the automobile world.

Rapid Cars have won every test in their class in all Reliability Runs or Power Contests in which they have been entered.

Everybody Likes to Ride in Rapid Cars

Wherever you go — wherever you see sight-seeing cars — you will find that tourists take *The Rapid.*

The Rapid is popular because it is safe and made absolutely "fool proof," dependable, easy to steer, perfect to control in starting and stopping, and always gets there and back again. The public knows that.

And Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars are the most comfortable to ride in — making every trip a continuous pleasure.

$50.00 to $600.00 Per Week

These are only suggestions to your mind of the possibilities of this great business. The experience of hundreds of others proves that anywhere from a net cash profit of $25.00 per week up to $500.00 a week and even more can be made by owning and operating a Rapid Car. It only depends upon you and the location and circumstances under which you operate a Rapid Passenger Traffic Car as to how big the profits will be to you.

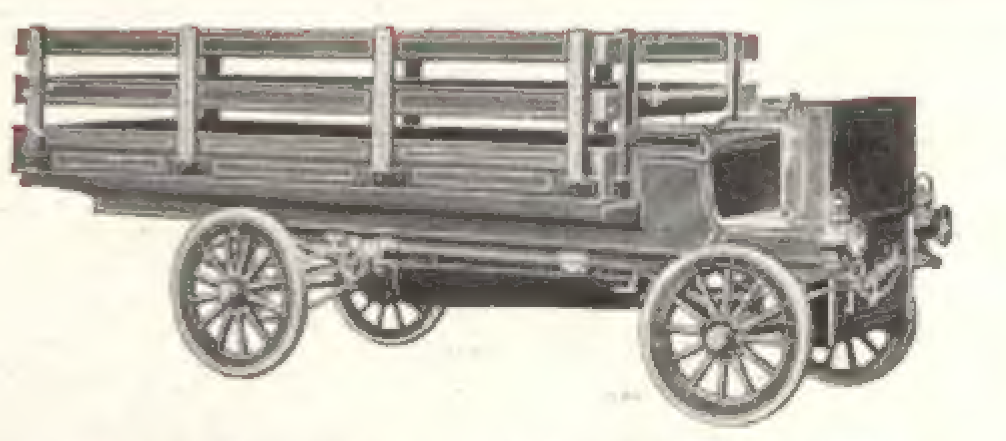
Any number of Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars, according to the requirements of your location, will be a safe, sound, permanent and profitable investment.

Every Rapid Guarantee Perfect

Rapid Cars are built along the most practical lines of the very best materials by the most expert workmen, on power principles which have been demonstrated as the most reliable under every condition and at an experimental cost which could not be duplicated for more than $250,000.00. We make every Rapid Car as perfect in every way as it is possible to make a car for the purposes for which it is intended and so guarantee it.

Our Literature and Catalog On Request

We are glad to send all facts and literature about Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars to people who are really interested. If you are interested, be frank with us.



One Style Rapid 2-Ton Truck

Motor — 30-H.P. Double Opposed Type

Note — We manufacture a complete line of heavy trucks, merchants' delivery wagons, busses, police, hospital and fire department wagons, undertakers' wagons, and special cars for every commercial use. We invite manufacturers and others who use trucks or power wagons in their business to correspond with us. We will be glad to write you in detail, making such recommendations and suggestions as apply to your business and to your needs. There is no obligation whatever in writing for this information.

RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY

21 Rapid Street, Pontiac, Michigan

(We prefer a letter from you, but use this coupon if you wish.)

RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY
21 Rapid Street, Pontiac, Mich.

Send me the Rapid Catalog and facts showing prices and possibilities of profits.

Name ....

Address ....

Can you command a few hundred dollars to make the start, if convinced that it will pay you? ....

Let's Talk Sense
About Automobiles

Let's talk the kind of talk both of us can understand.

You don't care much how many automobiles we are building this year; you don't care much whether we are building 500 or 10,000, because you know that is our business.

You are not interested so much in knowing how *many* cars we build as in knowing how *well* we build them.

You want to know how good they are; you want to know who designed them; you want to know the kind of material that is in them; you want to know how this material is put together; how the car is made.

You want to know whether the car will run; whether it will last for a long time under hard conditions; whether it will take you anywhere you want to go and bring you back when you want to come; whether it will stand the strain you put upon it without continual repairs.

You can know whether the car you are considering is such a car only by what the car has actually done. If it hasn't done anything, you can't know.

What Has the Car You Are Considering Done?

Before you buy a car inquire whether it has done anything: Has it won any contests? Has it been assigned to any unusual test—for instance—208 miles a day for 100 days?

Inquire if any like it have been in use long enough to enable you to judge them. Can you find any considerable number of people who have tested them out and are willing to say that they are right?

More Than 1200 Deliveries

As a matter of fact, we have *delivered* more 1909 model $1,500 cars than *all* other manufacturers combined.

More than 1,200 of our "30s" are in actual daily use on the streets and roads of this country.

Ask any owner. He will tell you what this car is—what it will do. We are willing to stand by what the users say.

You don't care half so much how many people buy our cars as you do to know how many of them are satisfied after they buy.

The test of *use* is the only real test for a motor car.

We Didn't Announce Our Car and Then Start to Design It

We were *two years* in designing and building it and made no announcement until we were ready to make deliveries. We would not take an order until the cars were ready, and we have made prompt deliveries at every stage of the season.

If any one with another car to sell expresses an unfavorable opinion about the Chalmers-Detroit you can say to him: "A Chalmers-Detroit '30' ran 208 miles a day for 100 straight days. How far has your car run?"

You Are Not Buying Personality

Bear in mind you are not buying personality when you buy a motor car. You are buying a machine.

Suppose an automobile company should organize with J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, Theodore Roosevelt and President Eliot, of Harvard, on the board of directors. There would be enough personality for anybody.

But if the cars that company made had not been tried and tested you would not buy them.

Motor cars are good, not because certain men have reputations, but men get reputations because they make good motor cars.

Reputation is not a cause; it is an effect.

A Chalmers-Detroit is not good because it has a reputation; it has a reputation because it is good.

Our Chief Ambition

What should be the chief ambition of an automobile company?

Ought its ambition be to see how many people it could sell to, or how many people it could satisfy?

The chief ambition of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company is to have satisfied owners.

We want every man who ever buys a Chalmers-Detroit car to feel thoroughly satisfied. We stand back of every car with our reputation. We guarantee to make every car good. We are able to do this because we know they are right before we ever let them get out of the factory.

We want to hold our buyers; we want them to come back to us when they need other cars, solely because the ones we first sold them left nothing to be desired.

The only way we can stay in business is to make good with the people who buy our cars.

The only way we can make good with the people who buy our cars is to make good cars.

We Still Have Cars to Sell

We would not expect you to believe us if we told you our output was entirely sold. It is, and it isn't. We have closed contracts with dealers for all the cars we can build this year, and many dealers are asking for a bigger allotment. We are going to build 2500 "30's." Bear in mind, however, that these cars must be sold by the dealers before they can be called actual sales.

We have worked hard to sell cars, and have succeeded very well, yet we don't lay claim to having sold our output before the demonstrating cars were out, or of having sold any number of cars over the telephone. Unfortunately, we have been unable to get in touch with that class of buyers who are said to place their orders over the telephone before they examine the cars, or with that other class who are said to purchase without having a demonstration.

As a matter of fact, all of us know that automobiles are not bought that way nowadays. We don't expect to sell any one by that method. We don't expect to sell you until we can convince you. We can't convince you until we can demonstrate to you. All we ask is a chance to demonstrate.

We know that our cars are right. We know that our "30" has a great many mechanical features that are far ahead of any other car at anywhere near its price. We don't ask you to believe us any further than your common-sense tells you that we are right. If you don't know yourself, consult some one who does know about motor car construction. We will risk our chances on the decision.

We know we shall sell the remainder of our output before the season is over, and the indications are we will sell out earlier this year than ever before; still we don't want you to think for a minute that it is necessary for you to wire or 'phone your order to us at once.

If you are going to buy a motor car, we would like to have you consider us a candidate for your order and give us a fair chance to secure it. If we cannot convince you that we have by far the latest and best construction in our car, from radiator to rear axle, we don't expect you to invest your money in it.

Big Success in New York

At the New York Show in Madison Square Garden the Chalmers-Detroit "30" attracted more attention than any other car shown there. We sold 79 of these cars at the New York Show. Among the buyers was Mr. John B. Herreshoff, President of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company of Bristol, Conn. After placing his order Mr. Herreshoff wrote us the following letter:

> "In placing my order this A. M. for a Chalmers-Detroit '30,' and also advising my friend to join me in purchasing another of the same model (which has been done), I did so after due consideration and examination and trial, and feel satisfied that it is one of the best four cylinder cars of its size, and *certainly the best for the money that has yet been on the market.*"

Mr. Herreshoff is world-famous as the designer of the yachts which have for so many years successfully defended the America cup. His acknowledged position as one of the foremost engine builders of the world renders comment on this letter unnecessary.

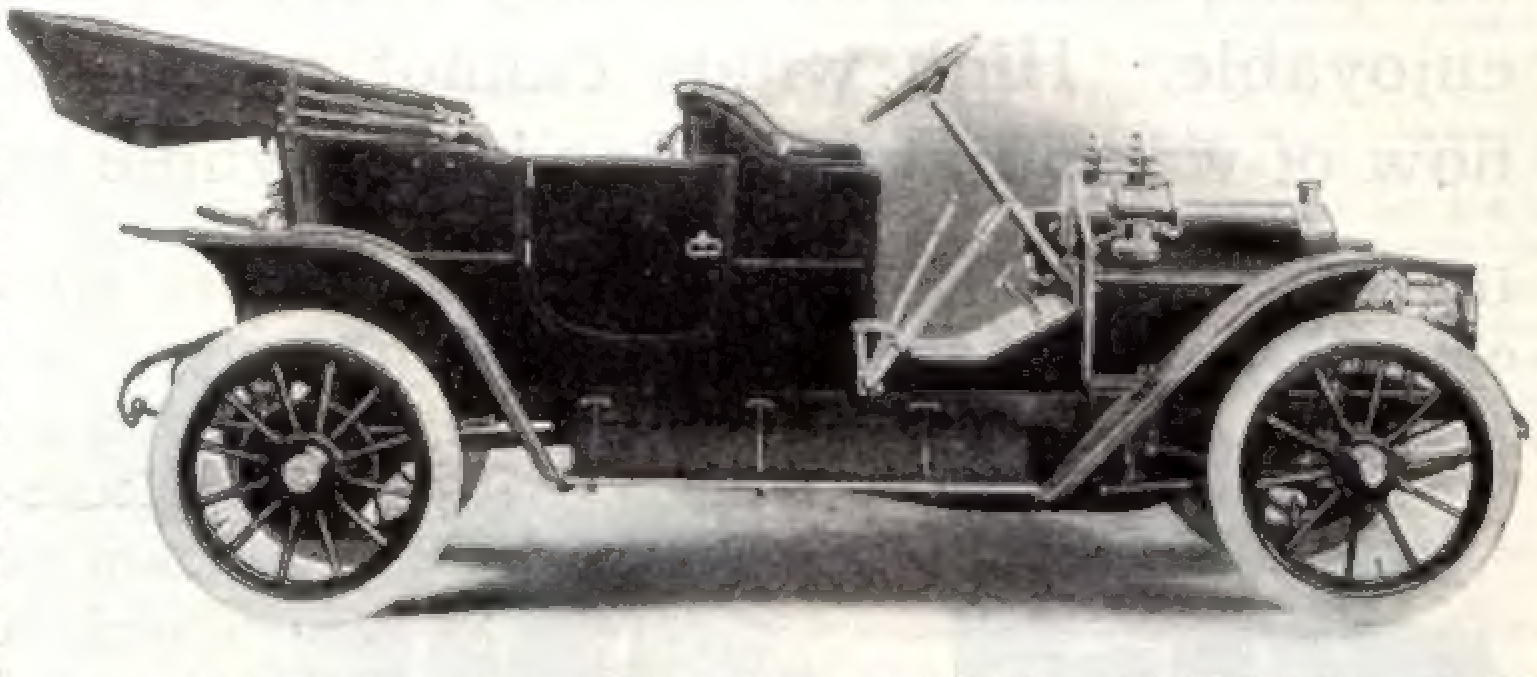
The Proved Car

The Chalmers-Detroit "30" is a proved car. Why should you take a chance on a car that has not proved itself? You can profit by the experience of more than 1200 owners.

Remember it took us two years to design and build our $1,500 car. Remember one of these cars was driven 208 miles a day for 100 consecutive days—20,800 miles; that one of them has been driven more than 27,000 miles. Remember that more than 100 of these cars in all parts of the country last Election Day were driven 200 miles each without stop of the engine.

Remember that this car won first and second place in the Jericho Sweepstakes on Long Island and third in the International Light Car Race at Savannah. Remember that it has won hill climbs and other special contests by the score. Remember that more than 1200 of them are in actual use and that they are giving satisfaction to the people who paid hard money for them.

When you pay around $1,500 for a motor car you have a right to expect a good deal. When you buy a Chalmers-Detroit you know you will get a good deal because you invest your money in a *proved* car.



The factory cost on our 4-cyl. engine is $261. Yet 4-cylinder engines are sold as low as $75.

Our transmission costs us $94; our axles $125.

The annular ball bearings used in this car cost us $103. We replace all four cylinders for $35 if an accident happens to one.

Front axle — Single piece drop forging, L-beam section. Large annular ball bearings.

Rear axle — Full floating type, heat-treated nickel steel shafts, large annular ball bearings.

Drive Shaft Brake, contracting band, 8 inch diameter, 3 inch face, Thermoid lined.

Rear Wheel brakes 14 inch internal expanding 2 inch face, cast iron on steel.

All brakes double acting.

Full type annular ball bearings throughout running gear. Silent type annular ball bearings in transmission and on motor crank shaft.

Float Feed Carburetor, automatic type, hot water jacketed.

Multiple Disc Clutch running in oil.

Bevel gear drive, single universal joint, drive shaft in tube.

Pressed Steel, Frame, channel section.

Constant level splash lubricating system operated by gear pump. Sight Feed on dash.

Springs—Front, half elliptic, 38 inches long, 2 inches wide. Rear, three-quarter elliptic, 2 inches wide.

32 inch diameter Wheels, wood, artillery type.

110 inches wheel base.

Finished and upholstered as good as any car can be.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

[Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers]

CHALMERS-DETROIT MOTOR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Please mail your new catalog to

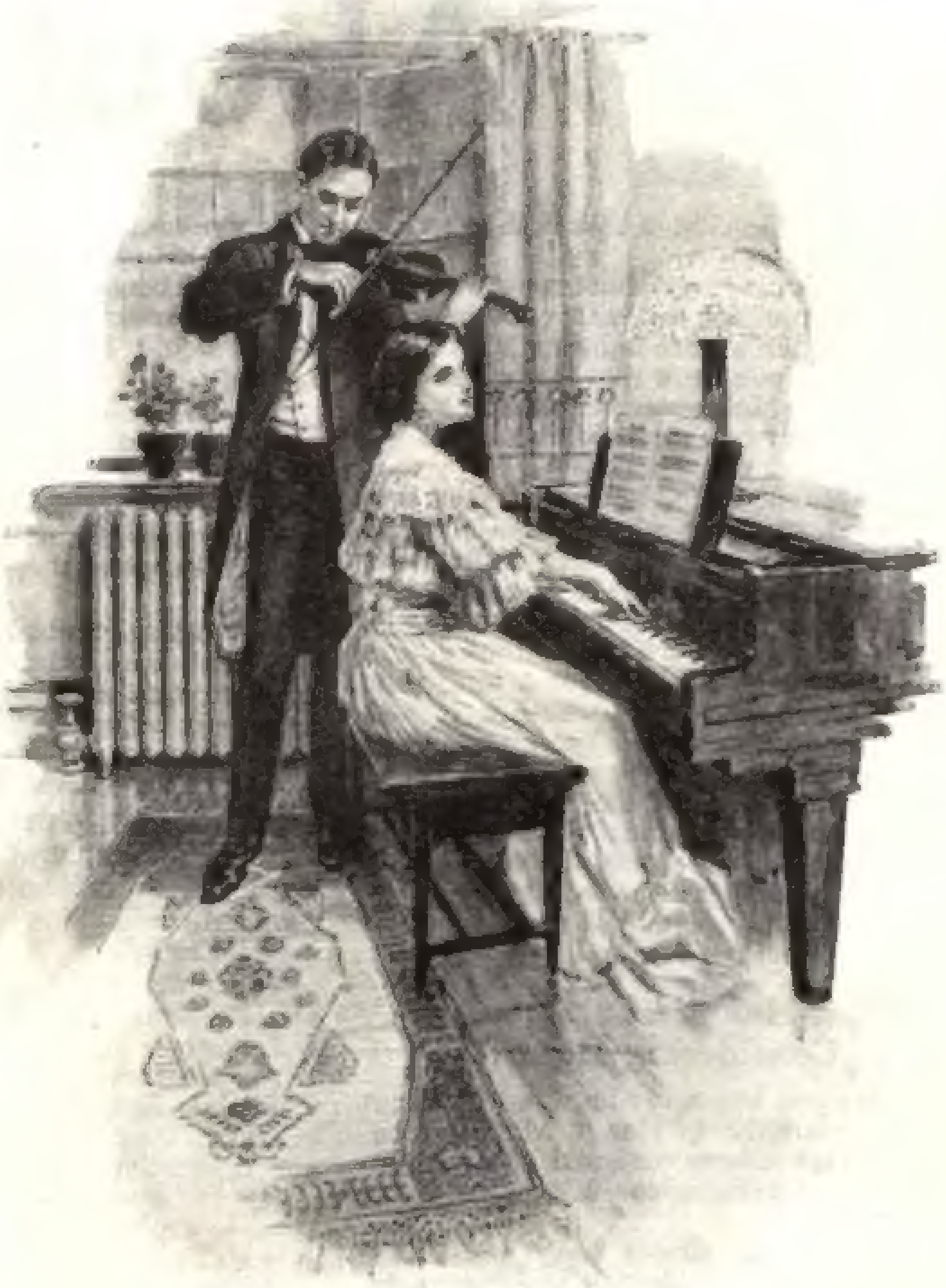
Name ....

Street ....

City and State ....

S. E. P., Feb. 20, '09

A heating harmony



Cold is discord. Warmth is harmony. Cold is brutal—it exposes moods and often opens the way for discontent. Warmth is a homemaker; it puts *heart* in the home. Cupid wears no clothing—he shuns icy blasts. That is why lovers are always given the most comfortable room in the house. So, too, a harmonious and happy household depends very largely upon bodily comfort. And comfort depends upon the heat question.

AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS BOILERS

for Hot-Water, Low-Pressure Steam, or Vacuum heating give out nothing but pure, clean heat, making every nook and corner of the home livable and enjoyable. High winds cannot arrest nor chilling cold offset their ample flow of warmth, which floods the whole house like a melody.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are made in sizes to fit cottages, mansions, churches, schools, stores, and larger structures. They will put new life into old buildings, and add a *permanent* selling value to any property. House-cleaning work is reduced one-half and expensive damage to furnishings is avoided. Savings in fuel, labor, and absence of repairs will soon repay cost of the outfit.

A No. 3-25-W IDEAL Boiler and 700 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner **$315**, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

A No. 1-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 422 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner **$205**, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

Four cold months still ahead! These outfits can be put in without any tearing up, annoyance to occupants, or disturbing old heating methods until ready to start fire in the new. Tell us the kind of building you wish to heat. *Prices now most favorable*, and you get the services of the most skillful fitters. Buy now and "Home, Sweet Home" will become a harmony in praise of good heating. Ask for book (free) "Ideal Heating."

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. 8 282-286 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Public Showrooms and Warehouses located at Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, Seattle, San Francisco, Brantford (Ontario), London, Paris, Berlin

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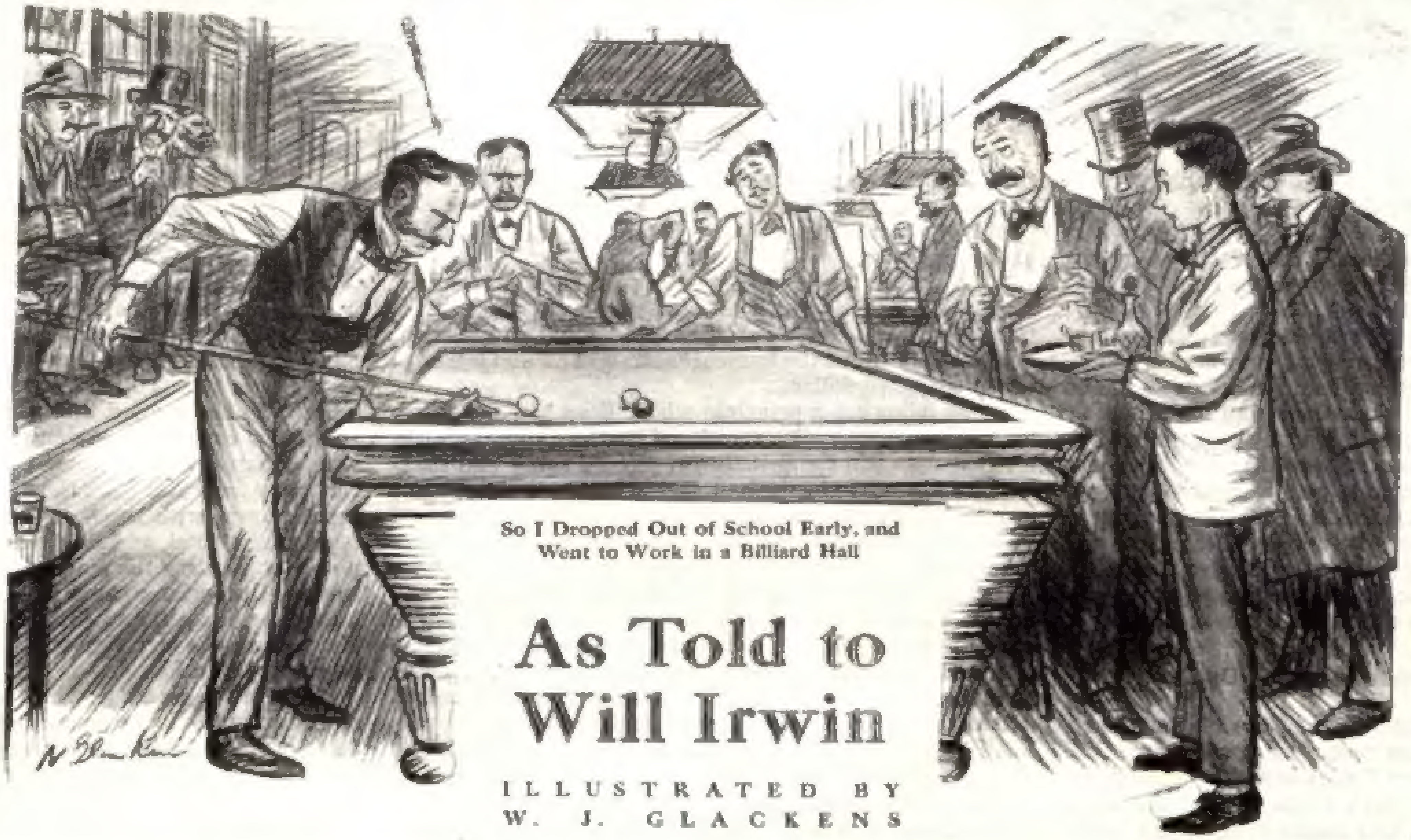
The Confessions of a Con Man

ON THE ROAD WITH JIM ROSS



So I Dropped Out of School Early, and Went to Work in a Billiard Hall

As Told to Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. GLACKENS

AT SEVENTEEN or thereabouts I deliberately picked my vocation in life and became a grafter. By that I don't mean, probably, what you mean. The word "grafter" has been pulled into politics, and its original sense is lost. On my side of the police fence, we mean by it any one who uses skin games as a vehicle for stalling through life. I began as a card cheater, and for thirty years I dallied with all the games—phony poker, three-card monte, gold bricks, big joint, wire-tapping and a dozen others which haven't any names. I cleaned up thousands on single tricks in those thirty years—and mussed them up as fast as I'd cleaned them. I put into my business the industry, the hard thought, the energy and the brains to succeed in pretty nearly any legitimate line. When I quit the game over night, about two years ago, I had just ten thousand dollars. And, even then, I was luckier, a great deal luckier, than most of them. A grafter's dollar is greased. I'm not what you would call converted, either. I played the game, but I never carried around any conviction of moral wrong. My methods were peculiar. Except in my early card-cheating days, the other fellow was always out to do me a great deal harder than I was out to do him. I beat him to it—that is all.

I was arrested once for skinning a drummer in three-card monte—one of the few times I was ever in jail, even for an hour. I sent for the young district attorney—he was the moral leader of a reform spasm—and I said:

"See here. As far as this complaint goes, you've got me to rights. It don't go far enough—that's all. That fellow did go up against me in three-card monte, and I did skin him out of his roll. But he ain't telling the rest. I knew he was a city man of easy means; he thought I was a poor granger from Texas who had sold my farm and was bringing the money East to put my wife into a sanitarium. Believing that, he put his roll up against mine under the impression that I would be easy. Now who's the worst of us two—that drummer or me?" The district attorney couldn't help seeing it my way, and he let me go.

My reason for giving up the business proceeded from every-day horse-sense. An honest dollar is the only dollar that don't do stunts on your pillow at night. No matter how they stall about it, the grafters, big and little, are haunted men. For one thing, they're always afraid of the penitentiary. I know about prisons, though I've never boarded in one, and let me tell you they are punishment, all right. No matter how clever you may be, you will make your slip. Guns are another horror to the profession—the percentage of mortality by violence is high. It's of no use for a grafter to go heeled against that danger. Suppose I had trouble with a sucker I'd skinned, and killed him to save my own life? What chance would I, a professional gambler, stand in court? They'd hang me before I could get off my collar and tie. I had escaped penitentiaries and guns by some pretty narrow margins; and at forty-six I determined to lead such a life, from then on, that I would dare to look over my shoulder in the dark. That's all there is to my reformation.

I began in a small way as a no-account boy of seventeen. We'll call my home town Windville, because that isn't how it reads on the map. Most of the way I'm going to disguise names, anyhow. Windville is a child-size college city in Illinois. Parts of it were pretty tough at the time. My father was as good a man as ever walked, but too indulgent with me; and as for my mother, I could always get around her. So I dropped out of school early, and went to work in a billiard hall. I made good money in wages and tips, and I took to losing my earnings in poker. My steady hang-out was a little room over a saloon. Professional card cheaters came into our game from time to time. I looked on them as heroes; and I used to watch them work. Some of the town boys knew how a professional stacks cards or gets a cold deck on the table, and they taught me. I began to practice. When I was pretty proficient I tried out my skill in haystack games for small money. I found that I was good enough to deceive the average gambler of Windville. When I was sure of this I opened a little poker room of my own up over a saloon. My first crooked deal wasn't done with the cards, however; it was straight stealing. Strange, but it was the only real stealing I ever did, except the justifiable larceny of an elephant. A professional gambler named Pat Malloy showed up in town and began to play in my room. I spotted him for a cheater the first night, and I refused to play with him; but I let him come and cheat the others while I watched how he did it. Cold-decking was his specialty. By "cold deck," I mean the substitution of a deck, already stacked, for the one which has just been shuffled and cut on the table. The cold-decking process is always helped by a lot of draperies, and Pat, who wasn't a very smooth operator, always wore his overcoat when he was playing. As he raked in each pile he'd drop the chips in his overcoat pocket; and I'd reach in every night and extract a few. I must have taken three hundred dollars in chips from Pat that winter, and I stole in such small amounts that he never tumbled. By that time I'd gained, from watching him, the confidence to cheat on my own account.

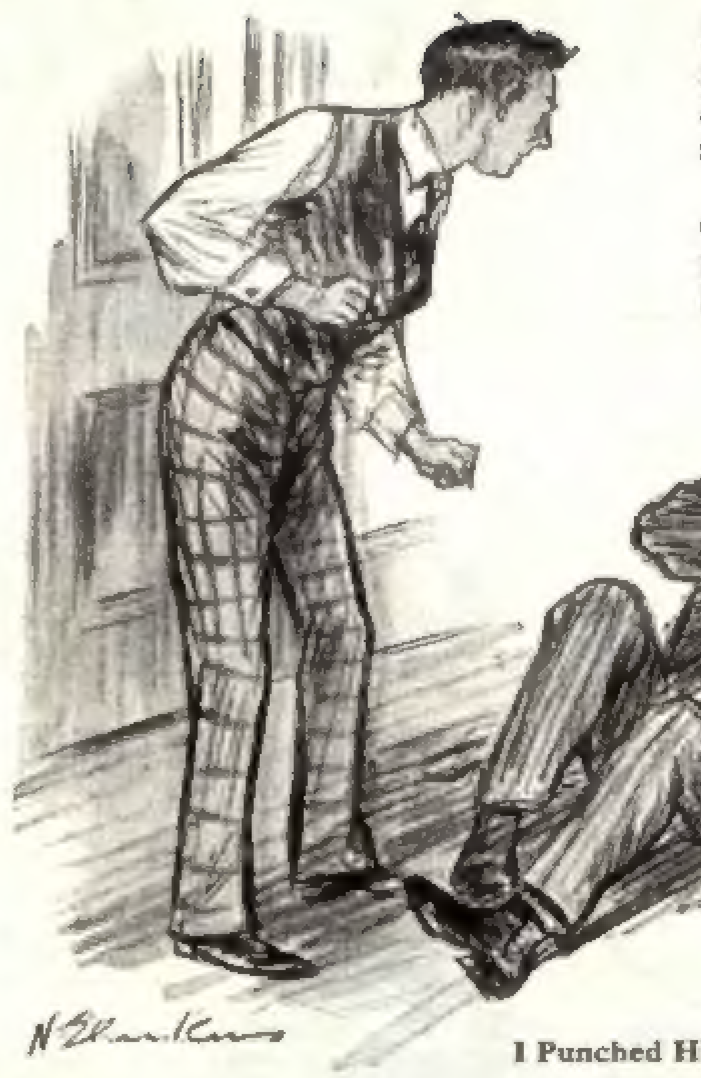
A rich grocer came in one night, half-drunk; I knew that he had a roll in his clothes.

"Here is the time to begin," I thought. When I dealt out the first fixed hand to him I felt like a young lawyer before his first jury. But he never suspected; and on my next deal I had more confidence. I played him along, winning small stakes until I was sure of myself. Then, about midnight, when he could hardly see his cards, I dealt him three kings and myself three aces. His roll was about four hundred dollars, and I took it all on that hand.

"From that moment I never sat in a square game—I cheated all the time. It brought in the money like water. They were running a railroad through town. The construction foremen and gang bosses came into our place with their pay, and I figured to clear at least one hundred and fifty dollars every Saturday night. Between times I took smaller winnings from the town sports. The next fall I gave up that room and started a larger one over the opera house. But it wore out. While they couldn't get me dead to rights, I had the reputation of a cheater, so that no one would play with me. Almost all that I had saved from the profits of the little card-room I lost paying for rent, light and boosters to keep the big place going. There I learned my first inside lesson concerning my business—don't keep a crooked game long in any one place. Your very success makes people shy of it.

Along in the time when my custom was running down to nothing, I first met Jim Ross. He was an old-time gambler, and his specialty was marked cards. Once he figured as the best man in that department of the business, but he was getting old and his eyes were growing

Old Doctor Benedict, America's Greatest Optician



I Punched Him One for Luck

dull. You must have good eyes to play marked cards. I was already working a little in that line with an old deck of plaid-backs. I had strengthened certain lines in the plaid pattern to designate numbers and suits. Ross was barred from our game, but he used to sit and watch me play. One night after the game he caught me in the hall. I was a little scared, being just a kid, when he flashed on me some worn-out cards which he'd picked up from the floor and showed me the lines where I'd marked them.

"Your system's no good," he said. "You come along with me. I know the only way to mark cards. I'll make you rich."

When I saw he meant business, I agreed. My poker-room was just about busted, and I was flattered by the offer. Ross gave me three packs marked on his own system, and set me to practicing.

There are a hundred ways of marking cards. As in any other graft, people keep introducing improvements. Sometimes you take a very sharp knife and make dents in the devices of the scroll work. Sometimes you make similar dents, not in the scroll work, but along the white edge which runs around the back of almost all cards. The last system has a great many advantages. For one thing, you can always see, by tilting the deck a little, just what cards are buried before the draw. In other systems you can spot only the hands and the top card. But it can be easily detected. A suspicious sucker has only to squint along the cards horizontally to spot the knife marks at once.

An Optical Illusion in Anilin Dye

ALL things considered, Jim Ross had the best method I ever used. You know how most playing-cards are made—red or blue backs with a scroll work in white. The operator takes a very thin and light anilin dye, of the same general color as the backs, and marks over all the white figures in the scroll work except one—the one which designates the number and suit of the card, according to a code which he has in his mind. Look at it all you want—unless you know where to look you could never tell that the color had been tampered with. It is just an optical illusion.

After I got to traveling with Ross I discovered why he came into Windville, where he was known for a cheater and barred from all the games. A professor of penmanship in the business college—a pillar of the church, too—was the operator who colored his cards. The professor charged thirty-six dollars a dozen packs. Afterward, I got some anilin dyes and learned to do the work myself.

To play with marked cards takes practice, good eyesight and concentration. In fact, I think it is one of the hardest pieces of manipulation in card cheating. It was a long time before I could really be sure of two hands at the table, and the man never lived who could keep accurate track of three. I was a keen boy, with quick eyesight, a natural card-player, and I was good enough to be pretty sure of two hands by the time Jim Ross and I got ready to travel.

I'm not revealing the whole game when I say "marked cards." For we were out to beat the gambling-houses, and the first problem was to land the cards in the game. Jim Ross attended to that part of it. Sometimes he would find where the house kept its cards, would steal them, and would substitute marked cards with similar designs on the back. We carried all the standard brands in our gripsacks. If that couldn't be done, he would find the stationery store or drug store where the house bought its supply, and would bribe the clerk to give them our marked decks. Sometimes he worked through the porter. That part of the game required great knowledge of human nature. Looking back at him now, after thirty years in the game, I see that knowledge of human nature was just what Jim Ross didn't have. We failed often at the very start because he made slips in handling men.

I won my first big stake in Paris, Illinois, and it came so easily that it gave me confidence to play the game anywhere. We had introduced our cards by bribing a steerer whom Ross happened to know. We started with poker.

When I was about two hundred dollars winner, some of the losers quit and broke up the game. I had marked a traveling salesman as the good-thing of the party.

When he proposed to me a two-handed game of casino I jumped at the chance. The losers stood around watching our play, and, by and by, they began to squabble over the question whether any man can tell, before the final show-down, the last four cards in a casino hand. You know the best casino experts say that they can do it. I was no casino expert, but there I sat with a marked deck which I could read from the back as well as from the face. I spoke up and said: "That ain't very hard. I think I can do it."

My opponent was getting a little drunk. He laughed at me and said:

"Kid, here's twenty-five dollars that says you can't!" I covered his money; I dealt, and we played down to the last four cards. Then I studied and figured and studied; and finally I talked the four cards straight off and pulled in the twenty-five dollars.

I was following a principle which Ross had laid down for me, and which all professional grafters know. Never let your man win the first throw. You'd think that making him win would be the best way of leading him on. Not at all. If he's got an ounce of sport in him, a small loss on the first throw makes him come back hard, to recover his money. So I won that stake, and my opponent wasn't satisfied. He wanted to bet I couldn't do it again. I said maybe I couldn't; I wasn't always sure; but I'd try it again for ten dollars. I called one card wrong, purposely, and lost. By that time he was crazy for my money. Winning and losing, I led him on until he had five hundred dollars down. As that seemed to be the extent of his pile, I called the turn. Jim Ross and I got away before he had time to think it over.

We went on from town to town, getting barred from games sometimes and sometimes winning all the house money in the place. That combination of an old grafter with a young apprentice is very common in my trade. The older man furnishes the experience, and the younger one, with his quicker eyes and hands, the manipulation. Then again, an old cheater gets barred from the games in many towns. In such places he can plant the cards, pipe off the good things, and send in his unknown to do the work. I saw the end of such a combination the other day; and though it's jumping a quarter of a century, I stop here to tell about it. "Young Michigan," who isn't young any longer, discovered a phenomenon about two years ago. This fellow—he was a young ranch hand—had a new device for getting a cold deck into the game. It worked like grease. Young Michigan took him up, and played him all over the Far West and along the Mississippi. Never once was he caught. They coined money. Finally Young Michigan decided to break the big club games in New York. They came on, hired a suite of rooms in a good hotel, and went to it. Michigan is spotted in the metropolis on account of old connections with roulette games.

He sent his man in alone and waited outside. The first night the granger came back with no winnings, but with a fine yarn about a spectator who had thrown an eye at him whenever he made a motion toward that cold deck. The next night—same result, only a different excuse. At the end of a week, Michigan cornered his assistant in the hotel and took him to pieces and found what made him tick. It was a simple case of cold feet—granger fear of the bigness and richness of New York. He'd got away with the game in Montana and Arizona and Oklahoma, where one false motion would have let the lamplight stream into him from three different directions. In New York, the home of the soft sucker, where he took no greater risk than of being kicked downstairs, he had fallen down complete. Michigan Kid packed up that night and took him back to Arkansas.

Off to St. Louis for a Good Time

TO RETURN to Jim Ross: it was about the same story for nearly a year. He wasn't very clever, and he was a hard man to work for. His disposition was naturally surly, and he'd let that trait grow on him as he got older. He was never satisfied with my playing. If I won a good roll he'd always ask why I didn't work it differently and make more. He had a good thing in me, and he knew it—but not to the extent of treating me white.

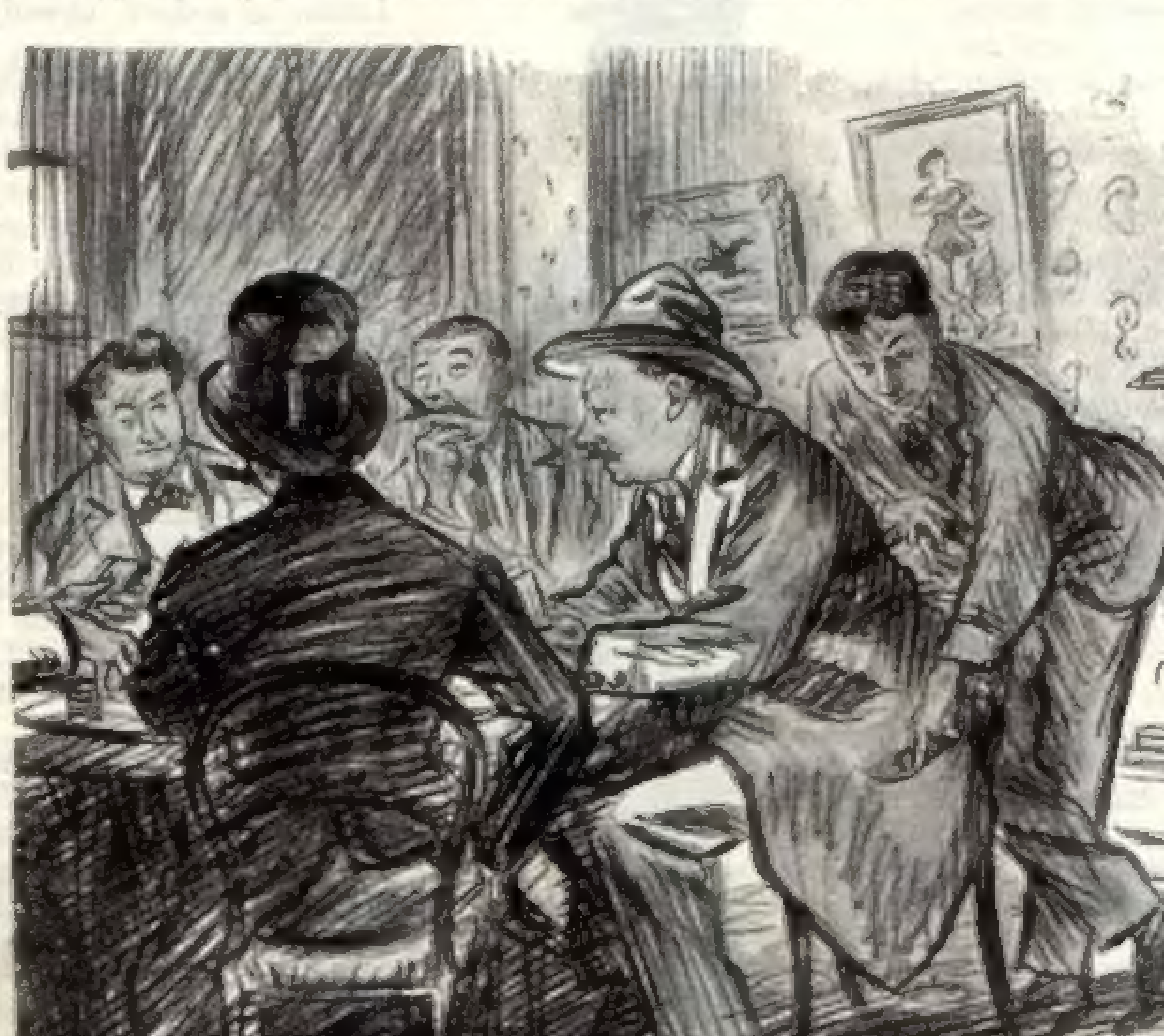
At Milan, Missouri, came the incident which made me run away from Jim Ross the first time. That was a prosperous town, with three or four good games. We registered at the hotel, and Ross went out to see what he could do about planting the marked decks. While he was gone the hotel proprietor came up to my room. He had been a gambler himself, and still took an interest in the game. He gave me the high-sign of the profession to show he was all right, and said:

"You're too clever a kid to be throwing yourself away on Jim Ross. He's queered nearly everywhere. I'll tell you now that neither he nor any one he's steering can get into a game in this town. You'll do best to leave." I reported his advice about leaving town to Jim Ross. We packed and went. I determined right there to make the break. I dropped off the train at a way station, went back alone to Milan, and broke a poker-game with a cold deck. My winning that night was twelve hundred dollars. Free as a lark, I started for St. Louis to have a good time on it. The second faro game I entered I bumped into Jim Ross. He'd figured it out like Sherlock Holmes—that I'd go back to Milan and make a big winning, that I'd streak for St. Louis to spend it, and that I'd land sooner or later in a faro game. For two days he'd been lying in wait for me.

Although I hated him, Ross had a kind of hypnotic control over me. I handed over half my winnings and went back to him like a little lamb. So we passed on, through Missouri and down into Arkansas. We lost our money about as quickly as we made it. A gambler's dollar is greased. One night you win a big stake; the next night you start on a wild jag or go up against faro; the next morning you're worrying about your hotel bill. It is a curiosity of the business that card cheaters, who know how crooked all the games are, nevertheless blow in most of their winnings in gambling—dog eat dog. The craving for excitement accounts for it, I suppose. Something must be doing all the time. In my day we played faro bank mostly, because that came nearest to being a straight game. The introduction of brace-boxes and high layouts has changed all that.

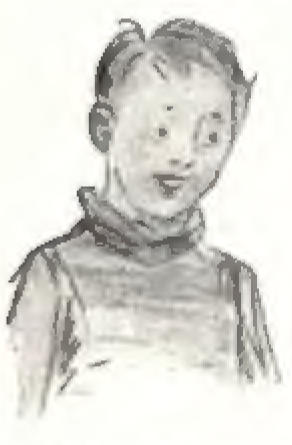
I ran away from Ross twice more in that year. On one of these runaway excursions I hooked up with an old professional whom we called "Neversweat." In his way he was a remarkable cheater. He lived a very correct life. Just what he did with all the money he made I never knew. I never saw him spend any of it in dissipation. I don't know yet where he came from, nor where he went after I left

(Continued on Page 38)



I Must Have Taken Three Hundred Dollars From Pat That Winter

A MOTHER IN ISRAEL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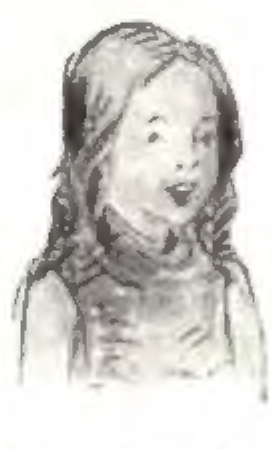
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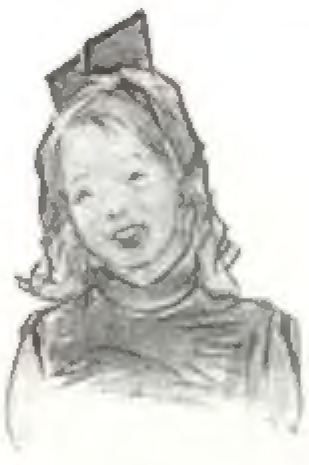
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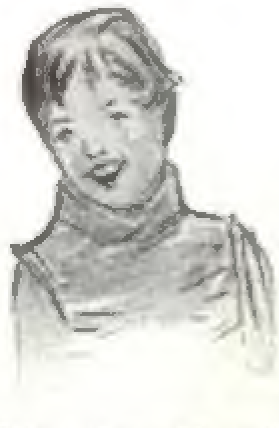
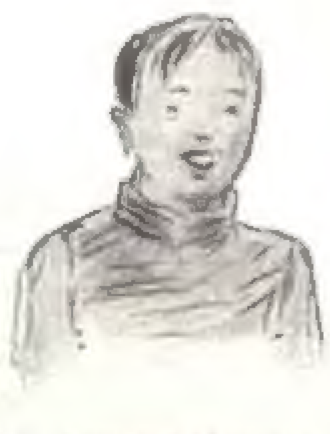
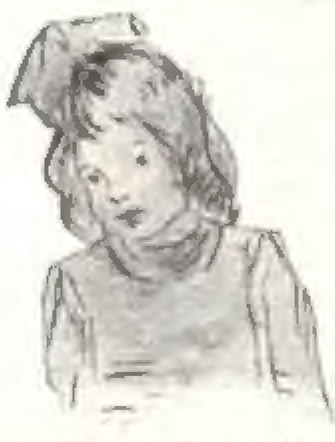
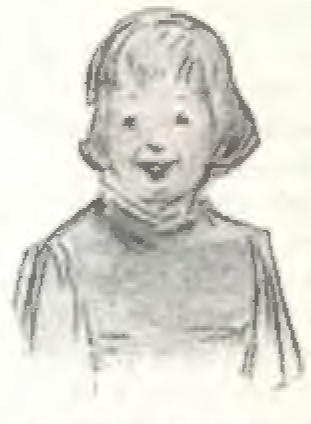

William Dean Howells


Samuel Clemens


Marcella Humphry Ward


Rudyard Kipling

THE VICISSITUDES OF A FAMILY WITH IDEAS

By Grace Ellery Channing

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE Doctor always insisted that the crowning blessing of his life in Chesterville—a life otherwise well furnished with the minor beatitudes of a comfortable practice and a more than comfortable home—was that this latter, in the providence of God, adjoined the homestead of the Hannay family. He declared they formed his theater and his skating-rink, his baseball and his grand opera, and that the best of it was that one could never foresee which would occur next, thus adding zest to the expectation. The Doctor's wife shared his view, with certain feminine reservations. As for the neighborhood at large, it considered Mrs. Hannay "advanced," but conceded that she kept things stirred up.

At the time the Doctor and his wife made the Hannay acquaintance that family was engaged in living the simpler life—a perfectly unoriginal performance, but into which they managed to instil originality, differentiating it from that of all the other "simple lifers" the Doctor had, in somewhat monotonous succession, encountered, by the energy with which they lived it. If the neighbors were to be believed, it was the only kind of life they had not yet experimentally exhausted. On their first call the Lansings found Mrs. Hannay, who was no fairy, lightly attired in a species of gingham jumper and brief petticoat of the same, seated on the greensward beneath spreading apple trees, with a pile of books beside her.

"Sit right down on the grass," she greeted them cordially, "it'll do you good. It's the only way to get the real magnetism of the earth; I've given up chairs altogether." And the Doctor's wife, with a secret pang for her best mohair skirt (moreover, she was mortally afraid of caterpillars), obeyed. The Doctor, most adaptable of men, had already cast himself down upon the hummocky ground, with the air of its being a preferred attitude, and was making advances to a group of children hanging slightly—but very slightly—in the background. Their pose suggested less timidity than a shrewd desire to pronounce upon the newcomers before committing themselves. There were seven of them, all surprisingly of a size and indeterminate as to sex, being all clad alike in sleeveless sweaters and racing knickerbockers. The Doctor's wife eyed them with the hunger of a childless woman.

"Are they all yours?" she asked.

"Every one of them," replied their hostess promptly. "And none too many, either; I believe in large families. Henry James, come and shake hands. He's the eldest," she explained, as the fractionally largest of the blond-headed, blue-eyed and freckle-faced company came cheerfully forward and extended a firm and tanned little fist to be shaken. "William Dean," she beckoned up the next. "His full name is William Dean Howells Hannay. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps," she summoned a third. "Mary Wilkins, Sammy, Ruddy, Marcella, come here! *Their* full names are Samuel Clemens, Rudyard Kipling and Marcella Humphry Ward," she proffered, as the last three lined up before the visitors.

"What—*unusual* names!" gasped the Doctor's wife, wildly struggling for composure and to avoid the Doctor's eye.

"Well, they're pretty well known to us all," said Mrs. Hannay complacently. "I believe in the influence of names, and I made up my mind to give them each one they'd have to live up to or be ashamed of themselves. I never did see the sense of naming children after their relatives, when their relatives were nothing to be proud of. And I believe in taking the names of people who are doing something right *now*, instead of going way back to the Dark Ages and Napoleon Bonaparte. I never did have much opinion of military men, and I think a good deal more of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps than I do of Queen Elizabeth."

"Haven't you discriminated heavily in favor of fiction?" asked the Doctor, perceiving his wife past speech.

"Well—at that time it was what I cared most for," confessed Mrs. Hannay. "We're *not* an artistic family; on the other hand, I've always been a great reader. If they'd been born now," she added, with what the Doctor could not but feel to be a tinge of regret, "I think probably I'd have named them for scientists; I'm turning my attention mostly to science these days." Her glance fell momentarily upon the pile of books. "I did regret," she continued, "going outside the country for the last two, but I couldn't seem to help it. Rudyard was easy, but Marcella gave me a lot of trouble. I'm an admirer of Mrs. Humphry Ward, but Humphry's not a girl's name, and I wouldn't call one of the boys by it, for it isn't Humphry Ward that writes, but *Mrs.* Humphry Ward, and I couldn't call a child *Mrs.* Humphry Ward, either. If she's got a name of her own I never heard of it. She came pretty near not having any one named after her, but finally I decided I'd just take one of her best-known characters and call her Marcella Humphry, as the nearest I could come. If she'd been born some years later I could have called her Eleanor or Diana"—and again the Doctor fancied a detected regret in the speaker's tone.

It occurred with fatal simultaneousness to both him and his wife that Diana would have been weirdly appropriate for the slim, sexless child who eyed them unabashed. The Doctor saved the situation. He had been running a professional eye, the eye of a child-lover, over the brood, and he spoke with hearty satisfaction.

"Well, by any name, they're a credit to you. I don't know when I've seen such a set of straight backs and legs, clear eyes and rosy cheeks."

Their mother surveyed them ruminatingly, without a trace of maternal pride.

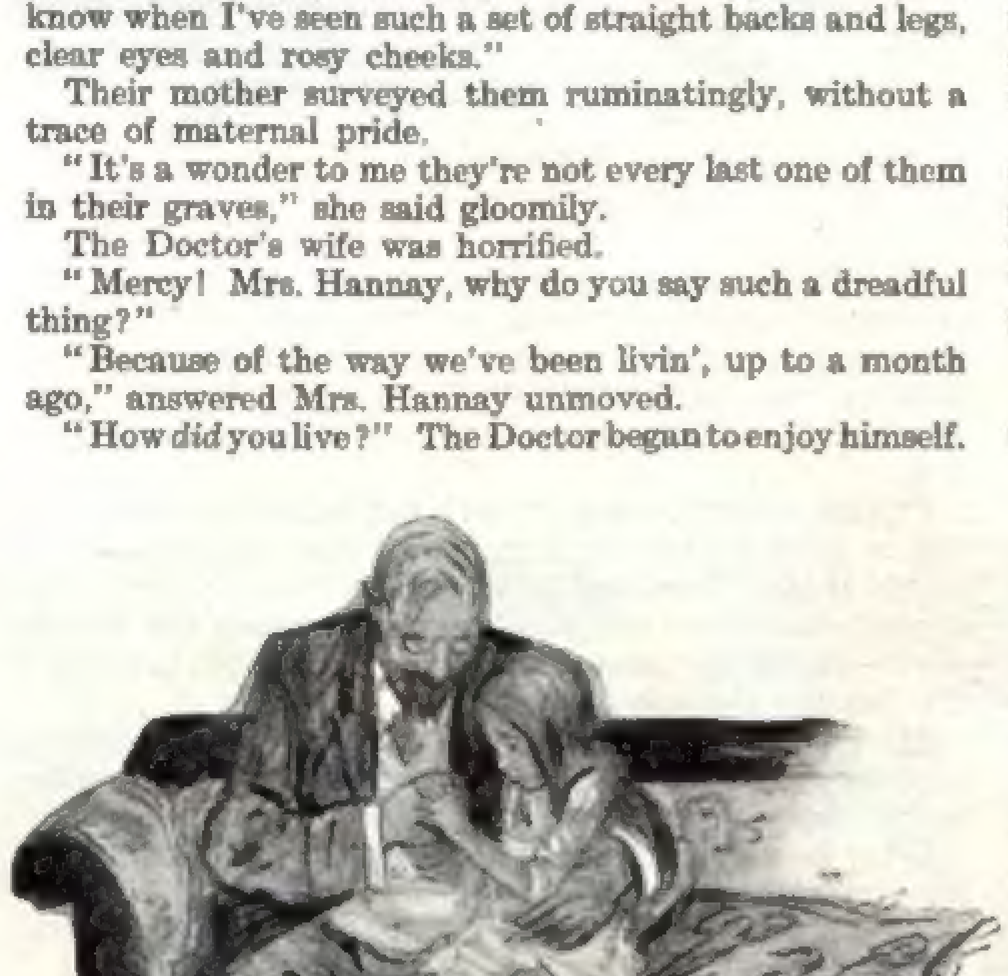
"It's a wonder to me they're not every last one of them in their graves," she said gloomily.

The Doctor's wife was horrified.

"Mercy! Mrs. Hannay, why do you say such a dreadful thing?"

"Because of the way we've been livin', up to a month ago," answered Mrs. Hannay unmoved.

"How *did* you live?" The Doctor began to enjoy himself.


He Walked Over to the Sofa, Examined a Minute Finger and "Kissed it Well"

"Like everybody else," said Mrs. Hannay briefly. "Just as you're livin', probably"—she turned an implicating eye on Mrs. Lansing—"spendin' one-half our human time preparin' food and eatin' food, and the other half of it cleanin' up after food and gettin' over what we'd eaten; sacrificin' the innocent animals, and fillin' up our systems with the Heavenly Power alone knows what poison"—when wrought up, Mrs. Hannay, like the British aristocracy, dropped her g's—"actin' more like the beasts of the fields ourselves than like reasonin' bein's with minds."

"And now?" The Doctor's tone was rich with enjoyment.

"You can see for yourselves." Their hostess glanced triumphantly about. "We're livin' close to Nature—like reasonin' bein's. We began with simple vegetarianism, and at first we ate milk and eggs, but now we're just pickin' up what we want from the garden, as Nature intended we should; there are all the summer fruits and vegetables, and by and by there'll be apples and nuts. I suppose you know," she addressed the Doctor more particularly, "that statistics show the vegetarian heart don't work a third so hard as the carnivorous one? which means prolongin' your life just three times, sayin' nothing of the poor animals. As for clothin', we're wearin' nothing but wool and cotton. I can't see that wool's any worse than cotton, myself; it don't hurt the sheep to shear it; and we're sleepin' out. We've nothing to do," she added with another glance of unconcealed triumph, "except cultivate our minds and higher parts. You, I suppose," she addressed Mrs. Lansing, "are still in bondage?"

"I suppose we are," admitted the Doctor's wife reluctantly.

"Oh—*she* is; the worst way," declared the Doctor, rising somewhat painfully, and assisting his wife to struggle up. Mrs. Hannay watched the operation with a disapproving eye.

"Look how stiff you are," she said. "That comes of eating salt, according to the latest theory. It'd do you a great deal of good to come and sit on the grass often. Come any time," she added hospitably; then, triumphantly, "you can't interrupt me *any* time, for there's nothing to interrupt!"

"Oh, we shall *come*," said the Doctor emphatically.

And they did. It would have been difficult for either of them to stay long away from a house with so many children in it, but each was secretly aware of another magnetic drawing than that of "the earth." Therefore, when the Doctor pushed away his plate after lunch, not many days after, and remarked casually: "I believe I'll just step over and see how the simple life is thriving," his wife responded with suspicious alacrity, "I believe I'll go with you." Then, being still in bondage, she looked at the clock and hesitated: "At this hour?"

"You forget we can't interrupt them," twinkled the Doctor. "Harvest and seedtime are all one to the simple life, and I've got just a half-hour to spare."

"Very well." Mrs. Lansing rose. "I'm going as I am," she announced with decision; "one skirt is enough to sacrifice."

No signs of life, simple or complex, however, greeted them when they pushed open the gate between the two places. An ominous silence reigned in the deserted garden, and the grass under the apple trees was unpressed of any stray literary shoots.

"Goodness! do you suppose they are all ill?" exclaimed Mrs. Lansing. "Or dead? It wouldn't surprise me one bit."

"There were a good many of them," replied her husband reassuringly. "The chances are all in favor of a surviyor or two."

He rang the bell, and to the sound of scuffling feet appeared the apparition of Henry James, who peered through the opened door, then smiled charmingly.

"I simply love that boy," thought the Doctor. Aloud he said: "How do you do, Henry James? Is your mother at home?"

Mrs. Hannay's voice replied from the interior.

"Is that you, Doctor? Come right in." And Henry James, throwing wide the door, admitted them to a cheerful room where, about a spacious, round table, were seated the family.

"Sit right down and have dessert with us," said Mrs. Hannay cordially, as before she had offered them the grassplot. "William Dean, Elizabeth, bring chairs for the Doctor and Mrs. Lansing."

"We are so sorry to have interrupted," began that dismayed lady, her eyes, round with amazement, unable to detach themselves from the table; but the Doctor broke in:

"*I'm* not sorry, and, even if I have lunched, I don't care if I do have a piece of that pie, Mrs. Hannay. My wife keeps me rather short," he added gravely.

"Blackberry or raspberry or peach?" asked Mrs. Hannay. "I made these this morning—and those doughnuts, too. Elizabeth Stuart, pass those to Mrs. Lansing."

"This, in my judgment, is what Heaven made the fruits of the earth for," said the Doctor, after a mouthful. "But I thought the simple life was a pieless one, Mrs. Hannay?"

Mrs. Hannay shrugged her shoulders.

"To tell the truth," she said candidly, "we all got enough of that simple living. I couldn't seem to fill up my time, anyhow. We tried Nature-study, and, at the last, I started to take up the Art-Spirit. But the plain truth is, we're *not* an artistic family; I'm all for science, and the children are just like me. Besides, I concluded there's not much in it. When you come to think about it, everybody must have lived a simple life in the beginning, and I can't make out that the human race was any the better for it. I believe in evolution myself. I've made up my mind it isn't what you eat, but how you eat it, and not eating too much. Marcella Humphry"—she broke off reprovingly—"you're not chewing!"

"I can't, Ma," protested Marcella Humphry; "it's all chewed;" and she offered in proof an extent of vacant interior territory.

"Then you can sit still and digest a while," said her mother severely. "You can chew anything thirty-two times. The way children—and most grown folks—bolt their food!" she turned to the Doctor's wife. "Fletcher says we don't need more than half what we eat." She glanced about the circle, and six pairs of inoperative jaws promptly became operative.

"I chewed mine thirty-seven times," announced Samuel Clemens; "can I have another piece?"

"Huh! I chewed mine forty-two," retorted Henry James. "*Can't* I have another piece?"

"You may both have a small piece," replied Mrs. Hannay judiciously, cutting two careful triangles, which she then transferred to the scale-pan of a large pair of scales, upon which Mrs. Lansing's fascinated gaze had long been riveted. Lifting the triangles out, Mrs. Hannay handed them to their claimants and proceeded to write something on a sheet of paper beside her plate.

"May *I* have another?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, *you* may have as many as you like," replied his hostess. "I'm only responsible for the health of this family. *That's* a plenty," she added, in a vain after-endeavor to conceal the extreme of her enjoyment of responsibility. She placed a generous portion on the Doctor's plate, but he looked at it without offering to take it.

"Aren't you going to weigh mine, too?" he asked disappointedly.

Seven small sets of jaws, relieved from the tension of Fletcherizing, relaxed into delighted grins, and by that token Mrs. Lansing saw her husband henceforth firmly enthroned in the family affection.

"Oh, you may laugh," said Mrs. Hannay tranquilly, "but up at Battle Creek they weigh *everything*. My sister says it's one of the sights of a lifetime to see a thousand people sitting down day after day, filling out their papers after each meal—how many calorics and proteids they've ate" (she pronounced it firmly—"et"). "I've been studying into it a little, and I thought I'd begin with weighing how much farinaceous stuff and how much meat ——"

"Meat!" interrupted the Doctor in a shocked tone; "don't tell me you are sacrificing the innocent animals!"

"How about the innocent vegetables?" inquired this shameless apostate of the higher life. "There again, it isn't what you kill—we've got to kill something; it's how you kill it."

"The cannibal can say the same," observed the Doctor sententiously.

"He can," admitted Mrs. Hannay. "After all, I think myself we'll all live on tabloids some day, predigested ones, too; and gradually our stomachs will get eliminated."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Where would my practice be?"

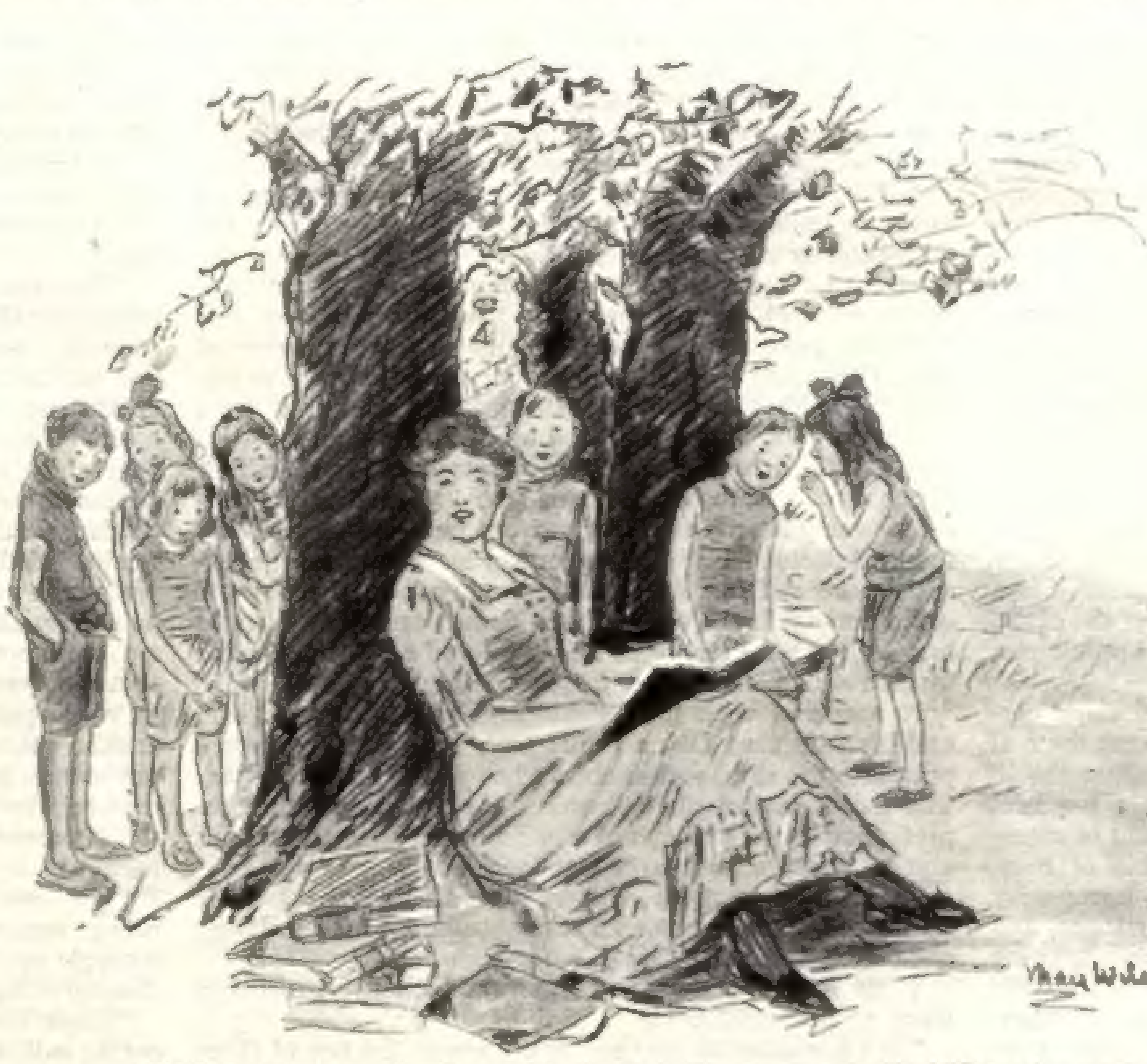
"Well, you make something out of appendixes even yet, don't you?" returned Mrs. Hannay dryly. "Anyway," she returned undaunted to the charge, "I believe there's something in weighin'—or it isn't likely so many would spend so much on it. *Look* at Battle Creek!"

"It *does* seem so different when you pay for it," conceded the Doctor thoughtfully. "Well—I'm glad you are going in for nourishment; Mary, here," he stroked fondly the cheek of Mary Wilkins, "looks a little peaked."

"She does," assented her mother, and the Doctor saw a stern joy kindle in her eye. "I'm going to try the milk cure on her."

"That sounds harmless," muttered the Doctor.

"It's a new Western thing I've just been reading about," expounded Mrs. Hannay with enthusiasm. "Nothing but milk for three weeks, and then a week to get back to the normal. You begin with a quart or so a day and work up to seven.. The second day the stomach rebels, but you keep right on at the milk diet and soon get over it."



"Sit Right Down on the Grass. It's the Only Way to Get the Real Magnetism of the Earth"

The Doctor, turning in some dismay to reassure the appointed victim, met a glance of undisguised pride and expectation. Either, happy in today's doughnuts, Mary Wilkins was unmindful of the morrow, or else, the Doctor reflected, she might be hardened to experiment by now.

"Come, now," he said, "that's not half a bad cure; I'd like to keep an eye on it myself; cures interest me. I should think," he added thoughtfully, "there ought to be a good deal of *ice* cream and *whipped* cream the fourth week—charlotte-russes and things—in order not to change the diet too abruptly."

Mary Wilkins Freeman gave him a look of positive adoration, and the faces of the other six darkened somberly; *they* were not elected for the milk cure.

When he reached his own house the Doctor sat down in his armchair and laughed until he wept.

"That woman will be the death of me!" he declared, wiping his eyes.

"More likely the death of those poor children," exclaimed his wife with some scorn.

"Are you really going to stand by and see her ruin the digestion of that poor little Mary Wilkins?" She looked at him indignantly.

"Not a bit of it," chuckled the Doctor. "They fairly thrive on her experiments. There's something healthy in ideas—even fool ones. *They'll* never die of that stagnation and bondage to routine which afflicts half my patients. Why, I go into a score of homes here where the children—yes, and the grown-ups, too—are fairly pining away for lack of anything to break the deadly perfectness of things. I'd like to turn Mrs. Hannay loose in a few of 'em." He chuckled again. "Besides, there's safety in crowds; she doesn't keep any idea long enough for it to be dangerous. As for the milk cure, I was on the point of suggesting something similar myself, but I hesitated—I was afraid she'd put the whole family on it."

True to his promise, the Doctor saw Mary Wilkins safely through her cure, in the midst of an interested and Fletcherizing family. It was, indeed, only due to the Doctor's persistence that the cure was carried to a finish, for half-way through it Mrs. Hannay, having encountered Metchnikoff, proposed to the Doctor to substitute buttermilk for milk.

"It seems foolish to waste your time with a thing that's only going to do you good for the moment, when you can double your life by taking something else—according to Metchnikoff," was her argument.

"First time, then eternity," replied the Doctor laconically.

Metchnikoff was a deathblow to Fletcherism, as was inevitable; but Metchnikoff, reduced to pure theory because of difficulties intrinsic to a steady supply of buttermilk, could not, by himself, fill the void left by Fletcher. And even more than Nature, Mrs. Hannay hated a void. That she had contrived to fill it became patent to the Doctor the moment he entered the house on that day which was to celebrate Mary Wilkins' return toward the normal by the pleasant path of chocolate ice cream. Mary, saucer in hand and spoon suspended, was watching, enthralled, the other six children drawn up in a military line opposite, and as the Doctor opened the door he caught the directions:

"Henry James, go on breathing deep! William Dean, draw in your abdomen!" and the Doctor paused, fascinated, on the threshold.

"What have I struck now?" he demanded. "Physical culture?"

"In a way, yes," said Mrs. Hannay briefly. "They're buildin' up their bodies, and gettin' an 'earned appetite' at the same time. Elizabeth, you can breathe a lot deeper than that!"

Elizabeth took two or three powerful inspirations, letting off steam after, like a steam engine.

"Samuel Clemens, hold your neck back against your collar!" decreed Mrs. Hannay. "It's all in how you stand and breathe," she explained to the Doctor. "Deep breathin', and drawin' in your abdomen, and keepin' your neck against your collar."

The Doctor surveyed the painful row of ramrods opposite.

"Can't we relax and Fletcherize for a while?" he inquired mildly. "I saw an ice-cream freezer outside."

"*You* can if you want," replied his hostess calmly. "*We've* given that up."

"Goodness, gracious—why?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, I can't see that it's done a thing for us—except to make Henry James' jaw grow out. I don't believe there's anything in it, nor in weighin' all your food, either."

"How about the vegetarian heart?" asked the Doctor.

"How about the vegetarian brain?" retorted Mrs. Hannay. "There's the whole Orient ——"

"Look at the patient ox," persisted the Doctor.

"Look at the patient Hindu," responded his opponent triumphantly. "Livin' in the midst of filth, idolatry and child-widows! There's all the Eastern nations—strict vegetarians—and look how they treat their women. I don't believe in havin' your mind on your food every minute, anyway; I believe you can think too much about it; and I'd rather eat alone than with a lot of people forever chewin'. You can't talk if you chew, and you can't chew if you talk. I don't believe it matters what you eat nor how you eat it, if *the stomach's* in proper condition. And that," she added with a warning glance at the row opposite, "depends on how you stand and breathe. Samuel Clemens!"

Six abdomens were simultaneously elevated and six necks thrust religiously back against collars, while Elizabeth Stuart, who had evidently made the province of deep breathing her own, began to puff formidably. All six betrayed an intense enjoyment in this new and charming exercise.

"Well, I think myself it does rather destroy the banquet idea," was the Doctor's parting concession to Fletcherism. "Let us therefore relax and feast; anyway, I never chew my ice cream."

"They can relax their jaws," said Mrs. Hannay, "but there's no reason they should their shoulder-blades; they don't eat with those. I'm going to go right on and build up their bodies; tomorrow we're all going to begin the Kneipp practice—barefoot-walkin' in the grass while the dew's on it; this winter we shall do it in snow."

The children's eyes sparkled in anticipation; the Doctor, having opened his lips, closed them again; he reflected that winter was still a long way off.

But he did not forget to look from his window next morning; and in the gray dawn he and his wife beheld a weird procession wending its way across the wet grass—sheeted ghosts of various sizes. For five mornings this pageant enjoyed a brief but exhilarating season; on the sixth the Doctor missed it.

"I think I'll just run over and see how many are down with pneumonia," he observed with well-affected indifference, but his wife pierced this shallow pretense.

"You know you are simply consumed with vulgar curiosity."

"Well, I admit it; I am."

The vulgar trait had time to acquire a fine edge before his third knock at the door produced Elizabeth Stuart, the trace of tears still visible on her small face. In the background of the room William Dean, looking very small and pale, was crouched on the sofa, and in the foreground Mrs. Hannay, with a very flushed face, was rocking vigorously.

"Sit right down, Doctor. How do you do?" she croaked in a hoarse whisper.

"Why, what's the matter with Bessie?" asked the Doctor, as Elizabeth Stuart, stifling a sob, fled to the sofa. "And what's the matter with you—and William?"

"There isn't anything the matter with Bessie," croaked her mother calmly. "She thinks she jammed her finger, but as she hasn't any finger to jam, she can't jam it."

"Is the woman crazy?" thought the Doctor. He walked over to the sofa, examined a minute finger and "kissed it well," and with the comforted child in his arms walked back to the rocker and, stooping unceremoniously, read the title of the book in his hostess' lap. Then he stood up.

"Um-ah!" he said. "So that's what ails you, is it?"

"Nothing ails me," enunciated Mrs. Hannay hoarsely, rocking defiantly.

The Doctor's eyes twinkled.

"Then what," he asked, "is the matter with your voice?"

"Nothing is the matter with my voice," replied Mrs. Hannay in the same hoarse whisper, "except mortal error."

"Whose mortal error—yours or mine?"

"Both," was the prompt reply.

"Well, there's William, what ails him?"

"Nothing," repeated Mrs. Hannay firmly. "He thinks he's got a claim to stomachache, but it isn't anything. Yesterday Marcella Humphry thought she had one to cramps."

"I can't say I'm surprised," remarked the Doctor dryly.

"But it wasn't anything," said Mrs. Hannay triumphantly. "Why, at this very minute I've got a false claim to feelin' ill myself; but knowin' it *is* a false claim, I'm not payin' any attention to it," and she rocked with redoubled energy.

The Doctor looked at her critically.

"May I feel your pulse? You've still got a pulse, I suppose?"

"I've got what you'll *think* is a pulse," replied Mrs. Hannay, extending firmly a burning wrist; "but in reality it'll be nothing but your own error."

The Doctor counted the illusion of a pulse presented to him, and shrugged his shoulders.

"You're on the way to as fine a false claim to pneumonia or bronchitis as I wish to see," he observed dryly.

"But having no lungs—I can't have either," croaked Mrs. Hannay, tranquilly rocking.

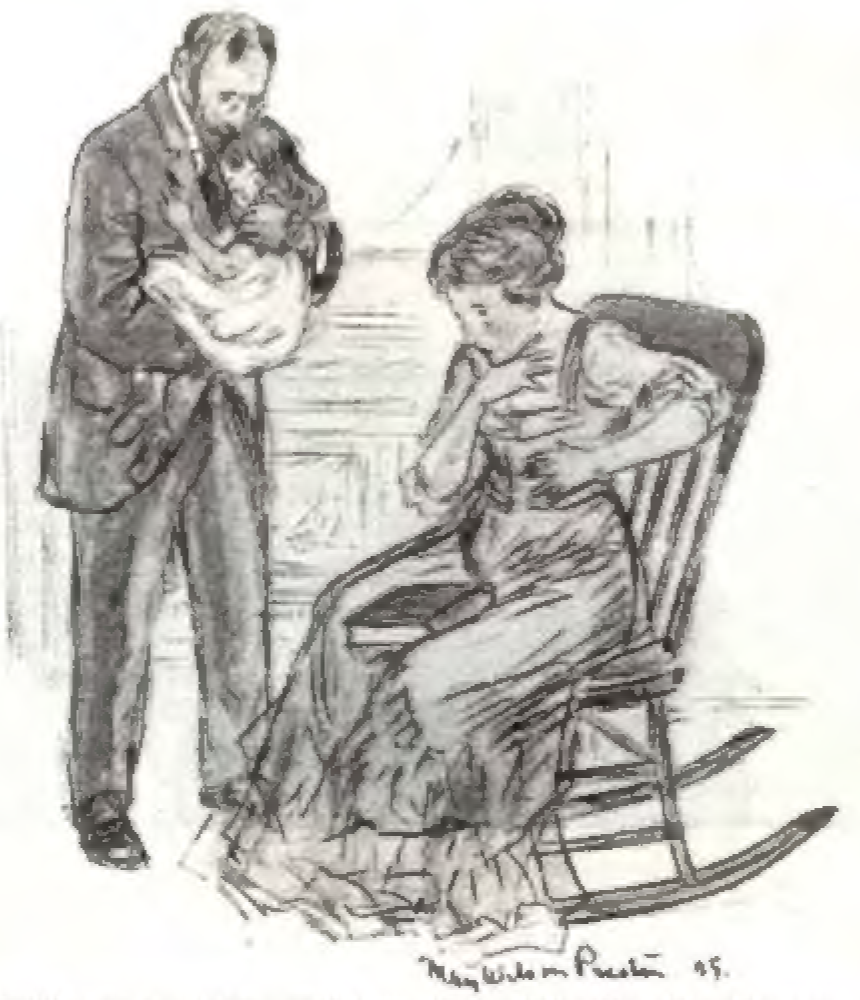
"No lungs," began the Doctor emphatically; but Mrs. Hannay interrupted him calmly.

"You can't have lungs without a body, can you?"

"Not outside an anatomical museum," answered the Doctor gravely.

"Well—and I haven't any body, except a spiritual one," triumphantly proclaimed the owner of one hundred and sixty-odd pounds.

"I never wished to see a healthier ghost." The Doctor's tone was still grave.


Mary Wilson Preston 09.

"Nothing is the Matter With My Voice," Replied Mrs. Hannay in the Same Hoarse Whisper, "Except Mortal Error"

"Nothing is real," continued Mrs. Hannay unmoved, "except what isn't—such as ideas. William Dean! I don't know as there's any reason, because you think you've got a stomachache when you haven't even got a stomach, why you shouldn't keep your neck against your collar!"

"How can he—if he hasn't any neck or any collar?" asked the Doctor.

"He can lean against the *idea*," said his mother firmly. "Henry James, what are you gettin' into that fire for?"

"I'm cold," complained Henry James.

"You can't be; there's no such thing as cold," returned the indomitable matron. "You go right over to that corner and tell yourself it's mortal error a few times and you'll find you're warm enough."

"How can he—if there's no such thing as heat?" persisted the Doctor.

"There's the *idea*," patiently returned the sufferer—and the Doctor thought he detected the beginnings of what has been called by scoffers "the kind, Christian Science smile." "I'm goin' to break up the slavery to mortal error in *this* family," she concluded with native and unmistakable energy.

The Doctor eyed her.

"Why do you wear clothes?" he asked.

"On account of the police," replied Mrs. Hannay shortly.

"Well, look here," he tried diplomacy. "If my medicines can't hurt you, being non-existent, why not take them?"

"I'd just as soon not," croaked Mrs. Hannay cheerfully, "if it wasn't for the *idea* of medicine bein' a mortal error."

The Doctor rose.

"All right," he said dryly. "I'll come round tomorrow and see *which* it is—pneumonia or bronchitis."

It proved to be bronchitis.

"And no wonder," said the Doctor, a few weeks later, when Mrs. Hannay was able to sit up for the first time. "The children are used to these antics, but a woman of your years Kneipping around in that temperature—I'm astonished at you!"

"I'm more astonished at the total failure of Christian Science," said the patient with a sigh, yet with something of her old spirit. "I began to have suspicions the day before you called, when Samuel Clemens got stung by a hornet; but still I thought I'd give it a fair trial—and I did. All I can say is—that teachin' is mortal error."

"Oh—well, I don't know; there's a lot in it," interjected the Doctor tolerantly; but Mrs. Hannay was not to be conciliated.

"A lot of foolishness, I should say," she snorted.

"Well—I hope *this* lesson will last her," was Mrs. Lansing's comment on the conversation; but the Doctor only shook his head. He greatly misdoubted his patient's busy brain and the idle days of convalescence in combination.

"She's simply got to be doing something," he said. "What ails her is excess of mental energy; it's like power running to waste. It's positively unlucky they have enough money to live on; occupation is what she needs. *All* my patients have *some* of these fads; her only peculiarity is in having the whole bunch together."

"Is there anything *left* for her to have?" inquired Mrs. Lansing plaintively.

"If there is she'll find it," answered the Doctor.

He had a prompt intuition that she had found it, when on his late daily call the next day the door was opened to him by a small sheeted figure, and in the interior of the room, faintly lighted by firelight, he discerned a weird circle drawn about the table. Mrs. Hannay alone was unsheeted.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "you're not Kneipping again, indoors, are you?"

"*Sh!-sh*," replied Mrs. Hannay in a loud whisper; "maybe you'd like to join the circle, Doctor?"

"What in the name of—Science are you doing?" The Doctor picked up the slim form of Marcella Humphry and sat down with it on his knees. The child instantly spread out small hands to join the fourteen other starfishes on the table-top.

"We're trying to get a communication."

"Communication from where?"

"Spirits!" piped up the circle gleefully.

"Trying to raise a set of nervous prostrations, I should say," exclaimed the Doctor disgustedly. "Look here, children, I'll give you five cents for every ghost you catch."

This offer was received jubilantly, but promptly dampened by Mrs. Hannay, who, declaring the "influences" disturbed, broke up the séance incontinently.

"To tell the truth," she confided to the Doctor with one of her characteristic outbursts of candor, "I don't know as there's anything in it—and I don't know *but* there is. What put it into my head was the Kneipp cure and Christian Science together, walkin' around in sheets and havin' no body. And then," she added, a little dispiritedly, "I've tried most everything relatin' to this life, and I thought I'd try the next—for a change. It don't seem to me there's much in either of them. But one thing I do know"—her eye kindled with a spark of its old fire—"if Mr. Hannay's spirit's got anything to say, he can say it right here at this table, through the medium of these innocent souls and bein's, just as well's he can through some woman that's controlled by an Indian spirit at two dollars an hour. Mr. Hannay never had to do with Indians in his lifetime, and I don't know why he should now."

"There's a strange, weird streak of sense in that woman," said the Doctor, chuckling again, as he later recounted this to his unfailing audience of one.

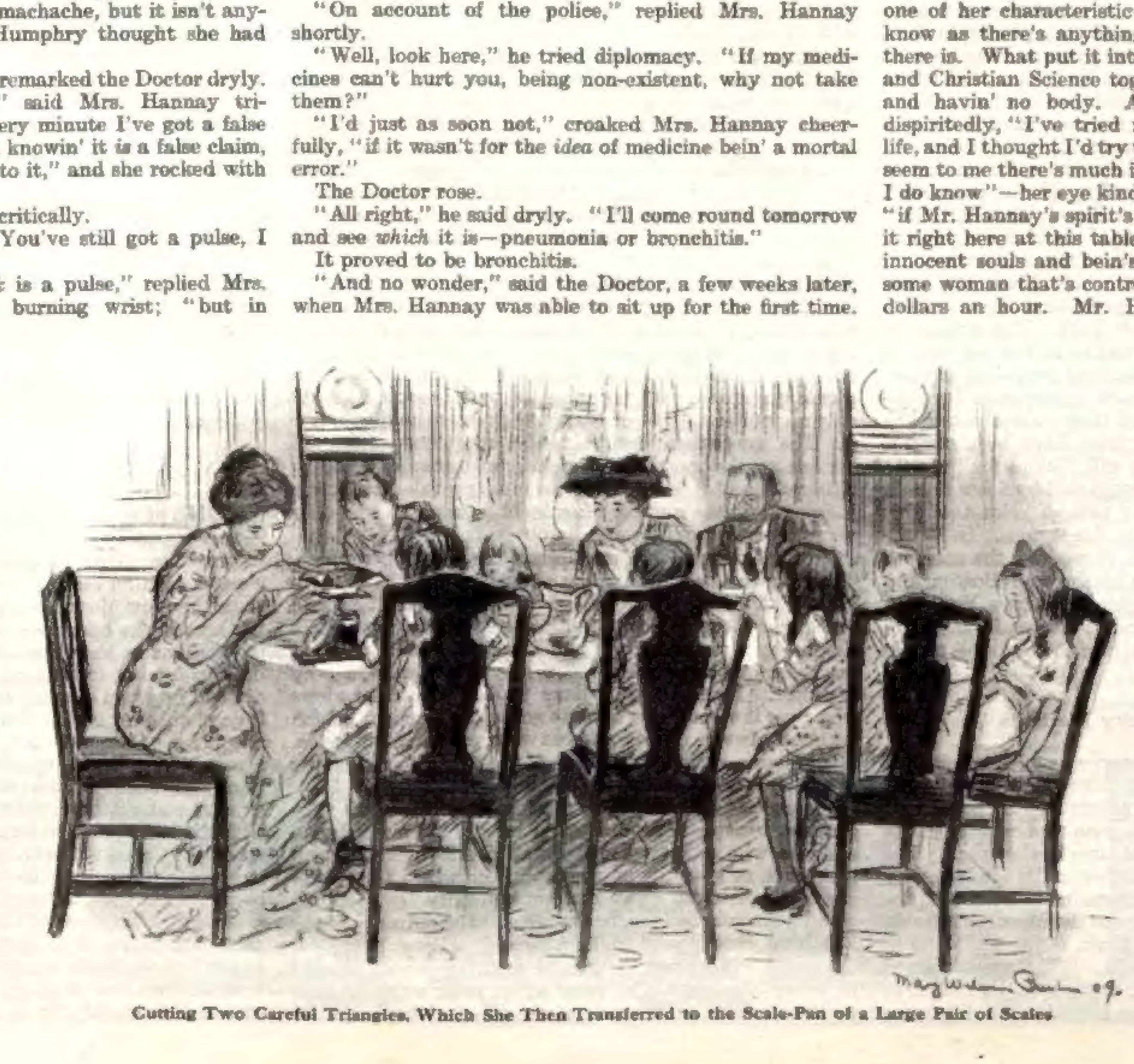
"*Strange*, I should say!" repeated his wife indignantly. "She ought to be prohibited from having children."

"Instead of which"—the Doctor barely repressed a sigh—"she has seven uncommonly fine ones. The Lord knows why—if He does."

"They will be seven uncommonly fine nervous wrecks presently," said Mrs. Lansing severely.

"Not they! Any other family would; but they're immune. They have been brought up on this kind of thing; it's just one more of their mother's little experiments to them. Why, that

(Continued on Page 25)


Mary Wilson Preston 09.

Cutting Two Careful Triangles, Which She Then Transferred to the Scale-Pan of a Large Pair of Scales

THE ITCH FOR PUBLICITY

By Samuel G. Blythe

ALMOST everybody you meet in certain sections of New York, in the core of that diverting city, so to speak, who isn't a press agent has a press agent. If you start at Fifty-ninth Street and walk down what the Manhattanese call The Great White Way, through Honk-honk Row, the lobster-palace district, the theater and theatrical district, the nickel-plated, near-onyx hotel district, the café, buffet, frappé district, reflecting, as you walk, that if it were not for the private electric signs the Great White Way would be a Mournful Mauve Way, because the lights the city contributes to the glare give about as much illumination as is observed in Trenton, South Carolina, on a misty night, you constantly bump into, step on and dodge press agents or press-agented.

You find them all the way from the first automobile shop, near the melancholy statue of C. Columbus, at the Circle, to the vaudeville-booking agencies on Fourteenth Street and thereabouts. Likewise, if you go into any of the big hotels that are near the park entrance you push through a throng of both kinds, and they pop up in front of you all along Fifth Avenue, down as far as Twenty-third Street, in the clubs, in the modest little inns that fringe that thoroughfare, in the restaurants, everywhere. Eliminating the feather, lace and lingerie section of Broadway that stretches from Fourteenth Street to City Hall Park, although they are not entirely extinct there, for the matter of that, entering the corporation cañon of lower Broadway, and its ramifying fissures, such as Broad, Wall, and other financial footpaths, and zigzagging to the Battery, you run on to both classes in schools, flocks, coveys and droves.

The only place in the world where there are more publicity seekers and publicity promoters than uptown in New York is downtown in New York. The struggle of all kinds of people to get their names in the papers is a well-defined phase of that peculiar and prevalent disease, Newyorkitis, and has a secondary symptomic development, at times, of trying to keep their names out of the papers, which only occurs after they have been caught. New York is full of people who will "stand for" almost anything if their standing is accompanied by a few lines in the news columns carrying their names. Not that this condition does not exist elsewhere, for it does. In Washington, for example, the fight is fierce and the schemes ingenious, and so they are in Chicago and Boston and elsewhere, but there are more subjects in New York and more mediums, more opportunity, more folks, more money and more ways of extracting it from the people who want to be in the public eye.

Strong-Arm Publicity Methods

I ASKED a man, trained to observe people acutely and accurately, whose position gives him a wide opportunity for getting at the inside of the various mental, social and other operations of his fellows—a man who came from the West two years ago and since that time has been in a place where the whole town passes in review under his eye every twenty-four hours, and whose viewpoint is fresh and unprejudiced—what, in his opinion, was the most remarkable single trait of the people of New York.

"The itch for publicity," he said. "The prevalence of the press agent. The unending, unwearying, strong-arm attempt to get into the papers. It makes no difference how they get in, but they must get in. I have about come to the conclusion that there are a hundred thousand people in this city who would rather have five or ten lines about themselves in the papers than get a legacy."

The editors of the New York newspapers are the men who have the fullest opportunities for observing this constant scheming to get into print. Any city editor of any big paper will tell you that he spends much of his time killing press-agent yarns about all sorts of subjects, from show girls riding on elephants to the beneficences (alleged) of mining-stock promoters, from the gold doorknobs in a new hostelry to the speeches of publicists and reformers. Ten years ago the theatrical press agents had the field fairly to themselves, and they contributed many amusing stories and squibs, frankly written to boom a star or a play, and as frankly printed because, apart from the advertising value, they were bright and entertaining. Now the theatrical press agents are in the minority, although even more active. The first thing any New Yorker does, after he gets his head above the crowd, or when he is trying to, is to get a press agent—*any* New Yorker, I said, which is a statement that goes as it lays, with no restrictions as to age, sex, or previous condition of obscurity.

Leading Citizens Made by Hand

MEN who know say there are ten thousand press agents in New York who may be divided, roughly, into two sections, the literary and the physical, and subdivided into the honest and the dishonest. The basis of the whole game, of course, is advertising that may bring business or may bring notoriety, perhaps both. About seventy-five per cent of the whole raft of matter that is turned into newspaper offices and into the offices of periodical publications reaches for business and notoriety in combination. The other twenty-five per cent has for its object notoriety alone, for the people who want to be talked about have money enough, in most cases. And back of it all is vanity, the desire to be held as somebody. When you see the president of a big corporation, with all the money he wants and as much position as he can need, sending a scurrying press agent around with items about himself in one pose or another, his speeches, his letters, his views on public questions, with no reference to his corporation, or only an incidental one, it is easy to guess what the motive is. The gentleman desires to be conspicuous, to add himself to the mostly self-constructed ranks of "leading citizens"; and it is all vanity, a most prevalent affection judging from the number of eminent personages who offer views on every topic, eternally.

Most of these people are jokes in the newspaper offices. Their appearances are regular and invariable. Let there be a Wall Street flurry of considerable proportions and that night there will come to the desks of the city editors the flubby views of certain hand-made financiers on what has happened, what will happen, why it happened, or why it didn't. Numerous reformers trail in with their views whenever it seems fit to them to get in the limelight, which is almost always. And so it goes with regulars of all kinds, in all phases of the complex life of the city, from scientists to street cleaners.

Inasmuch as the newspapers and periodicals furnish the greatest measure of publicity, the bulk of the press agents are men who either write the stuff themselves and send it around, or give the information from which the stories are to be written. You can get publicity by dropping circulars from a balloon, or standing at the entrance of the Brooklyn Bridge and yelling through a megaphone—if the police will let you; but those methods cannot be said to be satisfactory. The press agent must write or have written, except in the case of the physical boys who do their advertising by word of mouth or by exhibition. These are touts rather than press agents. The chap who appears in the club or hotel with his muscles bulging beneath his tight coat and tells you, confidentially, he attained his gigantic biceps by using McGuff's exerciser for three months, or by taking a course at McSwatt's gymnasium; the person who blazes out in a new suit of clothes every day and lets you know, as a favor, that they come from Izzy's Misfit Parlors; the wine booster and all of that long lot who infest every public place, are doing a kind of a press-agenting, of course, and many of them are very clever at it, but they are not really in the big game. The literary chaps are the ones who have the call. They are the real artists. They know the weakness of the big man, or the man who thinks he is big, or who wants to be big, or is big and desires to be bigger, and they throw the net over him and strip him as long as his pocketbook will withstand the demands of his carefully-conned vanity.

Take our ethical friends, the lawyers and the doctors. Far be it from these strait-laced gentlemen to encourage any publicity for themselves or their clients, but there were ten press agents, or more, at the recent Thaw trial, each with a legal client, looking out that his particular personage got what was coming to him in the public prints—obsequious and obliging gentlemen who would straighten out any little point that concerned their clients for the reporters, or furnish any additional information that might be required. A dozen, perhaps more, of the various judges in New York have regular press agents, who look out for them in the newspapers. If a reporter is not in court, or if he is, when anything happens, the item is prepared for the newspapers: "Judge Biffelbunk handed down a very important and interesting decision while sitting in so-and-so this morning, which will have a far-reaching effect on the this and that," and so on, all fixed up for the hard-working copy-readers on the newspapers and ready to be headed-up and sent to the printers.

Blowing the Judge's Horn

IF ONE of these judges goes to a wedding, to a funeral, to a banquet, or anywhere else, the press agent hands the information to the newspapers. And the lawyers! No class of men on earth know the value of publicity better than the New York lawyers, who, to let them tell it, are the best in the business. At one of those big corporation inquisitions in New York that our pleasant President has been so fond of instituting, the attendance can always be divided into two classes: press agents and others. There is no chance for the hard-working reporter to go wrong on any point of intricate law. A gentlemanly press agent is always on the job to explain, with explicit reference to how vitally his client is interested, how the client brought this situation about or dissolved that situation, and always with the right slant, so far as the corporation is concerned. At one of the recent hearings the astute and press-agented lawyers for the defense fixed it so the bulk of the important testimony in their favor would be brought out late in the afternoon, after most of the afternoon papers had put out their last pinks or greens; knowing that the afternoon paper reports must of necessity be, at that late hour, in bulletin form, and desiring the connected, well-considered stories that would appear in the morning papers, written after the whole affair was over for the day and with proper perspective.

That is good business. It is the lawyer's duty to get as favorable a showing for his client, in newspapers and elsewhere, as he can, although there may be lawyers [illegible] may be—who will contend the lawyer's duty ends when he has made his case in the courtroom, and, after that, it is a question of law and not publicity. Notwithstanding this old-fashioned view, the lawyer who takes advantage of publicity for his client is working in a twentieth-century way, and a knowledge of the intricacies of newspaper publication helps a lot. Even so high a personage as the President of the United States has come to know that a document given out on Sunday afternoon for publication on Monday morning has a better chance of adequate presentation, because Sunday is a dull news day, than when given out on any other day.

But our leading lawyers have gone further than that. While protecting the interests of their clients they are not averse to grabbing off a little glory for themselves. Thus, when the story is printed that this or that particular point in favor of the defense was brought out by some legal luminary, the point is no more carefully explained by the press agent than the further and very important point, that said lawyer was the chap who turned the trick. "Mr. Holdem, the famous member of the well-known firm of Catchem, Holdem & Skinnem, who is the leading counsel for Mr. P. Predacious Plute, Esquire, now concerned in the epochal proceeding before ——" and there you are. Business for the firm, fame for the individual member, coin for the press agent and bunco for the public.

"I just called you up to tell you," telephones the press agent to the newspaper, "that if you will send a man to the Hendrik Hudson Club you will find Mr. McGusalem there"—a judge or a lawyer or anybody else. "He's got a good story about ——": full details, and the judge or the lawyer or whatsoever other person it is, properly planted at the Hendrik Hudson Club, expresses surprise that the reporters should have discovered anything about the matter, does not think it should be published, but will consent to relate the facts, which were as follows: full details again. Name in the paper. Everybody happy.

Now, that is one side of it. That is the side when the man aspiring to printed notice puts up the job himself. The other side is the man who aspires to publicity, after the value of it has been explained carefully to him by the press agent who is looking for some money, and who is induced to fall in with the schemes for exactly the same reason, but lacking the initiative. The motive is always the same, but the recipients of this flattering mention sometimes spread the birdlime and sometimes are stuck in it. Looking at it philosophically, there isn't much to choose between the two. Only, the man who puts up the jobs is smarter than the man who lets himself be put up to the job and, usually, gets more lines of reading matter.

New Curves in Professional Publicity

ETHICS forbids a lawyer advertising as a dry-goods store does, but ethics goes to the rear and reclines when it comes to a lawyer getting an advertisement in the guise of news or comment. The difference isn't apparent to the crass and non-ethical persons who make up the bulk of the population, but it exists. The lawyers can find it without the aid of a magnifying glass. It is not so very long ago that two big lawyers in New York, who had so assiduously cultivated the court and legal and other reporters on various papers that they were relied on as good sources of information, put in their bills to their clients large sums for their influence with newspapers. They were press-agenting themselves, instead of hiring press agents. After a time the reporters found out about it and quit calling, and the lawyers lost their soft money, but they worked it for quite a time.

And the doctors! No doctor would talk about a case, except in the way of a bulletin reciting the tempo of the pulse and the resps of the respiration when his patient is of public interest. That is the most unethical of all unethical things. But a lot of names of doctors are frequently in the newspapers. Some of them are quite familiar. A celebrated surgeon is employed to cut an ingrowing halo out of a captain of finance, or something of the kind. The celebrated surgeon firmly declines to say a word, but, strangely enough, a full account of the operation is printed, with the doctor's office address, said full account falling in the way of the reporters through the medium of a man who happens to know all about it, not, perhaps, unconnected with the celebrated surgeon's payroll. The celebrated surgeon is furious, but what can he do? Nothing, except hope that other captains of finance with ingrowing halos will read the story and call on him when they desire to have theirs extirpated. Take it by and large, quite a bit of medical news, always with the names and office addresses of the doctors attached, gets out in the course of a year. And when a doctor discovers the germ that causes housemaid's knee it is possible, at times, *possible*, you understand, to obtain a few lines about it for the Sunday supplement. Old Mr. Hippocrates, please write. But when it comes to the real seekers after fame, the publicists, the reformers, the men who have nothing else to do but be leading citizens, together with the financiers and the corporations, are the real exponents of the game. New York is cluttered with ancient and amiable dodoes who have no occupation but to mix in everything that looks as if it might have a few lines of newspaper notice in it for them. They are the gentry who help the press agents pay rent and acquire sustenance. Their literary agents come to bat constantly. Nothing can get by without a few impressive remarks from one of these anxious protagonists. They are put on all committees, exude speeches at every pore, comment on every known subject, and their press agents see to it that what they say is carefully conveyed to the newspapers.

The Gas and Street-Car Artists

EVERY captain of finance who has accumulated more than four dollars, and every corporation that has tried to issue bonds, has a press agent. The bigger captains of finance, the generals of finance, may be better—have several, and the tremendous corporations have them by the great gross. This is a development of the past five or six years, although there have been some press agents, of one kind or another, out-in-the-open or subterranean, engaged in exalting these *entrepreneurs* and enterprises for years. There are press agents of different degrees. A corporation may have one or six for the corporation, and the men in the corporation their own individual halo-makers. The plot is to "steer the newspapers right," to furnish favorable information, to hand out and get printed articles that will tend to relieve prejudice in the public mind and, generally, to boost. All big corporations doing business in New York—the trust companies, the industrial combinations, the big banks, the railroads, the public-service corporations, the steamship lines—have press agents, industrious and high-salaried gentlemen who do efficient work. If a railroad magnate or an industrial Goliath wants to make a speech, his press agent writes it for him and sees to it that some of it gets in the newspapers with accompanying celebrity. It is the same when there are views to express, popular "fallacies" to subvert, or when the person in question feels it is up to him to pose a little, purely for self-advertising purposes. The railroad press agent tries to keep the kicks out of the papers. The gas-company man softens the aspersions of the populace if he can. The street-car artist quiets the street-car howls, and so on through the list, always being ready to exalt the big bosses of the game when exaltation is required.

Press agents for political organizations, for candidates and for campaigns are recognized institutions and work frankly for their retainers. Formerly when there was a story in a New York hotel the reporters went to the clerks, the proprietors or the guests and dug it up themselves. Now, most of the big hotels have press agents who help to cover up the fact that the gentleman in 766 incautiously and inconsiderately shot his head off, and to promulgate the fact that the banquet given this evening, for floral decorations, magnificence of menu and elegance of et ceteras, was probably the flossiest thing of its kind ever pulled off in our seething midst. If the reporters do not call around the obliging press agent writes out the story and sends it around. If the Honorable William Swink-Swatt, of High Holborn, gets in, the fact is chronicled. If John Jacob Astor puts a kippered herring in his tea, thus starting a new society fad, the story is sent in and the location is exactly described as the unique Eskimo room in the Sheathobocker. If a gallant mounted copper stops a runaway horse anywhere from Yonkers to the Battery, the heroic heroism is aptly fixed as happening "near the well-known and popular Blastor." And any guest who has anything to offer and desires a little exploitation for himself can secure the same by fixing it with the press agent, provided the newspapers will follow through. It is great. You can tell when the chef invents a new way of boring the holes in Swiss cheese and go around and get a few. All the daily news of the hotels is served up hot every morning by the busy little P. A's.

Formerly one press agent was enough for a theater, and there were many clever men in the business who got much action, but, with the multiplication of the guild, the theatrical end of the game has expanded also. It is not uncommon to find four press agents working on one production: the house man, the man for the star, the man for the producing manager, and the man for the author or for some near-star in the company. Theatrical folks prosper on the attention they get from the newspapers. There is a notion that anything that gets into the papers that carries the name of the play and the theater or the star is worth while, no matter how frothy the carrying-matter may be. Thus, when a press agent takes a dancer up to an amusement park and announces she is going up in an airship, it doesn't matter whether she goes up or not so long as her name is mentioned and the name of her attraction. Considered as to cleverness, the theatrical press agents are the best of the lot. They are there to get advertising for their people, and they get it. Publicity is breath to the nostrils of all sorts of theatricians. Wherefore, all the rules of the game provide that publicity must be attained, and, while many a well-considered scheme goes for nothing, many an alluring yarn about actorines, ranging from bigamy to buttermilk, is concocted by the man who makes the copy.

Aside from the regular theaters and actor people, everything in the way of a show that comes into New York has its quota of presswork, a most apt title, for it is all based on the proposition of working the press, which is worked or not, as it sees fit; but many of the editors are cheerful and obliging chaps, and they let a lot of it in. If they have a chicken show at the Madison Square Garden the busy press agent digs up a yarn about a chicken that can talk Esperanto and hands it out, mentioning in the first paragraph that this gifted fowl is at the only and original chicken show as set forth. So it goes with every other kind of a show, from the lecture of the traveler returned from Syracuse, New York, before the Girls' Friendly Society, to the automobile show, and all this sort of stuff is put out in the effort to obtain free advertising. Press agents of this class belong to the well-known Legion family.

The Social Leader's Social Secretary

WHEREUPON, we come to Society. A mass-meeting of the Society press agents would fill Madison Square Garden fuller than it was last time Bryan spoke there. Society's clamor to get into print is the apotheosis of the vanity end of it, for only now and then can the fact that Mrs. Martha McGruder McGump, of one of our well-known Southern families, gave a dinner last night to—list follows—the decorations were electric lights and Mrs. McGump's diamond coronet—be turned to any business advantage. It is incited by the itch for social publicity.

Every woman, when she gets a theater coat and some extra puffs for her hair, wants to go into Society; just as every man who has acquired a few millions in any industry, from robbing graves to promoting gold mines, desires to become Respectable. It amounts to the same thing, for if you are in Society you are Respectable, although you are not necessarily Respectable because you are in Society. Most of our Social Leaders, whose pictures appear regularly in the Sunday Supplements, have press agents. Over in Washington we call them Social Secretaries, which is much more refined, don't you think?

The time has passed when the reporters have to go trailing around to find out about a coming-out function—well named, by the way, judging from the toilets. Yes, indeed! Instead, the Social Leader's Social Secretary (press agent, you know) sends it all around so there will be no mistake about the names of the other Social Leaders who were on the spot, the pricelessness of the decorations, and the fact that the charming débutante made her arrival gowned in a sweet, girlish confection of thousand-dollar

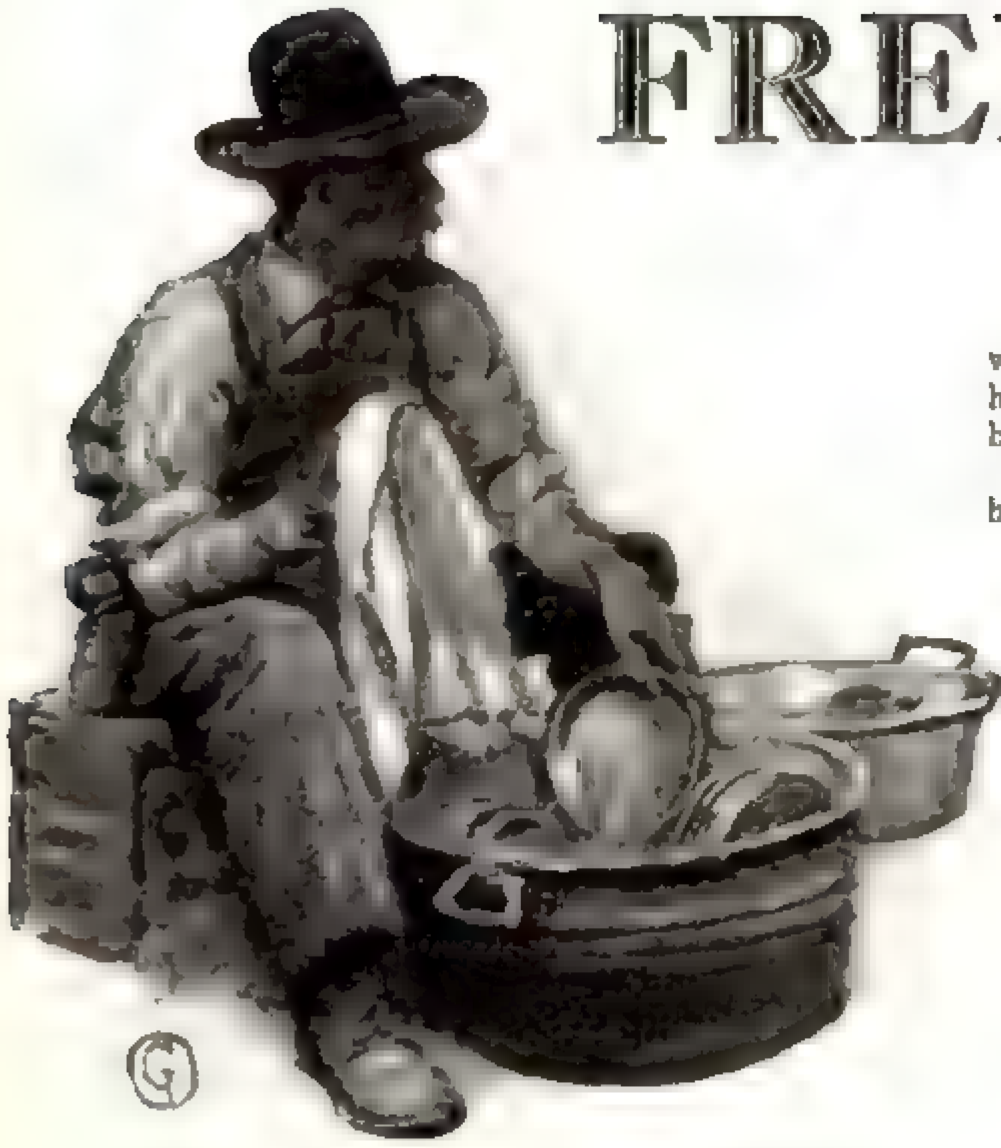
(Concluded on Page 32)

FRENCHY

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

He Makes Good With the Outfit



"Somehow I Cain't Never Think of a Frenchman as a White Man, Let Alone a Cowhand"

IT HAD become a gnawing sorrow to the cook that every attempt he made to educate the Frenchman really proved an education. Such result necessarily reflected on American institutions, for if this locoed foreigner could so readily do all that a citizen of Texas could do, what was to become of the scheme of creation and of civilization in general?

Brooding dolefully over these matters, Dave swabbed out a pot by the easy method of two sweeps with a towel, and filled it with dough.

"He's done opsot all my idees of things," he complained, addressing himself to the hoodium driver, who was shaving, with Frenchy's razor, in front of a cracked four-by-six looking-glass hung on the back of the chuck-wagon.

"How could he do that?" asked Mit, knowing instinctively to whom he referred.

"Wal, I never hearn in all my life of a Frenchman bein' a cowboy. Did you?"

"No," bawled Mit, in a fury because he had cut himself trying to reply without opening his mouth.

"There's Englishmen an' Irishers, an' even that German boy, the stray-man for the Gourds," continued Dave, "an' Mexicans, lots of 'em—yes, an' I know a Swede. But a Frenchman—somehow I cain't never think of a Frenchman as a white man, let alone a cowhand, kin you?"

"He ain't a cowhand," growled Mit. "I don't see why Uncle Henery don't send him in to headquarters. He's no use here to us or hisself."

The horse wrangler rode in to refresh himself with a bit of cold beef and a bun, and discussion of Frenchy was dropped while the cook engaged in a heated argument with the wrangler over the loss of one of the work-horses, which had been herded with the *remuda* and had wandered off. Just before the dinner hour a great shout was heard, and the Frenchman swept into camp at a mad gallop, leading the furious run of the outfit to their meal; for the Circle Bar boys clung to dying traditions, and when they came to dinner they came in the fine old way, hats waving, hoofs thundering and ponies stretched out, bellies to earth, at their limit of speed.

"Jist look at him," mourned the cook, his hands on his hips—"Jist look at him. He done hearn me say as how they always raced in, an' the very next time, I'll eat that ol' towel, ef he don't git hyar first."

"Hel-lo, my clown!" called the Frenchman, unsaddling in two winks.

Dave acknowledged the greeting stiffly. He was not at all sure from the Frenchman's manner whether the appellation was a compliment or a thing of shame, and he was taking no chances. Lisette was tall and lean, free and lithe in every movement as a high-strung thoroughbred. He wore a short, military mustache and kept his shirt sleeves rolled to the elbow that the copper hue of his two months' tan might not bleach. This in itself stamped him as a tenderfoot; not one real cowboy from the Saskatchewan to the Rio Grande but wears his sleeves long. Otherwise, he was just such a well-bred young Frenchman as can be met with in scores in the chief provincial cities of the sister republic—delicately-chiseled features and a capacity for appearing immaculate under any conditions, in spite even of four hours spent in a reeking, roaring, surging, dust-enshrouded corral endeavoring to throw two-hundred-pound calves to earth that their owner's brand might be burned into their hides.

He was a type that old Dave didn't understand and, consequently, greatly mistrusted. His carefully-brushed hair, the regularity with which he shaved once a week, and the foolish way he would wander off to the shrunken river, after a hard day's work, to plunge in and wallow around, grated on the cook's nice sensibilities. It seemed so puerile—sort of womanish, almost, snorted the cook. Dave was of a large, generous nature himself, and these effeminate observances clashed with his conception of a man's proper behavior. He pleaded with Frenchy, appealing to his regard for the feelings and the prestige of the outfit, and that failing, he ventured a more formal expostulation; but even when he explained, at scholarly length and with many circumstantial details, how shocks of cold water must indubitably weaken a man's system and finally crumple it, of which he cited numerous wholly imaginary instances, Frenchy only gave vent to his high, musical laugh, and besought him to try a few shocks on himself and the cook-pots.

"It ain't no use tryin' to learn him," said old Dave sadly. "He thinks he knows more'n me."

With magnificent perseverance he tried another lesson that night, however. Often had Frenchy lifted his head from the blankets to listen entranced and in awe to the weird even-song of the coyotes echoing and reëchoing through the cañon and among the foothills. Those unutterably sad, swiftly-surging notes stirred him profoundly; they seemed so to typify the West and all its vastness, even its vague appeal; they were so wholly unlike anything he had ever heard in his life before. So Dave, perceiving this, with the simple unselfishness of the primitive man, forswore his place by the fire to lead him tenderly to a tree on the bank of the river one evening, and he saw him safely ensconced among the branches.

"You stay thar, Frenchy, an' you'll git a lil' ol' ki-yote shore," he whispered. "Don't you go for to move until you do. That 30-30 will tear him inside out."

Pæans of rejoicing throbbing in his ears, Dave hied him back to camp and danced a hornpipe among the recumbent forms before waking the wagon-boss to acquaint him with the glad tidings. The outfit rose to a man and grouped about the smouldering fire, prepared to sit up all night, if necessary, to accord the Frenchman a proper vocal welcome when he returned.

"He stands as much chance of gittin' a ki-yote thar," observed Mit, with a certain bitterness, "as I do of a raise in wages."

"He'll be thar all night then, I reckon," said the wagon-boss gently; but even as he spoke there floated to their ears the joyous, youthful voice of Frenchy.

"*La victoire! La victoire!*" he shouted, and strode into the centre of the circle about the fire, holding a dead coyote high in air by its bushy tail. The brute was shot cleanly through the head.

"The biggest ol' ki-yote I ever seen," muttered the cook, with starting eyes, "an' he wahn't thar more'n forty minutes."

Sick at heart old Dave crawled under his tarpaulin, his last conscious moments bringing to his ears the exuberant, "*La victoire!* I kill heem with one of shots, yes?" of the delighted foreigner.

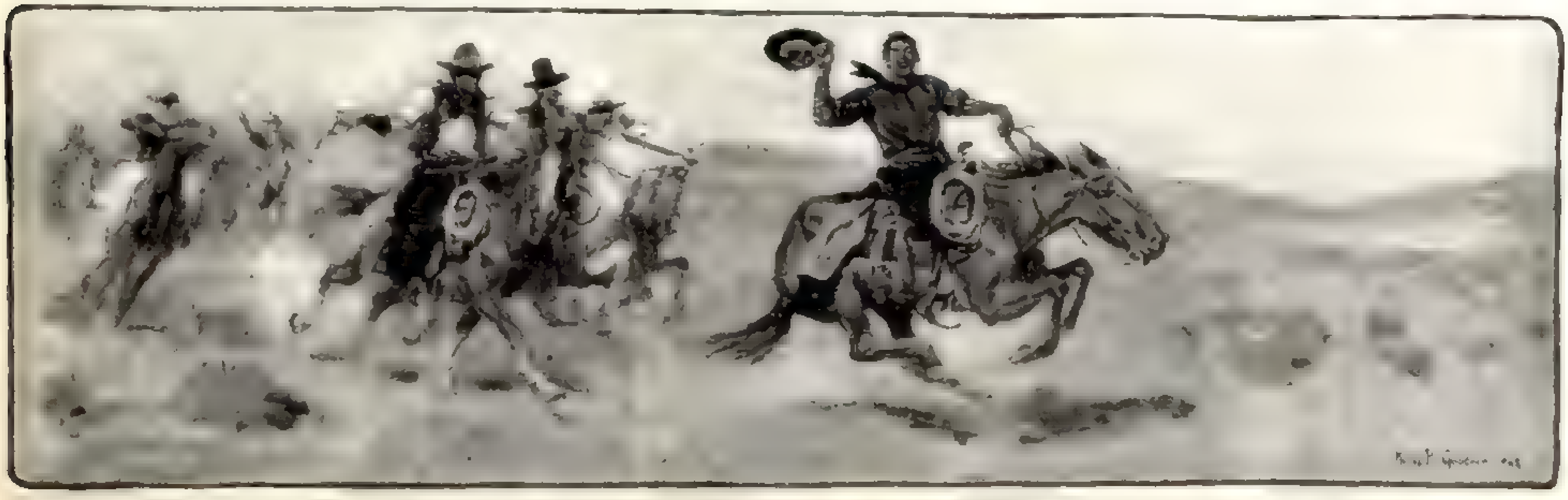
That was always the way. There is a grand old sport called "snipe hunting" in the cow country, and snipe hunting can be made nearly as pleasurable in its way as a badger fight, if properly done, only it lacks the delicately-conceived climax of the latter. The boys welcomed Frenchy to the range with a snipe hunt.

They left him holding an empty flour-sack in the loneliest part of a dreary, desolate expanse of scrub-cedar brakes, and told him to keep whistling seductively while they cast about and drove in the snipe, the idea being, of course, that the intelligent snipe would run into the bag until it was full. Patience was the thing, they impressed upon him—patience and abiding faith. Only stay there long enough and he'd get all the snipe within a dozen miles. At a safe distance from him they extinguished their lanterns and returned to camp by a circuitous route, consuming considerable time in joyful word-painting of what the Frenchman would do.

"Why, thar—no, it cain't be," cried Dick, stopping short; and he pointed to the camp-fire. Close by it sat Frenchy, calmly smoking his brier pipe. "Hel-lo, my clowns," he called cheerily; "you are in the neck stung, yes? I hear of heem hunt of snipe when I so high."

Of snakes he was seized of the liveliest dread. So real was this terror, extending even to the most harmless reptiles, that he spent a month's pay in procuring from Paris a cure for snake poison; but it should be added in justice to him that this was after he had tried whisky as an antidote and had found it wanting. For when he was preparing to ride forth to headquarters one day on an errand for the wagon-boss, and bethought him of his bottle, there was none of the remedy left. One of the stray-men had considered it a better preventive than an antidote.

Frenchy could ride; nobody disputed that. One crisp, cold morning, just after the start of the round-up, the



When They Came to Dinner They Came in the Fine Old Way ingenious Mac substituted for the reliable Pete which Frenchy had staked out for his own use in the day's drive another dark bay horse as like him as one pea is like another, save only in the matter of the eyes. Mac calculated that the Frenchman, being new, would fail to notice the difference. Pete had a clear, kindly eye devoid of anything but loyalty; this confirmed reprobate looked always out of the corners of his optics, and when they were not showing a greenish-white they were showing red.

After he had saddled with no untoward symptoms, Frenchy spent the next five minutes on his hands and knees atop the brute, clinging to the horn of the saddle and cursing the outlaw in American oaths classically arranged as French idioms. How he stayed there was one of those mysterious workings of Providence that had of late so darkened the cook's days, but stay he did until the squalling, foaming bay ceased his terrible leaps and twistings, and brought his head once more into view from between his forelegs, to draw breath. Whereupon Lisette settled himself in the saddle, a thing he had been afforded no chance to do before, and borrowed a rawhide quirt. Riding the bay into the dry, sandy bed of the exhausted river, he deliberately "thumbed" his neck and shoulders.

With a snort of rage the outlaw arched his back again and pitched. Sitting there, Frenchy could see neither his head, sunk between the rigid forelegs, nor his tail, weaving from side to side every time the beast rose, so that a double shock might be given the rider when he hit the ground with legs asprawl. All he could see was the horn of the saddle and the great, quivering shoulders of his mount; it gave him something of the sensation of sitting atop a live wire.

The bay did not cover more than a dozen yards square in his operations, for he was an old-timer who knew his business, but Frenchy sat him, flushed and exultant, quirting him on shoulder and flank with beautiful rhythm every time he leaped and came to the ground again.

"Go to him, Frenchy! Hang 'em in to him, boy," shrieked old Dave, in a frenzy of delight.

Lisette was riding like a buster. There was no hard grip of the knees, but a nicety of poise that anticipated and was ready for every movement. His weight rested principally in the left stirrup, the other foot being thrown up on the brute's shoulder, the rowels buried in the bay's flesh. And when he got through with him a jack-rabbit could have played between the outlaw's legs.

"Who's this hyar Dreefus, Frenchy?" inquired the wagon-boss one noon hour, looking up from a month-old newspaper a messenger from the ranchhouse had brought with the mail.

"Dreefus?" interjected the hoodlum driver, a sage and well-posted man; "why, he done licked the whole French army, ol' Dreefus did. They done jailed him for it an' had to let him go. He was shore a hero, was ol' Dreefus."

Frenchy almost foamed at the mouth. With his arms waving in front of Mit's astonished face, he admonished him that he was talking to a true son of France; *sacré*, a descendant of Charlemagne, who loved his honaire an' his country; an' death, *à bas* to traitors. Then he sprang upon some piled bedding and delivered an impassioned oration on the ignominy of one Zola.

"What's the matter, Frenchy?" said fat Dick soothingly. "We ain't friends of this hyar Zola. Never hearn of him afore."

Ah, it was pitiful! The great, the glorious, the darling *la belle France* brought into dishonaire. All, all was a conspiracy, the most gigantic, terrific, blood-curdling conspiracy of modern times. An' chief of it was this Dryfuss-s-s. No, no; no, no, no, he had never been proved innocent. All the noble patriots, the brilliant, grand men who had so justly punished him, had been removed. No, no, not suicide, friends, not suicide: it was murder, yes, murder.

It took two hours' grueling work in the hot sun as one of a set of flankers during the branding to restore Frenchy to normal pitch.

For the American girl Frenchy professed the profoundest admiration. "Ah, zey are ze pe-each," he exclaimed, rolling his eyes and kissing his finger-tips, and fat Dick had to go down and sit by the cool, cool spring for ten minutes, to master his feelings. But then, Dick was such a sentimentalist. Lisette made no secret of the fact that he hoped to marry one. Even then, it would appear from his light chatter, an intimate friend of his family was endeavoring to arrange a match between himself and a young Southern girl of French extraction, of surpassing beauty and of wealth untold.

"What? She done pays five thousand dollars for her dress? How many?" broke in the cook, much shocked.

"Ah, just ze one gown! It is ravishing, bewildering; ah, my clown, you do not know. You can know, nevaire."

"Frenchy," spoke up Ben, a coarse creature, "I'll bet my hair bridle ag'in' a cigareet that any girl in the U-nited States you kin git would jump at a job in a hashhouse."

By the end of August the Circle Bar outfit had worked down forty miles from headquarters to the edge of the plains and was camped within fifteen miles of Deadeye. A "nester," wandering in for supper with them, vouchsafed the information that certain ladies and gentlemen of Deadeye were preparing to give a dance, to which the gentlemen of the Circle Bar would be hospitably welcomed, said dance to begin at eight of the clock the following Thursday, in Hous Terryberry's saloon, and no fighting.

What more natural than that a dozen of the Circle Bar outfit should attend? It meant a mere thirty-mile ride and, perhaps, an hour's sleep, since they always rose at four o'clock in order to begin the drive before daybreak, that the cows and calves might not have time to separate. They took Frenchy with them, a carefully-groomed, jubilant Frenchy, excited over the prospect of seeing womenkind again, however remotely removed from his own standards of loveliness they might prove to be.

"Ah, ma'mselle! May I have ze great honaire?" said Frenchy, in a tender tone, bowing before Miss Terryberry.

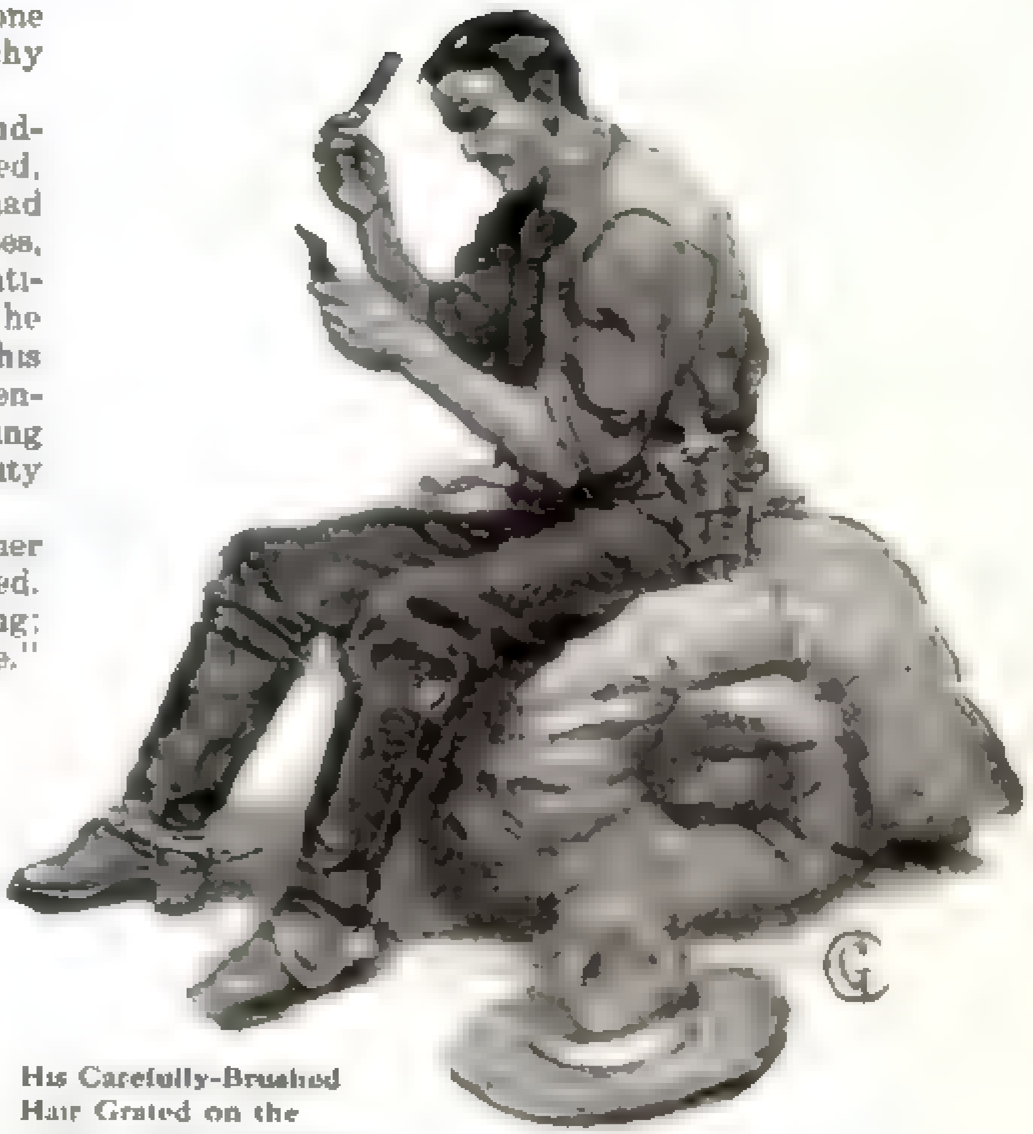
"Shore," giggled Miss Terryberry, "but next time, Frenchy."

"You're gittin' on all right, Lisette," said Mac, himself whisking the fair lady away. "Come on, Liz, ol' gal."

In many respects the ball at Hous Terryberry's place in Deadeye was the most brilliant and memorable social affair that the county had seen. The local weekly paper could be pardoned for referring to it as the gathering of a galaxy of youth and beauty, wit and chivalry, such as had never been surpassed and seldom equaled, not in Deadeye merely, but in the whole confines of the United States. The orchestra had been imported thirty miles, from Steerton, and he sat on a platform cunningly constructed of several planks and a couple of empty kegs. His instrument was the violin, and the only obstacle to his complete mastery of this difficult vehicle of soul expression was the tendency of his longhorn mustache to become entangled in the bow at critical moments in the most thrilling airs. For instance, the dancers were brought to a standstill three separate times during his spirited rendition of The Bull in the Corn Brakes, that he might untangle himself.

"They's two strings offen this ol' fiddle," he explained, "an' thar's jist a trifle too much twine in this hyar bow. I done lost half my mustache that time."

The ballroom was long and narrow, having originally served as a bunkhouse before Deadeye grew to be slightly more than a wide place in the road. Its old adobe walls were plastered in spots with gaudy prints, and in the corners and from two rafters hung dim lanterns. One would have known they were there had they been out. While the fiddle screamed and George beat time on the planks with his foot, the dancers whirled in a long double line down the room and parted, to skirt both walls and meet again near the orchestra's platform.



His Carefully-Brushed Hair Grated on the Cook's Nice Sensibilities

A much better view would have been afforded those who crowded about the door and jostled George's pedestal had there been less dust. It rose in thick clouds from the sounding floor, obscuring all the dancers except those close at hand, and giving the effect of a fog, through which figures flashed and disappeared with amazing suddenness and in uncanny disproportion, and the lights gleamed far away, mistily. Yet it performed a kindly office, too. For many of the ladies, whirling too vehemently in the excusable excitement of the dance, exposed gray hosiery with a recklessness that would have disconcerted them in moments free from exaltation.

It might be supposed that Frenchy, with his memories of fêtes and first nights at the opera, would have fitted into this atmosphere about as snugly as a sleek kitten in a cactus tree. Far from it; nobody there was enjoying himself with such boyish, whole-hearted zest; nobody there entered more eagerly into the fun, though everybody there far exceeded him in the visible expression of it. To all whom he met M. Lisette was the acme of chivalry and gallant grace.

"Mary Lou, shake hands with Mr. Lisette. Mary Lou's name is Miss Schutzer, Frenchy."

Frenchy bowed, and asked for the pleasure of the next dance.

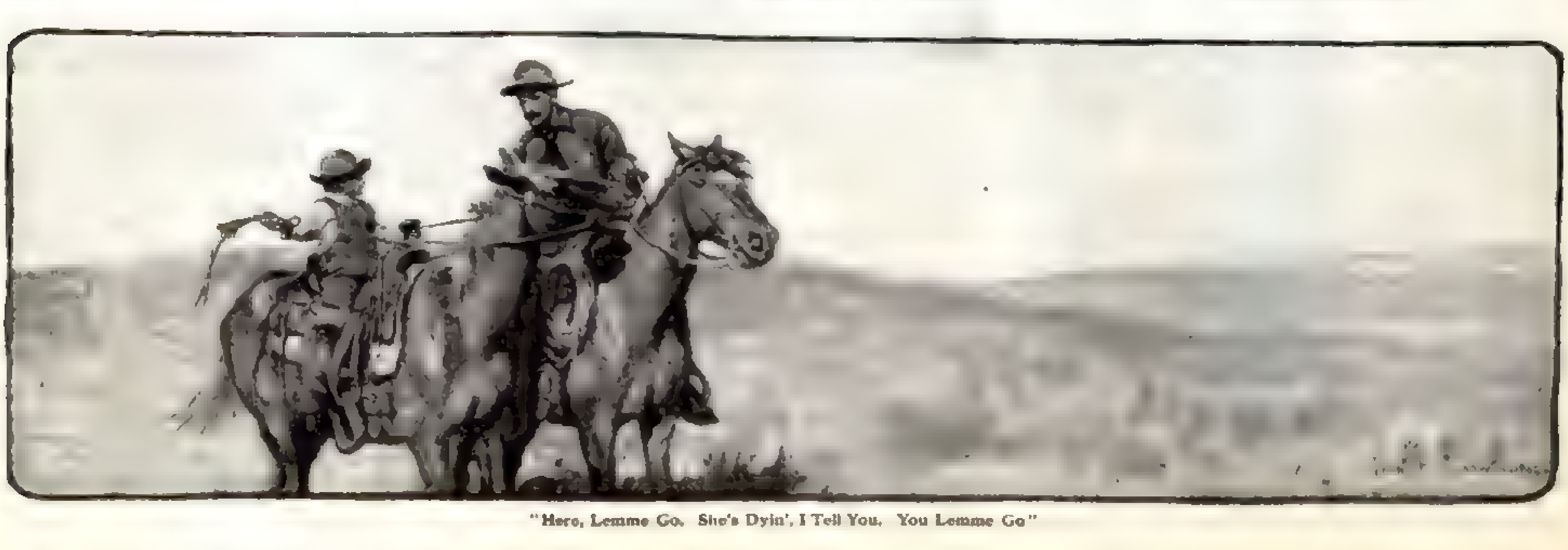
"I don't quite take you," Miss Schutzer answered in a vaguely troubled manner.

"Shore. He wants for to be your partner, Mary Lou," explained Dick.

"Yes? Don't he beat all, though?" and Mary Lou beamed upon the brilliantly-smiling Frenchman.

So far all was serene. There were two things that made for trouble, however. Miss Schutzer was an undeniably pretty girl in a generous, aggressive way. Her round eyes

(Continued on Page 34)



"Here, Lemme Go. She's Dyin', I Tell You. You Lemme Go"

The Actress and Her Clothes

By BILLIE BURKE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF MISS BURKE

DURING the barn-storming tour of a repertory company out West several seasons ago, so runs the story, the manager one day posted a notice on the call-board of the theater where a two-nights' stand was being played, that the bill for the matinée the following afternoon would be Camille. In a great state of mind the leading woman went to him saying: "I can't play Camille. I haven't any evening gown."

"All right," replied the manager; "we'll change the bill to Way Down East."

This little incident illustrates one of the emergencies of the theatrical profession, and is a slight if picturesque hint of the great part that clothes play in the making, and often in the unmaking, of an actress. The average woman theatergoer at a modern society play sees a brilliant drawing-room with a score of people all faultlessly attired, and, in many instances, leaves the playhouse saying: "The women on the stage were stunningly gowned." This is her principal recollection of the performance, regardless of the brain or wit of the play or the intelligent effort of the players. The question, therefore, of how much clothes contribute to the artistic and financial success of theatrical enterprises is one of much interest and very great importance.

The eternal feminine question: "What shall I wear?" which probably dates back to Eve's indecision about a choice of leaves in the Garden of Eden, broods over all things theatrical today. It costs time, anxiety and much money. Some idea of the importance of clothes in the career of an actress is afforded by the statement that the two most serious problems that confront the actress looking for an engagement are: first, to get the engagement to act; second, to have the clothes in which to play the part. The second problem causes as many heartaches as the first, for it is often easier to get an engagement than to get gowns. One of the questions that some managers ask is: "Can you furnish the clothes?" Many women have been unable to accept engagements because they had scant wardrobes.

White Crêpe de Chine With Tucked Yoke and Embroidered Chiffon Top. Worn in Love Watches

I know of more than one instance where actresses have accepted engagements at a sacrifice. By this I mean that they have utilized nearly all their salary, save that required for living expenses, to keep their wardrobes up-to-date. At the end of the season they have often owed money. But the advantage of having appeared in a big production, or with a well-known star in a successful Broadway play, is an investment that will probably yield large returns the next season.

Clothes impress the managers, too, and for this reason most actresses wear their best bib and tucker when they go to the manager to talk about an engagement. Some even appear in borrowed plumage.

On one occasion an actress who went to see a manager about an engagement had the bad taste to wear a veil. She had passed the season of extreme youth and yet she was seeking juvenile parts. As soon as she sat down the manager said: "Madam, I cannot discuss the matter of an engagement with you."

"But why?" asked the actress.

"Simply this," replied the manager: "I want to see what I am engaging, and I can't see through that veil. If you are going to act for me you can't wear a veil throughout the play." The veil came off in a hurry.

Most people do not stop to realize how the elaborateness of stage clothes has developed in recent years, and especially in the United States. I have heard more than one manager say that the clothes problem was one of the curses of the business, and this applies to the "legitimate" as well as to musical pieces. The plays that our mothers acted in, or went to see, were not gorgeously mounted. The women wore simple gowns. The big stars before my time, I hear, did not have the sumptuous productions now accorded the plays of Shakespeare. In those days the triumph of the actress depended upon ability, and that is as it should be. Today, ability (or the lack of it) is aided by splendid or stunning clothes.

While fine clothes cannot make an actress great or completely win success for her, there is no doubt that they can help a great deal. I should be disloyal to the best tradition of my sex if I did not render proper homage to clothes with a big C.

Most actresses naturally can do better work when they have on good clothes than when they are not so well dressed. For example, when you play the part of the modish young wife or the smart débutante, you unconsciously are affected by the quality of the fetching costume. It is at times a sort of tonic.

Afternoon Frock of Pale Gray Crêpe de Chine, Tucked Net Yoke and Sleeves With Heavy Thread Lace. Worn in My Wife

Yet my own personal ambition or desire lies in another direction. Although, by reason of the various parts that I have been called on to play for several seasons past, I have had to wear smart gowns, I really long for a part in which I can wear simple costumes.

In fact, my whole philosophy of clothes, if such a shifting thing as dress has a philosophy, might be summed up in the one word Simplicity. I am sure that not all women will agree with me, and most men won't. But frankly—and I don't think all women are frank about their clothes—I hate to see dresses, especially the shoulders, all fussed up with trimmings. The line from the seam on the shoulder to the bosom is the loveliest line in a woman and should not be broken. American women like to build out their shoulders, while French women try to make theirs look small. Nature intended women to have small shoulders and to be dainty rather than heroic.

The first thing I have in mind when I order a gown is its appropriateness for the occasion for which it is required. Suitability should be woman's watchword in buying clothes, both on and off the stage. After that, the color is the most important detail. I think a girl or a very young woman should wear pale shades. They throw the youthful coloring into relief. The colors she wears should be governed by the color of her eyes, rather than by the color of her hair. My London dressmaker taught me that. My experience is that dressmakers seem to know, or pretend to know, everything.

My favorite color is mauve. Most women don't stop to realize that a red-haired girl can wear almost any color except a dull shade of brown. The trouble is that red-haired women are afraid to try color effects. A woman with gray eyes should never wear gray, because it makes her look stony and cold. Black adds years to a woman's age, and no woman wants any first or last aids to age. Take green—but here I've gone on, preaching about clothes, and my own, too, when I should have stuck to my text.

The fact remains, however, that many people go to the theater rather to see the clothes than the acting. The people on the stage catch this feeling, and the result is that the two particular objects that most actresses have in mind are to act their very best all the time and to make the best impression with their clothes. There have been cases where actresses of mediocre ability held their positions just because they were known as "fine dressers."

Hence there is a strong connection between the stage and fashion. The fashion writers may say all they please about Paris setting the fashion for all things to wear feminine, but I don't think I am wrong when I say that fashion really radiates from the stage. At all the big "first nights" of modern plays in New York you can see fashionable dressmakers scattered through the audience. They are there mainly to get hints for costumes. They well know, if the play is a big success or the star is very popular, that it won't be many days before patrons will be coming in and saying: "I want a morning dress like the one Miss Blank wears in the first act of ——."

Evening Gown of Brilliant Embroidered White Net Over Blue Cloth. Worn in Love Watches

At smart luncheons and teas and dinners for weeks afterward you will hear the guests talking about the costumes the women wore in the play, and saying: "I mean to have one just like it."

While in many cases the gowns of stars are imported, it often happens that the stars plan their gowns both as to colors, details and effect.

Thus it is quite evident that in many modern productions it is a case of clothes as well as the play being the thing. The shrewd manager is quick to realize this. He knows that elaborate gowns in a play will bring women in droves to the matinées. Many people in New York recall a play built upon this very idea. It was called Frocks and Frills. One of the scenes was a millinery shop, and, in order to give it a touch of realism, Mr. Frohman engaged a live model from a big establishment, and the stage was crowded with smartly-dressed actresses.

The cost of costumes is a very serious matter with the actress who has been out of an engagement for a long time, though, of course, this depends on the kind of play that is being produced.

In gorgeous musical extravaganzas or pieces like Little Nemo or Mother Goose all the costumes, both for principals and chorus, are furnished by the management. The principals are required to provide their own wigs, stockings, shoes and tights. Some showgirls must buy their own shoes and stockings. In fact, shoes are seldom furnished by the management

White Embroidered Walking Frock With Ermine Furs: Black Hat and White Plumes. Worn in My Wife

In a modern society or problem play the actress must furnish all her costumes. The managers who provide these costumes are one or two of the big ones, who are accordingly popular.

In grand opera the principals are required to furnish their own costumes, and, in the case of Wagnerian productions, these include such items as armor, furs and, indeed, all the trappings, brilliant and otherwise. This is not a great item, by the way, for the singer who has the stellar part in Salome.

Let us see what the average actress in a modern play needs. If she has anything like a good part in any sort of play she must have at least three dresses, and sometimes more. There must be a morning or walking dress, an afternoon frock and an evening gown. To this must be added furs, coats and hats. It is safe to say that the average wardrobe in the average modern play often represents a cost of from fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars.

This is a large item for many women. Sometimes the manager will pay the actress an excess each week during the season. This excess of salary is spent on new costumes or in keeping those she already has fresh. It takes the form of a rebate, for it is repaid by the manager during the season. Thus the cost of the clothes does not become a burden on the actress. Sometimes an actress, if she requires it, secures a cash advance, which is taken out of her salary in small amounts each week.

A Million for Stage Clothes

THE real hardship comes when an actress herself buys an elaborate outfit for a play that fails and is taken off soon after the first production. I know of one case where an actress invested eighteen hundred dollars in a wardrobe for a play that ran exactly three weeks. These are the episodes that add tragic chapters to the actor's hard-luck story.

The American stage—and by this I mean mainly the New York stage—is, after Paris, the most elaborate in the world in point of costume. The English productions are not, in the main, so generally elaborate as the American, although the Christmas pantomimes and spectacles are very beautiful and costly.

The amount of money expended on stage costumes alone in the United States each year is tremendous. A very conservative estimate would make the cost of costumes of each modern play, not a musical piece, eight hundred dollars. Since there are approximately eight hundred companies out, this represents an investment of half a million dollars already. The costumes of elaborate musical pieces cost another half-million, so the total cost of costumes is at least a million. To this must be added the cost of accessories such as mechanical effects, scenery and other paraphernalia which go to make a really modern production. I might add that the average cost of running a dramatic company is two thousand dollars a week, and that the cost of running a musical piece ranges from three thousand dollars a week upward. So, you see, the expense is considerable.

In striking contrast with the elaborateness of costume on the English-speaking stage in New York is the simplicity of the German stage. At the German theaters you find the actresses wearing inexpensive gowns. The audiences in these theaters go to see acting, not costumes. Besides, they have a constantly changing repertoire.

The æsthetic, or what might be called the psychological, side of colors in stage costumes is extremely interesting. One of the fine arts in stage dressing is to adapt your costume, or rather the color of it, to the character or emotion that you are called upon to interpret. Of course, black is always the color of suffering. It is the apparel of the waif, the wronged wife or the persecuted person generally. Red denotes animation; brown, reserve.

But the connection between clothes and the emotions goes even further. When an actress wants to play a part that calls for much emotion she always wears something very loose. Then she can move with freedom. When you see the lady in the play come on in such a garb you may be prepared for tears or temperamental display.

Incidentally I might remark that the actress these days is a trifle tender with her hair when it comes to displays of rage, jealousy or indignation on the stage. A false step might muss much false hair. Personally, I abominate the little sausage-like fixtures that so many women fasten into their hair now. The head is the crown of a woman's beauty, and should not be marred by any arrangement that will change the outline.

Here is another interesting bit of realism from the inside. Actresses feel that the first impression they make is the lasting one with the audience. For this reason new actresses shy at the parts which call for a first entrance in the garb of a waif, or a step-child, or a "poor but honest" young girl. In such parts they are required to wear shabby clothes, and they feel that, no matter what elaborate gowns they may don later in the play, through their coming into the proverbial stage fortune or their successful wooing by the young millionaire who has been disguised as a stevedore, the audience remembers the impression conveyed by that first shabby dress. They prefer to make their first entrance in a smart frock that attracts attention and wins admiration. They do not care what reversals of fortune may come afterward in the play or to what extremities of dress they may have to descend. They feel that the audience remembers that first stunning gown.

Evening Gown of Pink Chiffon With Geranium Flowers at Belt and in the Hair; Tunic Skirt and Diamond Corsage. Worn in Love Watches

The audience also remembers the hats—those they sit behind, and those on the stage. Hats are my vice. I would buy one every day if I could.

Yet, when all is said and done, just as the real measure of a play is its vitality and moving power, irrespective of elaborate accessories, so does the real test of the actress lie in her ability, regardless of handsome gowns. Art and charm win out in the end where expensive clothes fail. Fine feathers may make a bird beautiful, but they cannot make her sing. So with clothes and the actress.

Blundering Into Wealth

ALMOST all real-estate dealers of much experience have entertaining stories to tell of property transfers which have had unexpected and gratifying developments, sometimes resulting solely from the blunders of the purchaser, sometimes from what one agent calls "bull-head luck."

A Boston dealer relates the following: "Two months ago a young man came in here to talk about a cottage I was offering. The price was two thousand dollars. He told me that he was going to be married and wanted the place, but that he had only two hundred dollars. Upon investigation I found that he was a shipping clerk for a big house; had been with the same firm eight years, and was of excellent character. So I agreed to take what he had as a first payment and monthly payments for the balance; and papers were signed to that effect. About a month later he came in and wanted to be released from his contract.

"'What is the matter?' I asked. 'Does not the future Mrs. —— like the house?'

"'There'll be no future Mrs. ——,' he replied, and really I thought he was going to cry. 'That's all off—we've had a misunderstanding and I'm going away; so, of course, I've no use for a house, now.'

"Well, I talked a long time with him, and told him he'd better keep hold, that the house was an excellent bargain, and it would make an easy way for him to save; but he was thoroughly discouraged, and I finally urged him to try to sell his equity. There were lots of young employees in the concern he worked for. He went out looking pretty gloomy, and I didn't expect him to do anything. But, two weeks ago, he came in and told me that he had sold the cottage for twenty-five hundred dollars, agreeing to take two hundred dollars in cash and a second mortgage for five hundred dollars—the new purchaser to assume the regular payments. As the new man was all right I agreed to this, and then he asked me if he could sell his second mortgage. Of course, I never touch such things, but I referred him to a broker and he went away—still about as miserable as any man I've ever seen.

"Yesterday he rushed in here, and I saw instantly that he had either sold his mortgage or made up with the girl. I thought he was going to hug me! 'It's all right!' he said; 'we're going to be married next week.'

"'And now you want to buy back that cottage?'

"'No, sir! But I want to buy something else. I've sold that mortgage for four hundred dollars—that gives me six hundred cash—and when we come back from our honeymoon I'll come in and talk business to you. Keep on the lookout for another place for me!'"

Another instance of quick and unexpected profit occurred in a western New York town. A piece of property was placed in an agent's hands for sale, to close an estate. It was offered for sixty-five hundred dollars, sixty per cent of which might remain on mortgage, if desired. A customer appeared who offered sixty-one hundred dollars, and the owners decided to accept. The buyer deposited one hundred dollars, took a receipt, and made an appointment to come in for the deed on the following day. An hour later a second customer appeared, willing to pay the full price—sixty-five hundred dollars. The agent got the first man on the telephone: "How much will you take to release your contract on that house?"

"Three hundred dollars."

At two o'clock that first buyer had deposited one hundred dollars. At four o'clock he again left the real-estate office with his deposit and two hundred dollars additional

two hundred per cent profit in two hours!

"Such a thing as fixing a close selling price upon a piece of real estate never comes into my experience," said another dealer. "It depends a good deal upon the peculiar and special requirements of the customers. Some will be hunting for the closest kind of bargains—the price appeals to them more than the kind of house; while others want a home, and, when they see what they like, they will not let a few hundred dollars stand in the way.

"A working mason desired to buy a dwelling which was offered, as he judged, at a bargain. His savings were in a bank which required sixty days' notice of withdrawal, so he paid fifty dollars down for an option of purchase in sixty days. Ten days later he was killed in an accident, and the widow, not desiring to keep the house, and hoping, at least, to save the deposit, requested the real-estate agent again to offer the property for sale. He did so, and before the expiration of the option resold it at six hundred dollars advance over the optional price."

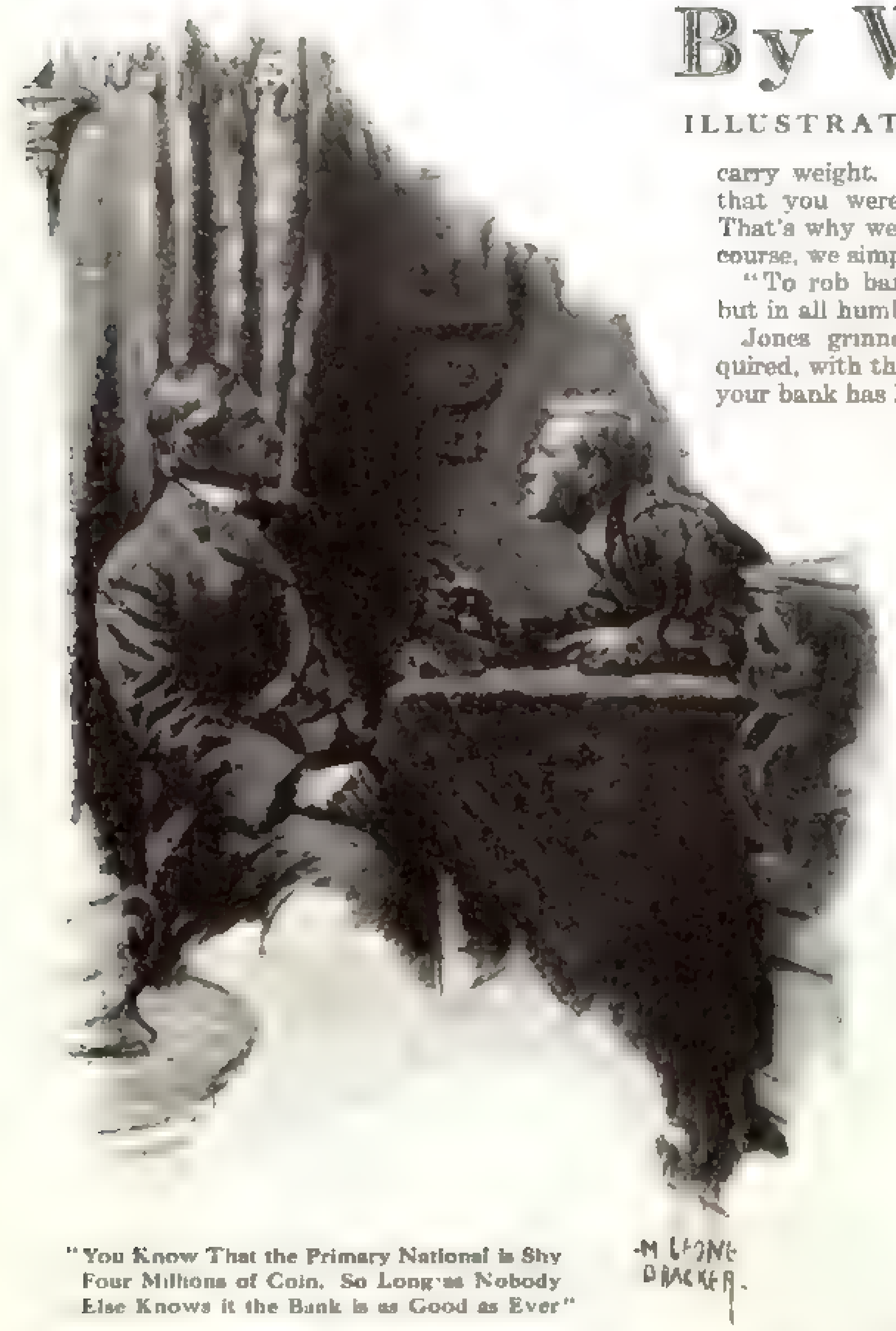
—G. F. STRATTON.

White Embroidered Afternoon Frock and White Hat Lined With Blue. Worn in Love Watches

THE GOLD CONSPIRACY

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER



"You Know That the Primary National is Shy Four Millions of Coin. So Long as Nobody Else Knows it the Bank is as Good as Ever"

II

RECTOR, the vice-president, knew, almost before he looked at the object which Sister-in-law Alice held in her hand, that it was a contrivance used by the bank for the purpose of affixing the leaden seals to money sacks. Quite mechanically he saw, indeed, that the die bore the legend Prim. Nat. Bank, surrounding the figure five, which was his bank's clearing-house number. Whoever possessed that seal, a canvas sack, a bit of cord and a pasteboard tag could make up a dummy package which could be distinguished from the bank's packages of gold coin only by opening the sack and examining the contents.

As Rector looked dully down at the object in his hand a paralyzing conjecture clouded his faculties.

"You see," Jones explained sympathetically, "I figured that after you'd pounced on those sacks in the basement and got 'em all stored away in your vault, and found that there wasn't a single sack missing, some misgivings would visit you, and you'd open the sacks. You would have found, of course, that they were full of lead and iron disks. If we'd wanted merely to steal your gold we could have done it six weeks earlier. It took us about that time to prepare the dummy sacks."

The vice-president passed his hand absently across his brow. He felt crushed—this other man had made him so completely an ass and gull.

"Jones," he appealed, as a man completely beaten, "why did you do this, anyway? I can't understand it!"

"Why, it's perfectly simple, perfectly simple," Jones hastened to assure him comfortingly. "You see, I felt that we must get some practical man associated with us in order to carry out our plans. Excepting Henderson, we're not practical men at all. Of course, I am speaking of the Prosperity Company. Henderson might be called a practical man, for he has invented a number of things—although none of them has worked. The rest of us are academic. Take me: I was assistant professor of political economy in a fresh-water college. Another of us was instructor in Latin in the same college. Another was editor of a weekly magazine that had no circulation. Now we could sit down and reason this thing out and assure ourselves that our conclusions were absolutely sound. But practical men will never take any stock in a mere thesis. I felt that we must have some practical men with us to carry weight. I looked over the ground and concluded that you were the most available man in New York. That's why we selected the Primary National Bank. Of course, we simply want you to come along with us."

"To rob banks?" Rector inquired—not sarcastically, but in all humble sincerity.

Jones grinned appreciatively. "Why not?" he inquired, with the utmost good nature. "For a month now your bank has had some seven tons of lead and iron washers carefully locked up in its vault. You've counted that lead and iron as four million dollars in gold, and can go on counting it as gold forever. Twice a year the bank examiner will open the safes and look in and see a lot of sealed sacks and put 'em down as so much gold. At most, once in a while he may weigh the sacks, and they'll weigh up all right. You're exactly as well off with sacks full of lead. Isn't that so?"

Rector merely dandled the seal nervously in his hand.

"If you should start to pay out gold in ordinary times your customers would object. Nobody would have it. It's heavy, inconvenient. Everybody prefers paper money. In time of panic people would take gold; but then they can't get it. So you have this syllogism: In ordinary times nobody will take gold; in time of panic nobody can get gold; therefore, gold is always useless. You know, as a matter of course, that almost the whole output of gold in this country goes into the Treasury vaults at Washington, where it is locked away, sealed up, practically buried. Far the greater part of it will never come out of those vaults until the crack of doom. And what gold goes into the banks is locked away, sealed up, practically buried also."

"Of course, it's inconvenient, expensive stuff to handle," Rector murmured apologetically. "It never is handled really, except some on the Pacific Coast and in international settlements—when it's shipped across the Atlantic."

"Certainly!" Jones crowed. "So what's the use of it? As a matter of fact, nobody really knows whether there is any gold to speak of in the whole world. Certain depositaries—our Treasury Department, the Bank of England, the Bank of France and so on—say they have so many hundreds of millions of it buried in their vaults. As long as they keep on saying so it doesn't matter a bit whether the gold is actually there. Nobody sees it. Nobody wants to see it. It may all be gone. To rob a bank of its gold coin doesn't really hurt it any. You know that the Primary National is shy four millions of coin. So long as nobody else knows it the bank is as good as ever."

It came to Rector that his position was unfortunate. He had known of this robbery for a month, but he hadn't told a soul in the bank about it, except Gregory. Certainly, his explanation to the directors, at this late day, must sound rather queer. He gazed vacantly at the seal.

"I stepped into the bank the day of the panic," Jones went on. "Men were coming to see you, one after another—anxious, scared stiff, needing help. For some of those men you scratched your initials on an old piece of paper, and they went out happy. It meant simply a credit on your books, some figures set down on a sheet of paper, but it saved them from ruin. Now, your bank was shy four millions right then, technically in a very weak position. Suppose you'd had ten millions of coin and we'd stolen it all. It wouldn't have made any difference if nobody knew it. People would have run to the bank for help just the same, and a scratch of your pen would have saved 'em. The actual coin amounts to nothing; all that counts is figures in a book."

Rector couldn't think of a reply at the moment, and just then the door opened. Sister-in-law Alice stepped in. She wore coat, hat and veil and was drawing on her gloves. As her eye met Rector's she smiled slightly. It didn't, perhaps, really mean anything, but in the faint curve of her lip and her quick glance he seemed to read subtle invitation. He waited until she had been gone a minute. Then he said: "Well—I'll think it over," and got up.

"Come to see us often," the host urged hospitably, at the door. "We'll understand each other, I'm sure."

Hastening down the stairs the vice-president was not thinking about his host or his remarkable theory concerning gold. He did remember, however, with what different expectations he had come to the little flat, and that he had been fooled out of a whole month. This month the robbers had had, undisturbed, in which to dispose of the gold. It might now lie, like a needle in a haystack, anywhere in the broad land, or, crated and marked Machinery, it might have been shipped abroad.

He was badly beaten! But as he looked up the street he saw the nice sister-in-law standing at the curb—evidently waiting for him. His oppressed heart bounded hopefully as he made toward her. As he came up she was looking at him with friendly eyes, and she said at once, with the family candor, "I expect you find Ben trying." With that she fell in at his side and they strolled up the street. "He's really a great man," she continued earnestly, "because he isn't afraid. But he has a fault. He doesn't understand that everybody's nerves are not like his. He doesn't allow for what other people may suffer from being afraid. I suspected"—she glanced up at him sympathetically—"that you were having a bad time with him."

This candor was, in its way, almost as disconcerting as Ben's. It rather took the bedeviled man off his feet.

"Be my friend! Will you?" he blurted out helplessly.

"Oh, yes," she replied promptly. "I'll be your friend. That's why I waited for you. What can I do?"

That, of course, was difficult—without telling her that her admired brother-in-law was a big thief. They had nearly stopped on the walk. He did now stop. She did likewise, taking his anxious glance with a steady look.

"I find myself in a fearful position," he began, with agitation. But there was no thoroughfare that way. "Will you tell me—as my friend—where that seal that you gave me came from?"

A line came in the middle of her forehead and her eyes fell. It seemed to him that she was disappointed.

"Yes," she said calmly, after a moment. "It came from the shop on Twelfth Street where we fixed up the dummy sacks. We filled them and sealed them and tagged them there."

"We?" he gasped. "Then you—you ——"

"Oh, yes," she said gently. "I helped all through. I even carried some of the gold out of the bank. Why shouldn't I, when I believed in it?" It was most kindly, sympathetically spoken.

"Of course—if you believed in it," he muttered vaguely, and, quite mechanically, began walking on. He had a dazed feeling that he should never be able to make anything out of this.

"I wish very much," she explained simply, as she fell in with his step, "that you might have come along with us without this disagreeable experience—this kind of coercion. It ought all to be done kindly where the object is kindness. I felt it was pretty rough on you. Maybe that was why ——"

She broke off, looking up at him, smiling a little.

"Yes?" he encouraged, mostly from a habit of gallantry.

"You know, you were my friend once—that afternoon when you came into the basement. We'd about given you up, and Ben was going out to get a bite to eat. Then you came in suddenly, looking savage, and I was horribly afraid for a moment—scared out of my wits. I'd never been—well, in that position before. I completely lost my nerve. Only your being nice helped me to get back on my feet. If Ben had found me flunking I'd

Trying to Make His Lead Brains Think

never have heard the last of it. As I said, he doesn't understand other people's nerves. So I owe you something. If I can help you with Ben I will."

It was a nice girl who said this, with a pretty figure, eloquent blue eyes, and a dimple in her chin.

"You can help," said Rector fervently. "You can! And I need help badly. If I'm to come into the Prosperity Company it is you who must show me the way. Will you do that? Tell me about it. So far I really haven't been able to understand. Why, for example, should a girl like you rob a bank?"

"Ben hasn't told you that?" she asked, round-eyed with surprise "Hasn't told you the splendid motive?"

"I'm afraid," he said dryly, "that Ben prefers to drive me. Naturally, I'd rather be led." He bent his head a little. "When can I see you?"

She considered a moment. "Almost any time," she replied. "I can meet you over in the park."

The vice-president's heart beat fast and high. But it was with the secret thought: "She's certainly well disposed toward me, and she knows where my gold is!"

Two missives on a certain Saturday forenoon disappointed the vice-president. One was from President Carter, in France. It said.

"I expect to sail for home next week. The doctors and five months' rest seem to have me well tinkered up again. I am glad to see that conditions are steadily improving over there—except that we're chock full of idle money."

The second was a little, hurried, undated note, just: "Can't this afternoon. Sorry. Meet me in the park at four tomorrow." It was signed with the initial A.

Before leaving the Primary National, about one o'clock, Rector put a copy of the weekly bank statement in his pocket and noted the bid and asked price of the stock of the Business National Bank. Going leisurely up Money Lane he dropped in at the little stationery shop in the basement of number thirteen and a half Once in a while he good-naturedly went to the bother of buying some magazines there and lugging them home, for the shopman seemed a poor, worthy devil.

The aspect of the little shop never changed. One's eye took in the small, neatly-arranged stock of paper-bound books, magazines, newspapers, stationery—perhaps five hundred dollars' worth. Today Rector noted with a sympathetic amusement that the proprietor had been getting in additional stock. In the small, open vault, the interior of which was lighted and revealed by a single electric bulb hanging a few feet in front of the rusty iron door, there was a stack of pasteboard boxes—as much as eleven dollars' worth—besides the shelves with their poor array of big ink-bottles, mucilage-pots and so on.

When he entered the shabby stationer, as usual, stepped forward to the counter, gravely and properly solicitous for an order. His sandy hair was still worn pompadour, his scant beard trimmed to a point. His gold-rimmed spectacles gave him a solemn air, and he wore the usual threadbare alpaca jacket—a poor, forlorn, honest devil, Rector thought, quite sympathetically. Frederick the Great eating the common soldiers' porridge was not more companionable than the vice-president was as he asked jocularly, "Well, how's trade today?" The stationer smiled deprecatingly; he hoped trade would improve.

Selecting his magazines, Rector noticed for the first time an object carefully laid aside at the end of the counter—a fine bunch of red rosebuds wrapped in tissue-paper. A fling, certainly, for a shabby stationer!

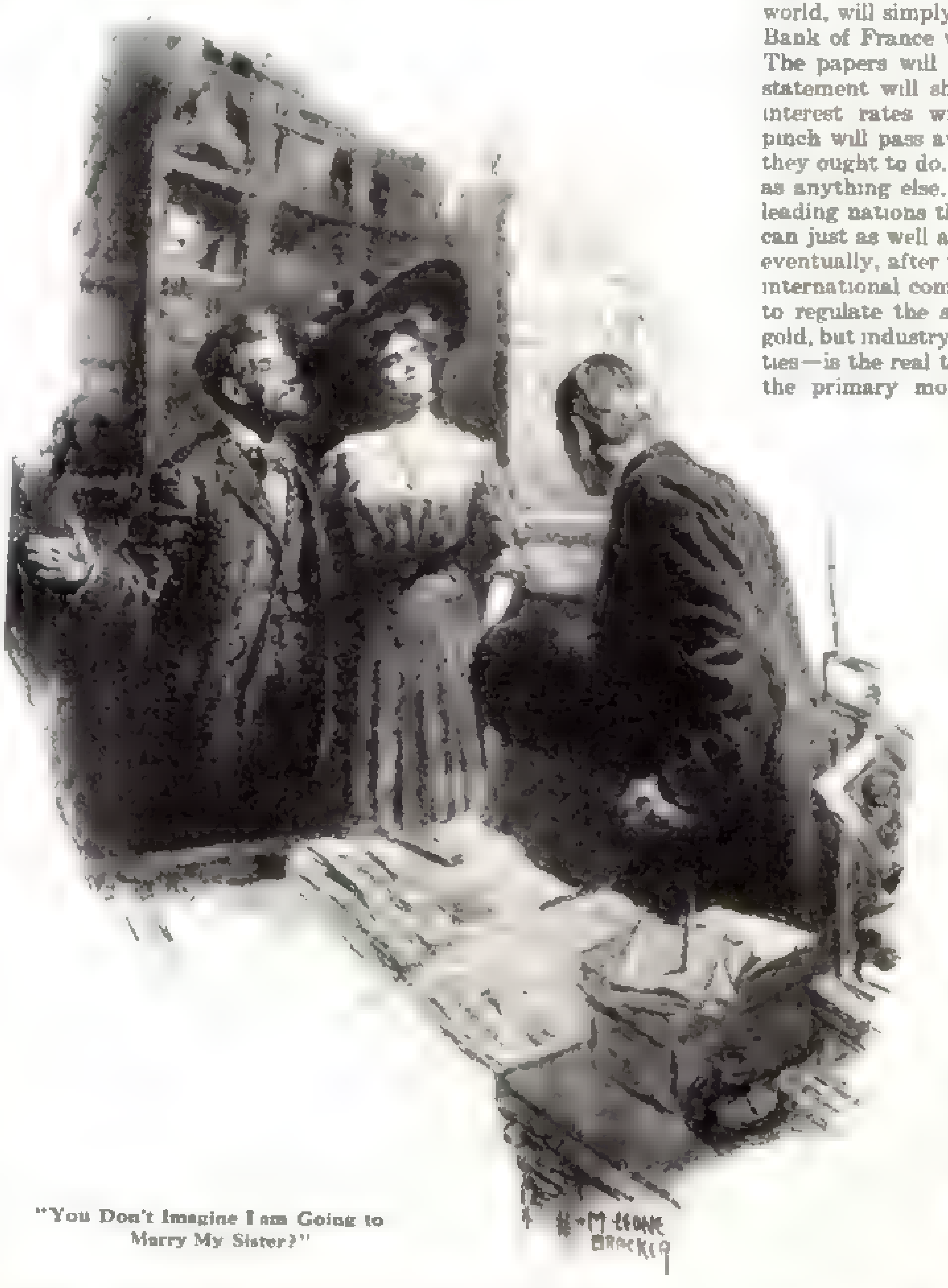
"Married?" the vice-president inquired jovially of the small tradesman—with a great tradesman's license. The stationer smiled back. It was, after all, a human touch between them. "Only hoping to be, soon," he replied. "Good luck!" said the vice-president, and the two parted, smiling

"And I suppose he makes fifteen dollars a week, clear!" Rector mused as he climbed the Lane. It seemed to him that, after all, things arranged themselves easily for the lowly. He wouldn't mind, today, having fifteen dollars a week, clear, and somebody to buy rosebuds for, and peace.

He took the Subway; so it was only twenty minutes to his bachelor apartment on Sixty-seventh Street. But at that Jones was there ahead of him.

"A hundred and sixty-seven today, I see," said the robber genially. That was the price at which the stock of the Business National Bank was offered.

"A hundred and sixty-seven," Rector repeated. "Our gold is up to fifty-three millions, the Business National's to forty-four millions."



"You Don't Imagine I am Going to Marry My Sister?"

What Jones wanted him to do, as a practical man, was to buy a controlling interest in the Business National, consolidate that bank with the Primary National and abstract seventy-five or eighty millions of the gold which the consolidated banks would then hold. He had it all worked out how they would gradually convert the gold certificates into coin, sequestrate the coin and put neatly-sealed and ticketed bags, full of lead and iron disks, in its place

"For six months," he urged, "your bank has been counting washers as gold; nobody knows the difference; the bank is just as well off. Now, what I want to do is to demonstrate on a big scale how easy and feasible my plan is. Then we can go to practical men—such practical men as we select—and lay it before them as a thing that has actually been done. You can't interest a practical man with a thesis, no matter how sound it is. He's too hidebound. You must show him that the thing has actually been done. Suppose we take out seventy-five millions of gold coin. We could put it back at any time if we wished. But so long as we alone know where the gold is nobody can force our hands without pulling down the pillars of the temple. The job is so huge that it simply paralyzes the jobbed.

"Here is the Bank of Russia with over five hundred million dollars of gold. You saw that report in London a while ago that the grand dukes and the bureaucrats had stolen most of the Bank of Russia's gold reserve. It was denied; but nobody really knows whether the gold is there or not. And it doesn't make any difference. As long as the notion that it is there obtains the Bank of Russia's notes and its general credit are unimpaired. We'll explain the thing to them, and, if they haven't stolen the gold already, we'll get them to steal it for the Prosperity Company. Here's the Bank of France, with six hundred millions of gold buried in its vaults. The French bankers are about the ablest in the world. They'll see the point when we explain it to them."

Rector had once objected. "But suppose we do persuade enough of the leading bankers of the world to carry out your plan. We get possession of seven or eight hundred millions of gold. What on earth could we do with it? It's practically stolen and contraband. Where could we keep it? We might put it on a fortified island in the middle of the Pacific. Some day our grand-duke partners would sail up with a Russian warship and walk off with the pile."

"We wouldn't put it on any island," Jones replied earnestly. "We'd sink it in the deepest spot in the ocean or throw it down the biggest, hottest volcano we could find. We'd absolutely destroy it. That's exactly the point. Then the leading banks of the world would simply have to go on counting iron washers as gold reserve. They couldn't do anything else, because they couldn't get the real gold."

"Look back to last summer," the robber argued, one day. "There wasn't labor enough in the country to go around; everybody in the United States was busy making something, and there was a market for all the things made because everybody, being at work, had money to buy with That's the way it ought to be—everybody producing something and exchanging products with everybody else. But the supply of money ran out. There wasn't enough gold to do so much business on. So there was a pinch, a panic, a breakdown. Today, in New York, over a hundred thousand men are out of work. They can neither produce what others want nor buy what they want themselves. Because this hundred thousand is idle another hundred thousand somewhere else must lie idle. And all because there wasn't a sufficient supply of this idiotic yellow metal that nobody ever sees or wants to see. In England and on the Continent men are idle and hungry from the same cause. We'll change all that, Rector. When there's a pinch in money that threatens to shut down industry our banks, which control the credit of the world, will simply dump in some more iron washers. The Bank of France will ship a carload of 'em to New York. The papers will say we are importing gold. The bank statement will show that the gold reserve is increasing; interest rates will fall; credit will become easier; the pinch will pass away and people will keep on at work as they ought to do. Gold, you know, is as much fiat money as anything else. It is simply an agreement among the leading nations that fixes its present value. The nations can just as well agree secretly on iron washers. In short, eventually, after we have blazed the way, there will be an international committee of leading nations and financiers to regulate the supply of primary money at will. Not gold, but industry—production and exchange of commodities—is the real thing, and the world will always have all the primary money it needs to keep industry going There'll be no more panics and reactions and armies of idle men."

They had gone over it many times, first and last. It could, of course, be done. But from his bachelor apartment to Jones' International Iron Washer Committee seemed to Rector about as far as, and rather more difficult than, from Sixty-seventh Street to the moon.

One thing was certain, however: he must make a move very soon; he couldn't go on much longer as he was. When he discovered the loss of the gold a panic was on. If he had disclosed the loss the Primary National would have been run upon; runs on other banks would have doubled; there would have been more failures; the shock over the whole country would have been tremendous. And President Carter had been in no condition to receive such a jolt. He could justify himself, even now, for having kept his mouth shut. Then, on the same day, he thought he had found the gold. That hallucination had caused the loss of a whole month, during which the philanthropic robbers had ample opportunity to dispose of the metal. Then, he thought he would presently discover the metal through Alice. So six months and more had passed. During that time he had been in charge of the bank and had known about the robbery, but hadn't mentioned it to a soul except Gregory, and even Gregory didn't know that the gold had not been restored. So he could imagine himself, at this late day, going before a board of twelve practical, hard-headed directors and relating his incredible tale! Also, the directors were beginning to feel very cheerful now, like men coming safely through a great ordeal. And the first result of his incredible story would be that they would have to dig down in their pockets, as stockholders, and make good that loss of four millions!

He could see the twelve Gorgons glaring at him, breathless with incredulity and glassy-eyed with indignation. If he escaped arrest the utmost he could hope for was dismissal in disgrace. They might let him off from an inquiry by the grand jury, permit him to resign and slink out of the back door, discredited, beclouded, his career cut off. It was not a nice prospect for an ambitious young man.

He didn't really question Jones' good faith; but the whole affair, it seemed, had been managed to entrap him

(Continued on Page 28)

Does a Farm Education Pay?

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

He Makes a Specialty of Raising Melons

THE Principal of the School of Agriculture, University of Minnesota, D. D. Mayne, in commenting in general upon the work and students of that institution, says:

"The school of agriculture prepares its students for practical work on the farm. I believe that all of them 'make good' in the sense of being successful farmers. It is difficult, however, to select those who have made startling or notable successes. A large number of our students are occupying positions relating directly to agriculture, such as being professors in agricultural colleges, experts in the United States Department of Agriculture, managers of coöperative industries, a few analysts and the like. These young men have 'made good' and are of great service to the world."

The Faculty of the Agricultural School of the University of Wisconsin makes the following official statement:

The students have formed a student Holstein Breeders' Association and a Guernsey Breeders' Association, each with over sixty members; also Jersey and Ayrshire Breeders' Associations.

Because dairying is its greatest agricultural industry, and because our farmers live on their own small farms, with their families of children about them, and because they are becoming highly intelligent along agricultural lines, Wisconsin is becoming the greatest State in the Union for breeding pure-bred dairy cattle.

The call for dairy stock is enormous. The Elgin dairy district, which supplies Chicago with milk, probably absorbs fifty thousand head of dairy cows a year. Wisconsin furnishes these by the trainload, picked all over the State by traveling buyers. A common cow brings the farmer from thirty-five to forty-five dollars. A cow that shows Holstein, Jersey or Guernsey blood as a half or three-fourths grade will command from fifty to sixty dollars ordinarily.

The Lakemills region, about thirty-five miles east of Madison, has gone extensively into the breeding of Holstein cattle. Last year a hundred and forty thousand dollars' worth, mostly grade Holsteins, were shipped from the Lakemills railway station. Buyers came from as far away as Alabama, Washington, Oregon and Old Mexico. Grade Holstein cows have sold for as much as eighty dollars per head, fully twice as much as the ordinary cow brings. A party near Chicago, who furnishes high-grade milk to a select trade, has agents in Wisconsin, authorized to pay as much as one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the right quality of grade cows.

The Young Jap Who Loved Cows

THE short-course students have an alumni association. The loyalty of this class of young men is seen when not long since the Alumni Association, at its own expense, prepared a directory, giving the name, post-office and location of all former short-course students. Many of the former students return to Madison each winter during the farmers' course and there hold an annual banquet. It is a fact that the short-course students seem to appreciate what the State has done for them through its university to a degree fully equal to that of the four-year graduates. Perhaps their loyalty and zeal for the institution is even greater than the average of the four-year man.

Many city boys are now drawn to the agricultural courses of the university. While in general farmer boys are looking to the city as the outlet for their energies, there is a growing sentiment among city boys for country life, and the wise ones naturally seek the agricultural college as the best door through which to enter their chosen vocation. Each year Milwaukee sends a number of its high-school graduates to take the agricultural course. In the present graduating class are several city boys, full of zeal to become farmers. As a rule, these boys are above the average and strictly in earnest.

Eighteen years ago a poor boy from Japan who had been working in America two years applied to the agricultural college for instruction and work.

His love for the dairy cow was intense and he was never so happy as when caring for her. The young man was given enough work to pay for board and clothes. After a time he went to the University of Illinois for further study and then back to Japan. Reaching home, his story is that he did not have even "one penny" for capital. According to his own statement, he "borrowed" a cow, paying twenty-five dollars, for one year. He then "borrowed" some land, put up a little barn, and began dairying near Sapporo, on the island of Hokkaido. Last winter this young man returned to the university for further study. He is now the owner of fifty acres of valuable land close to the city of Sapporo, and has a herd of forty-five grade and pure-bred dairy cows. The grades are worth from one hundred to two hundred dollars and the pure-breds from two hundred to four hundred dollars each. When this Japanese returned to his country he took with him over seven thousand dollars' worth of Holstein and Jersey cows, all purchased in Wisconsin.

A number of years ago two brothers attended the short course. One was "all cow," as the students dubbed him, and the other "all sheep." The "cow" boy found work at our college, advancing from normal wages until he was getting nine hundred dollars a year. Then a wealthy Eastern man secured him, and today he is living in a fine house on the estate of a rich man near Boston, and, besides his house, has a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year. The brother, who was "all sheep," is today the manager of a large estate in northern New Jersey, and is doing equally well.

Big Money in Small Fruit

A DOZEN years ago a young man, working as a month-hand for an intelligent breeder of Jersey cows, was induced by his employer to take the short course. When through with his course he found employment on an estate near Lowell, Massachusetts. At the end of a month his employer told him that his pay would be twenty-five dollars a month, board and washing. Later he was made foreman at seventy-five dollars, and still later, manager of the whole estate. Recently a change became advisable, and the young man now has charge of a fine property near Philadelphia for a gentleman who spends much of his time in Europe. This young man is getting two thousand dollars a year, house, and many perquisites, such as horse, carriage, etc. Quite a change from an ordinary Wisconsin farm hand.

Another young man who took a dairy course is manager of a farm near Philadelphia, and has three foremen under him. The milk of this farm sells for eighteen cents a quart in Philadelphia. The owner appreciates his manager and has built for him a beautiful cottage home, planned by the manager and his wife, who is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. Last spring this young man told his employer that, having had no vacation for three years, he wished two or three weeks for rest and change, and asked that he might take his wife for a little trip to Boston. His employer made the counter proposition that instead of going to Boston the manager and his wife take a trip to the Isle of Guernsey by way of England, he, the employer, paying all expenses. This was, of course, accepted.

A number of the students have gone into fruit raising. Sparta, Wisconsin, is especially a strawberry section. Some years ago three sons in one family living there took the short course. Three years ago one of these sons on the home farm turned out $10,000 worth of small fruits, four thousand dollars of which was from the sale of blackberries.

One short-course student on the close of his work returned to Waukesha County, about fifteen years ago. His entire capital was ten dollars. He got control of forty acres of land without buildings. Today he owns a large farm with big barns and a fine house.

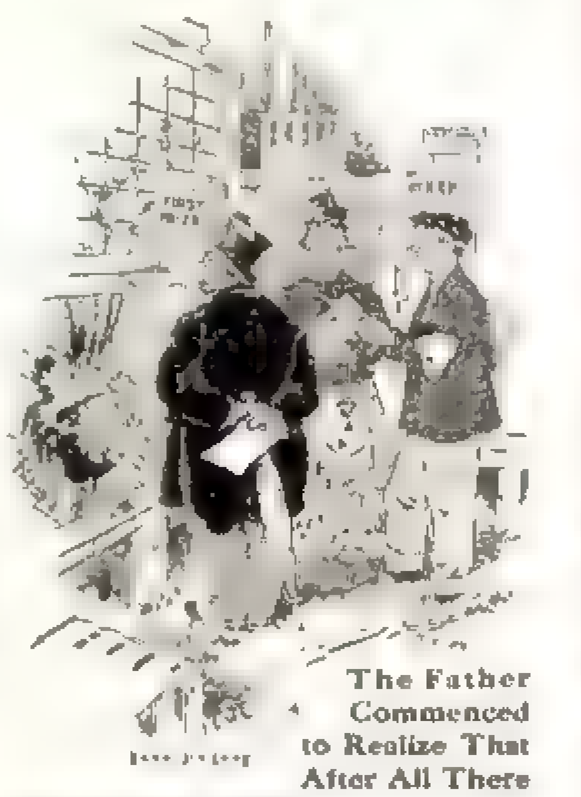
FIRST PRIZE
YORKSHIRE SWINE

He had Great Success in the Winning of Prizes With Heavy Competition

From all over the country come calls for our students to work as farm hands, operate creameries, cheese factories, etc., act as managers, foremen, superintendents, etc. The wise ones do not seek large wages at first. Some of them are glad to find places on well-managed farms, in dairies, etc., at a little more than will pay for their board and washing. They are willing to start at the bottom. Those that start that way almost always make a success. There are some overzealous, grasping ones, and there are some who come to the college for the advertising it gives them. Such may make a gain temporarily, but they soon fall back to their normal condition of unrest and lack of success.

Vintage Milk at Vintage Prices

THERE are far more places available than the Wisconsin College can begin to supply. There is a demand all along the line, from the thoroughly-trained four-year graduate to the short-course man only recently from the farm. The rush to the cities, to the professions, and away from the farm has brought about this condition, and given the agricultural student splendid opportunities for the exercise of all his powers. Farmers are appealing for help, and when they can get clean, earnest fellows on their farms and into the family they are more than pleased. The great prevailing impulse of city people to own country estates brings a great demand for superintendents and foremen. This is in addition to what may be called the legitimate call for men in these lines. The agitation going on everywhere for better, cleaner and more wholesome food, especially milk and its products, has opened a large field for these trained men along dairy lines. Wisconsin students find openings with companies and individuals who are working for the production of guaranteed milk. One producer near Philadelphia is charging eighteen cents a quart for milk. A gentleman with a farm north of Chicago has demand for more milk than he can supply at fourteen cents per quart, and cream at proportional rate.



The Father Commenced to Realize That After All There Were New Things in Farming

There is an enormous demand for pure-bred dairy stock, and hundreds of men of ambition are becoming breeders of such. Agricultural students find good openings on these farms. The United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, employs some thousands of scientists of all kinds. This line is always open to graduates.

The agricultural colleges make considerable demand for trained young men. Teaching and research are constantly broadening, and many young men are required as agricultural chemists, soil physicists, grain experts, stockmen, horticulturists, etc. Professors and instructors are being constantly hired away from the colleges to serve as farm managers, help in agricultural manufacturing enterprises, act as experts for agricultural machinery companies, etc.

A considerable number leave teaching and research to follow general farming, the breeding of livestock, horticulture, floriculture, etc., on their own account.

This year five young men, graduating from the four-year course, will go back to farms to undertake the breeding of pure-bred dairy cattle.

Mr. Hale came to the school of agriculture in January, 1897. He and a brother had just assumed charge of their father's farm in Fillmore County. The father was "land poor." He had made money raising wheat during the time that wheat was the one crop raised in southern Minnesota, and had purchased the land about him till he had a farm of several hundred acres. When wheat raising failed he became discouraged, and at the time the two sons took charge the farm was run down and encumbered with a heavy debt. C. W. Hale, who had a high-school education at Spring Valley, saw his need of special agricultural training and came to the school of agriculture. He finished the course in two and one-half years. Since that time he and his brother have paid off the debt on the farm and have added many improvements. They have made a great deal of money in fattening their lambs on rape, which they sow in their corn fields at the last cultivation of the corn. They often raise four hundred to five hundred acres of corn. Mr. Hale has done some institute work, and his methods of farming have been a great object-lesson to the farmers of that part of the State.

Mr. Bailey was graduated in 1896. He returned to do special work in horticulture. Then he bought a farm and has since added to it until he now has a hundred and forty acres, practically all paid for. He makes a specialty of raising melons and asparagus, and also fattens sheep. Recently he built a house, costing five thousand dollars. His wife is also a graduate of the school of agriculture. This young man started with less than nothing; in fact, a friend loaned him one thousand dollars with which to make a start. His own people helped him in no way financially; in fact, his father is now working for him on the farm. He is looked up to in his community as a leading and wealthy farmer.

Professor Cyril G. Hopkins, of the College of Agriculture of the University of Illinois, makes the following interesting statement: There is a scientific basis for a prosperous and permanent agriculture, but such permanent systems are being adopted very gradually, and the examples which have been reported by certain popular lecturers and by some magazines are in a large measure gross exaggerations.

Until within the last ten or twelve years there has been but little agricultural scientific information available for teaching purposes, and only within the past half-dozen years has there been any considerable number of students graduated from agricultural colleges who were equipped with such information. Few of these have had time to do more than to conduct a single rotation of crops, requiring four to six years, and certainly they cannot be cited as examples of marked and unusual achievement, although they may be making some steady progress with definite knowledge and full confidence concerning the systems which they are inaugurating. The experiment stations have within the past decade accumulated a large amount of truly valuable results from experiments and investigations conducted with a high degree of scientific accuracy, and these results have tremendous practical significance in relation to permanent and prosperous agriculture. Thus, for example, we have had in operation in Illinois a large number of experiment fields located in various sections of the State on our different, extensive and important soil types, and under our widely different climatic conditions — the north line of the State being almost at the limit of the corn belt, while more or less cotton has been grown in the extreme southern part of the State. Many farmers living in the vicinity of these experiment fields visit them, and learn at first hand what results are being obtained by such farmers as are adopting systems of improvement.

And Began Dairying
Near Sapporo, on the Island of Hokkaido

Fathers Educated by Sons

THERE are a few men who graduated from college, perhaps twelve or fifteen years ago, who are making important progress along the lines of scientific agriculture on their own farms, not so much because of the definite information secured in the college course, but rather because they have kept closely in touch with the bulletins published by the experiment stations, which they were able to do because of their mental training, and they are also frequent visitors to the experiment field of the agricultural college, so that in every possible way they are keeping abreast of the times.

I might mention a farmer from a village in Illinois who also graduated from this college more than forty years ago. He is a man who keeps in close touch with the progress of scientific agriculture and is making use of right principles as rapidly as they are demonstrated. The work of one man emphasizes the value of seed improvement, while that of another relates more immediately to the improvement of the soil.

Again, there are some men who are not college graduates but who have simply come in touch with the college and experiment station work, either by studying literature and other results giving scientific investigation, or by having their own sons in the agricultural college. Thus I might mention a farmer of Kankakee County, Illinois, who began the improvement of his farm from information secured from the Illinois experiment station soon after his boy entered this agricultural college, and his work was well under way before his son graduated. Definite information was brought home more quickly to this man because the experiment field established by the university was located on his land, which happened to be abnormally poor, and which responded so rapidly to the system of scientific improvement that the results obtained were very convincing.

Other Men Who Made Good

EUGENE DAVENPORT, Dean and Director, College of Agriculture, Urbana, Illinois, says this of the difficulties which the young graduate has to face when he returns to the home farm:

He has not only lived through four of the most formative years of his life, but has engaged in study in a broad way. It is difficult, however, for the father and the neighbors to consider him other than still a boy, and many instances could be given where such a man has been obliged to win his way into their confidence by a slow and rather laborious process. Instances, too, could be given of how such men have pulled their families out of financial difficulties, and really reversed the policies of years.

A—— returned to his home and was considered rather visionary both by the neighbors and by his father. He and the latter hardly agreed about cattle feeding. The student proposed that the bunch of cattle should be divided, one lot fed according to his own ideas and the other according to the father's. The student's bunch came out so much the better that cattle feeding on that farm thereafter was according to the student's plans.

B—— graduated very young and returned to the farm, working with his father for an interest in the output. The father was slow to admit new methods to meet changed conditions, but the neighbors commenced to remark that the farm was being radically improved and its output increased, all of which the father admitted himself.

The family of C—— had been unsuccessful in business. When he returned to the farm it had squandered one fortune and commenced on another, both of which had come by inheritance. The young man said in substance: You have made rather a bad job of it heretofore; I propose that you let me try my hand at the business. This proposition was very sensibly acceded to, and the tide was turned in the affairs of the family. This I have from a very intelligent neighbor who was an onlooker of the transformation.

D—— did not graduate, but he took some improved methods home with him, and after taking premiums on about everything he exhibited at the institutes and county fairs, the father commenced to realize that after all there were new things in farming of which he had not learned even by his long life of personal experience.

Mr. E——'s family had moved to town. While a student in the university his father died and the home place burned. After graduation he proposed to the mother that they all return to the farm. The only condition that E—— made was that they should do things in modern ways and build as good a home on the farm as the one they occupied in the town. Such a home was built with all modern improvements, and the family returned to the country.

Each one of the above is an actual incident, but each is typical of other cases of the same kind. Students are going to the farm and building country homes with all the conveniences of the city house. Not only that, but they are making agriculture pay: first, because they are raising larger crops than their fathers did; and second, they are taking better care of the land.

The most common example of increased yield is by better selection of seed-corn. This has been accomplished by the student almost universally. The students, too, have learned the need of the application of phosphorus to a good share of Illinois soils, of potassium to certain others, and of lime for the purpose of correcting acidity. They know pretty well before they go home which of these treatments their farms need. Indeed, most of the seniors study their own soils, and plan a rotation that not only produces high yields, but looks out for the land.

A Crop of Onions Which He Produced
Were the Talk of the Neighborhood

Noble Heath, for example, was a recent student. The family was one of those having progress enough to move to town to educate the children. At his instance, however, the family returned to the farm and put up a commodious and comfortable house, having the same conveniences which usually obtain in city dwellings. This is by no means an isolated instance. Many others of the same kind might be given. It is well known and thoroughly established that the influence of our students is strong in two directions: first, in making farming more certain and profitable; second, in improving the living facilities.

There is not a single case on record of a failure among our students. They have attained different degrees of success, it is true; but they have all been successful, and are practically all engaged in farming. With the new interest in the teaching of agriculture in the schools this record will not long continue, for we are now attracting students to this course who take it for the profession of teaching and not for the business of farming. However, the great purpose of our course is to produce educated farmers, and we are being eminently successful in this attempt. Nearly all of our men go straight to the land. A few of them engage in college and experiment station work, and, as I have explained, a new crowd is coming in now who are destined to become professional teachers. The extent of this movement in the direction of scientific training in farming is shown by the following significant table:

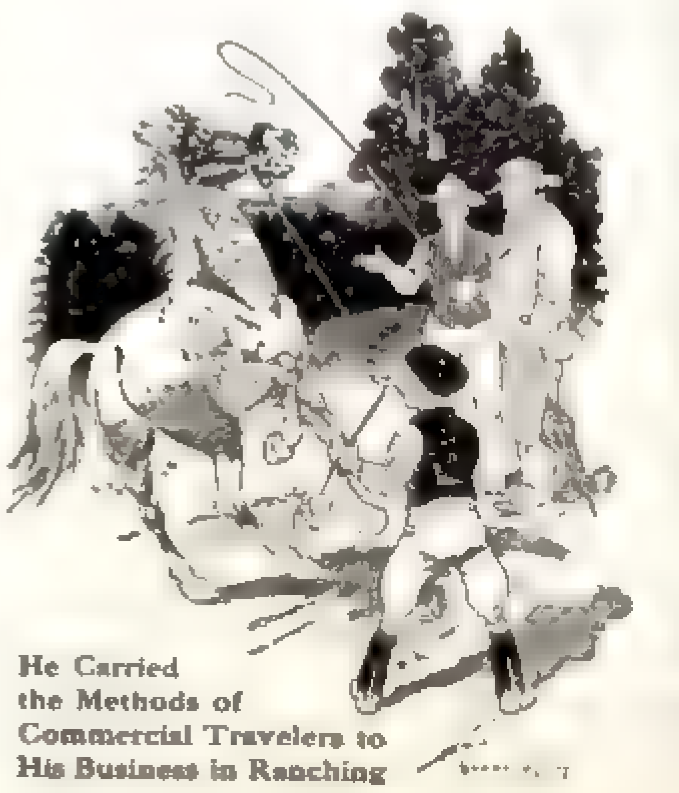
Year	Employees, College and Station	Students Registered	Students Graduating	Graduate Students
1890-91	3	7	2	0
1891-92	3	6	0	2
1892-93	3	13	2	0
1893-94	3	5	1	2
1894-95	3	9	0	0
1895-96	3	14	0	0
1896-97	6	17	2	0
1897-98	8	19	2	0
1898-99	9	25	4	0
1899-00	16	90	2	0
1900-01	17	159	4	0
1901-02	23	232	4	0
1902-03	27	284	9	0
1903-04	37	339	16	0
1904-05	37	406	18	0
1905-06	44	480	24	9
1906-07	50	462	43	10
1907-08	60	500		

It is also a significant fact that of seventy-two recent graduates of this agricultural college all, with the exception of two, are living upon their farms, or operating land for others, or are engaged in agricultural college experiment station work. The two exceptions are teaching school.

J. H. Shepperd, Dean and Vice-Director, North Dakota Agricultural College, says:

Ralph Ward's (class of '95) tastes run to ranching. He conceived the idea of utilizing waste land near the Missouri River, established a horse ranch, putting in his own time against the money supplied by his partner. He carried the methods of commercial travelers to his business in ranching. Instead of shipping his horses to Chicago or some other large market for horses, he shipped them out to the neighboring farmer settlements at such intervals as he was sure that they would require horses, made his sales, and kept track of his customers exactly as commercial travelers do of merchandise customers. He also conceived the idea of taking advantage of the color markings of the Percheron breed, which bears its own evidence of improved draft blood. Mr. Ward has also insisted that his farmer customers feel assured of good dispositions and easy breaking when supplied with the gray markings of the Percheron horse. By taking advantage of all these features, which are innovations among horsemen so far as I can learn, Mr. Ward has become a well-to-do ranchman who owns his

(Concluded on Page 31)


He Carried the Methods of Commercial Travelers to His Business in Ranching

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 20, 1909

How Big Bill Breaks Even

THE situation of the next President is interesting. He will have a larger salary than any of his predecessors. He will have an official automobile. The new railroad station at Washington contains apartments, described as truly magnificent, for his exclusive use. Debarking from the Presidential special, stepping into the Presidential suite, thence into the Presidential touring-car, he will present a spectacle wholly different from Thomas Jefferson, riding to the White House alone and hitching his nag to the palings.

Probably he will be waited upon with much of the ceremony and circumstance of royalty, will royally visé the list of guests when he is invited out to dine, and royally rebuke any young lady who so far forgets herself as to take precedence of him on a public road.

In all of this there is really something to grieve a democratic heart—other than the one which beats fervently in the breast of Senator Bailey. We would by no means insist upon a nag hitched to the palings; but, as a matter of personal taste, we would prefer that the President did not copy foolish foreign manners. However, the salary, suite and buzz-wagon are not the whole account. Possessing all three, our Executive will still, to a great and enthusiastic portion of his admiring constituents, be "Bill," or even "Big Bill."

Investing a President with all pomp and panoply, and then using his name as though he were a hostler, strikes a sort of balance with which the country seems pretty well contented

Probably, if he set up a First Lord of the Bedchamber the country would take it out by hailing him as "Old Sox," or "Billy, old sport."

An Inglorious Company

PEOPLE tire, no doubt, of having their charitable sensibilities harrowed up all the time. Nevertheless, we feel bound to speak a word in behalf of another neglected class.

Mr. Taft, as everybody knows, is engaged in constructing a Cabinet.

Surmise lights upon this man and that as the probable recipient of a portfolio; but we do not hear a single voice asserting the principle that service and experience should be recognized, and the Ship of State manned, preferably, by veteran mariners.

In the Roosevelt Administration alone there have been twenty-four Cabinet Ministers. Some of them are, and others of them soon will be, both at large and "at liberty," as theatrical people politely phrase it. How many ex-Secretaries of former Administrations there are it would take a better obituary memory than ours to decide; but, ever and anon, some hotel reporter discovers, concerning a stranger within the gates, that he was formerly a Cabinet Minister, and the sojourner gets a three-line mention in the local press.

Why ignore this seasoned band? If it is a reproach to the country that it does nothing for, with or to its ex-Presidents, it is simply scandalous that nobody ever suggests doing anything with ex-Secretaries. A Capitol guide once beguiled an innocent foreigner with the fable that the astonishing effigies in the Hall of Statuary were Cabinet Ministers, who, immediately upon the expiration of their terms, were stuffed, whitewashed and mounted, according to a stern mandate of the Constitution. With that exception the disposition of ex-Secretaries has never even been mentioned.

Law and the Benefit of the Doubt

SOME of our lawyer friends suspect this magazine of an intention to abolish the Constitution and the Supreme Court. We have considered both expedients, but dismissed them as impractical.

To amend the Constitution is almost impossible. A statistical professor has figured out that only three per cent of the voting population could thwart the will of ninety-seven per cent in respect to any change in the organic law. If an act of Congress, upon any subject whatever, is denounced by the Supreme Court as unconstitutional, there is no recourse save by amending a practically unamendable instrument.

This device of an absolute judicial veto is unknown elsewhere. Even in England, which was generally our model, no court, since the revolution of 1688, has asserted the right to set aside an act of Parliament. To say in what manner and to what extent he shall pay taxes is one of the Anglo-Saxon's most tenderly cherished privileges. Resistance to Charles the First's levies of "ship money" brought on the Puritan revolution. "No taxation without representation" was the slogan of the revolting American Colonies.

The people of the United States, conformably to this ancient prerogative, once decided, by their representatives, that they would support their Government by an income tax. The Supreme Court, by a majority of one, said they couldn't. One justice's opinion may outweigh the will of three-fourths of the people.

So great and arbitrary a power should be exercised with the utmost caution—even with the utmost reluctance. Where the case is so very dubious that five learned justices are on one side and four equally learned on the other the representatives of the people ought to have the benefit of the doubt.

The Measure of News Value

WHEN Mrs. A meets Mrs. B what is the first thing she mentions? Why, the most sensational thing she knows; the thing most likely to agitate her gentle hearer's emotions. The Jones girl has run off with the hired man! Old Mr. Johnson fell down the cellar stairs and broke his leg! Amanda Robinson saw a burglar trying to break into their house: yes, indeed—saw him plain as day!

Before us lies the morning newspaper—one of the richest, ablest and most widely circulated in the country. On the first nine pages there are thirty-seven "scare heads." Of the articles thus conspicuously displayed nine are of a political nature, and nine are about murder, suicide and robbery. Four recite fatal accidents and five deal with freakish events—such as an elephant breaking loose, and a man eating two hundred oysters. Religious, charitable, educational and scientific topics claim five heads; divorce, two. The three others may be dismissed as merely scattering. The remainder of the paper contains editorials, sporting news, market reviews and other more or less routine matter, including a few quack advertisements.

The teaching of journalism, as one of the learned professions, is coming into vogue nowadays. In some city high schools the pupils conduct amateur newspapers; and several colleges, we believe, have journalistic chairs. When this academic field develops its Euclid his first proposition will be: "In judging the value of news, imagine yourself relating it to Mrs. B. If you can see her throwing up her hands and exclaiming, 'For the land's *sake!*' the news is important."

Is Your Life Insured?

IN SEVEN years—from 1897 to 1904—the amount of ordinary life insurance in force in this country pretty nearly doubled. The gain ran just about ten per cent a year. Since then the increase has been much smaller. In the last four years, in fact, the amount in force has risen but little over eleven per cent—not much more than a quarter of the normal ratio of gain before the great life-insurance explosion.

To what degree this has been offset by an increase in fraternal and other forms of assessment insurance we do not know; but, in any event, we regret the fact. Life insurance is one of the very best of all inventions. The duty of a married man, without a fortune, to insure his life is as clear and almost as urgent as his duty to support his family while he is living. If a man isn't married he is always exposed, and should take out life insurance, anyway.

Superintendent Kelsey's report for 1908 shows that all the gain since 1904 has been made by other than New York companies. The New York companies had $5,634,821,462 insurance in force in 1904 and now have a trifle less. Companies of other States had $3,745,766,168 in force in 1904 and now have over a billion more. While a number of other States have excellent insurance regulations, there are some that haven't. We question whether the gain of the other companies at the expense of the New York companies is, on the whole, to the benefit of the policy-holding body. The sins of the New York companies prior to 1904 were by no means peculiar to those companies. Life insurance still has faults, but, as against doing without insurance, the faults are insignificant.

Pensions a Proof of Progress

PENSIONS are growing in favor. The most intelligent railroads now make provision, more or less adequate, for superannuated employees. Some banks have excellent systems of insuring decent support in old age to their workmen. A number of manufacturing concerns and at least one big mercantile house have adopted pension schemes.

Nowadays a man can hardly install a large power-plant without considering whether he will use turbines or reciprocating engines, what sort of smoke-preventing device he will put in, and various other problems raised by the progress of mechanical arts. Just so, the employer of labor in a large way can hardly escape considering this pension question. Like the turbine, it is a modern thought of which every intelligent management is bound to take account. That it pays we believe to be already proven. We believe the big concern without a pension system will presently rest under the same imputation of dullness that one with an old-fashioned power-plant now rests under.

The cost, measured against the potential efficiency of thousands of hands for thousands of days, cannot be onerous; it will be absorbed into millions of days' work. The pension system of the United States Government, with nearly a million beneficiaries and an annual outlay approximating a hundred and forty million dollars, takes less than half a cent a day per capita of the inhabitants.

Independents and the Trusts

AN INDEPENDENT manufacturer writes us: "It is true the price of tin plate, in 1898, prior to the formation of the trust, was $2.65 a box, which was raised to $4.65 a box when the trust was formed; but it has since fallen to $3.65 a box. In 1898 pig tin was 13 to 15 cents a pound. It is now over 30 cents. This makes a difference of 35 cents in the cost of producing a box of tin plate, for while less than three per cent of a tin plate consists of tin, that three per cent comprises a third of the total value. In 1898 steel was costing us about $17 a ton. It now costs us $27 a ton, making a difference of 55 cents in the cost of producing a box of tin plate. So you will see that, for the independent manufacturer, the advance of a dollar a box over the price of 1898 barely covers increased cost of materials"

Throughout the hearing before the Ways and Means Committee on the iron and steel schedules it was urged that protection was necessary to save the independent manufacturers. Mr. Gary, of the Steel Corporation, suggested that to reduce present duties would wipe out the independents and leave the trust in sole possession of the field. The Sherman Act was passed in July, 1890—three months before the McKinley Tariff Bill. Since then the Government has been declaring, in theory, that there must be no trusts. But in practice, it seems, the Government must pay the trust a large bounty, in the form of protective duties, to prevent it from gobbling up what competitors it has and establishing an absolute monopoly.

Dram-Shop and Drug-Store

THE real vim in the fight for prohibition has been directed against the saloon. In that field remarkable victories have been won. The fight against the drug-store as a dispenser of alcoholic beverages has been more desultory. On that side the success of the prohibition movement is incomplete.

"Travel in the South is becoming quite inconvenient," observed a cynical tourist the other day. "It takes the trains so long to handle their express consignments of beer and whisky at prohibition points that they are often behindhand." Very much of the liquor that is shipped into "dry" territory goes to local retailers. The druggist is often very advantageously situated for conducting this local traffic. If you live in a prohibition town inquire how much strong drink the trains bring in and who gets it.

That the use of alcohol as a medicine may properly be restricted within a very small compass is the opinion of most competent physicians. As a guess, we should say that a gallon of brandy would probably supply the legitimate medicinal needs of a thousand average people for a week. A prohibition law which permits a druggist to sell liquor "for medicinal purposes," substantially at his own discretion, is an absurdity and invites wholesale violations of its intent. Even in selling on a prescription, the reputation of the physician and the frequency of the purchase should be taken into account.

The drug-store merits more careful consideration than enemies of drink have, on the whole, accorded it

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

With a Bigness Not Bunched in Spots

"What's the Use?"

A-O-I-I," says Boies Penrose, rolling it out orotundly when a vote is taken, or "N-o-i-i." And that is about all he ever does say, for, when it comes to language, Senator Penrose is so economical that he may be justly accused of positive penury.

You wouldn't think it, either, to see him, for he is massive enough to have word-bunkers concealed beneath his port bow of sufficient capacity to store away large quantities of hand-picked diction of all sorts. Still, that is no sure sign. John Wesley Gaines, for example, isn't half so big as Senator Penrose, but he shovels out from his receptacles more words in a single day than Penrose, even in his wildest attacks of verbosity, would use in a year. Nor does it prove that Penrose hasn't hived the language. He may be loaded to the guards with similes, metaphors, antonyms, synonyms and such stuff. The fact is that "A-o-i-i" and "N-o-i-i" apparently appeal to him as all that is necessary for an adequate, Penrosian exhibit of Senatorial conversation.

However, he is a good performer with these. He booms them with a boom-boom that reverberates through the Senate chamber, resounding upon the walls and beating against the stained-glass ceiling. And that is gratifying, for when one observes a large, ponderous, basso-profundo personality with a squeako-squallario voice one always feels that Old Mother Nature has put up the meanest sort of a job she knows how. It is not so with Penrose. He got his bass pipes all right enough. He could make a speech that would rattle the chandeliers if he wanted to, but he doesn't want to. Wherein he differs, radically, from others who might be named, who constantly make speeches that rattle the chandeliers, but do not disturb the calm serenity of anything or any person, and, when it comes to that, the chandeliers are used to it, so they do not give a hoot, either.

It is not alone in language that Senator Penrose is so economical. He is very thrifty with his company. He keeps it for himself, mostly. It would be an error to say he is solitary, for, when the occasion demands it, he will commingle with his colleagues and, at times, has been seen talking to others. Still, for purposes of description, he may be said to be sequestered. There is less of the gregarious about him than can be observed in any of the other Senators, most of whom are unhappy unless they are in company of others of their kind, which is a ruling human trait, of course, and, also, provides the Senators with opportunities to tell how strong they are.

Penrose must think the best company in the world for him is Penrose. He goes to the Capitol alone, keeps to himself while there as much as possible and comes back alone. Usually, he walks back. On any fine afternoon he can be seen coming down Pennsylvania Avenue, full speed ahead, steering for his hotel and looking straight over the smaller craft he passes. It is like a full-rigged battleship steaming through a lot of tugs. He is an enormous man, tall, broad, thick and well set up. When he gets on a long overcoat and a top hat and proceeds along the street he looks about as big as anybody you ever saw, with a good, evenly-distributed bigness, symmetrically arranged and not bunched in spots.

The Philosophy of B. Penrose

PENROSE has developed a system of philosophy for his personal guidance that is embodied in the brief creed: "What's the use?" If he is attacked by a muckraker and is asked to reply he shrugs his shoulders and says: "What's the use?" If he is urged to jump into the spectacular side of the Senate and use the floor, he shrugs his shoulders twice and asks: "What's the use?" If he is blamed for something he has or has not done and is asked for an explanation, always he says: "What's the use?" Once, when he was the subject of a particularly bitter attack, several of his friends insisted that he must reply. "What's the use?" he asked. "I know it isn't true. You know it isn't true. Some day the people will know it isn't true. What's the use?"

Wherefore, he sits in the Senate, calm and impassive, voting always with the majority, for he is an organization man, thinking whatever thoughts he may think, but always silent, always regular, always dependable, from the organization viewpoint. He leads no insurgent movements. He never bulges into the center and howls for the rights of man. He never moves off the reservation. Always he is there, always looking at the antics of the protestors with a sort of grim amusement, always giving the impression that, in his twelve years as Senator from Pennsylvania, he has seen many of these sporadic outbreaks, has observed much hysteria that never brought any results but noise, has watched the orators come and yawp and go, has seen the party-splitting dissensions, the crises that were to have so great an effect on the nation, and that were forgotten in a fortnight when another crisis arose, has noted the Republic trembling on the brink of the precipice, but never toppling over, has made up his mind that it is mostly sound and fury, signifying nothing, and, as he gazes through his half-lidded eyes, or moves ponderously about, you can see it sticking out all over him: What's the use?

He was an honor man at Harvard and, after he had returned to Philadelphia and had been admitted to the bar, he went into politics. He served in both houses of the Pennsylvania Legislature, became an organization man under Matthew S. Quay, in every sense, and, when Don Cameron left the United States Senate, in 1897, Penrose was sent to succeed him. He was reëlected in 1903 and again this year.

Penrose's political creed is as short as his personal one. It comprises two words: The organization. That is all there is to Penrose, so far as politics is concerned. It makes no difference to him what the organization is or is not, as long as he is in politics he is for and with the organization.

"Penrose," said a man who knew him, one day, "you should get married. Why don't you?"

"Never thought of it," Penrose replied, "but perhaps it would be a good idea. Speak to the organization about it, and I'll marry any one they recommend."

A Graduate of the Quay School

HE WAS Quay's lieutenant when Quay was alive and he, at least in a measure, became leader when Quay died. The intricacies of Pennsylvania Republican politics are many and various, and it is not necessary to undertake to define Penrose's exact position in his party in Philadelphia and the State, for, as far as he is personally concerned, he has held enough of leadership to get a return to the Senate without effective opposition. He is the Republican National Committeeman from Pennsylvania, and was put on the Executive Committee by Chairman Hitchcock, which occasioned some comment, but didn't seem to affect the general result. As for Penrose, he never gave a sign that there was comment, either complimentary or otherwise. He looked out at the world, shrugged his shoulders and asked: "What's the use?"

In the Senate he is chairman of the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads, where he does much hard work, and is on the very important committees of Finance, Naval Affairs and Commerce, besides others, which shows the fact that his ability is recognized by his colleagues. In the extra session of Congress to revise the tariff, Penrose will have an opportunity to do much, by virtue of his membership of the Finance Committee, which is where the tariff bill will be made, eventually. A Republican whose law is the organization is well-placed on the Senate Finance Committee when a tariff bill is under way. Organizations dote on tariffs.

But through it all, whether he works all the time with his colleagues on the new tariff bill or whether he does nothing, he will continue to look sedately at the world, to shrug his shoulders, and to ask: "What's the use?"

The Reverend and the Irreverent

BISHOP DOANE, of Albany, New York, who wears a shovel hat and leggings and is accused of signing himself "William, of Albany," was a guest at dinner where the irreverent Doctor Hosmer was also dining.

They sat down. "I suppose," said the bishop, "that I shall ask grace."

"But why, my dear Bishop," interposed Hosmer—"Why talk shop at the table?"

Jogging His Memory

LEW DOCKSTADER tells of a friend of his who visited an insane asylum and came across an inmate who was walking in the corridor. His friend engaged the inmate in conversation and discovered him to be a most intelligent person, posted on all the topics of the day, with rational ideas about everything and no signs of insanity.

"You do not seem insane," said the visitor.

"Certainly not," replied the inmate. "I am perfectly sane. I am here because of a plot against me by some enemies. If I could get word to my sisters and brothers I would be liberated at once. Also, I would like a word with my lawyer."

To make sure, the visitor talked for half an hour with the inmate and, in the end, was convinced a gross injustice was being done. He said: "I will gladly take a message to your lawyer or your brother. I am sure you are sane."

"If you will," replied the inmate, "I shall be under lifelong obligation to you. I am incarcerated here for no reason. I am sane. Please say to my lawyer that you saw me here and that I want him to come at once and see me so I can take steps to regain my liberty."

There was some more conversation and the message was arranged for and addresses given. After other protestations of his sanity and assurances by the visitor that the outrage would soon be corrected, the visitor turned to go. As he was about to descend the steps he was hoisted off his feet by a tremendous kick and fell into a flower-bed. He turned to see the inmate grinning at him from the steps.

"Why did you do that?" shouted the visitor.

"Lest you forget," said the inmate, shaking a finger at him—"Lest you forget."

How Many is Four?

WHEN the Democrats held their State convention at Rochester, New York, last fall, to nominate Chanler for Governor, one of the leaders thought it would be a grand idea to give a dinner to the Democratic editors and newspaper men of that part of the State.

He sent out the invitations and ordered the dinner. Then he decided it would be a good scheme to have some music. A Rochester friend told him there was an excellent quartet that could be secured and sent the leader of the quartet over to see the big man.

"Kin ye's sing?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; we can sing very well."

"Have ye's dress suits? Them's necessary."

"Yes, sir, we all have evening clothes."

"How much will it cost?"

"We get ten dollars apiece for such an engagement."

"I know; but how much'll it cost? How many av ye's is they in this quartet?"

The Language of the Birds

A NUMBER of New York theatrical managers were discussing Rostand's new play, Chanticleer, in which the characters represent various fowls, birds and animals.

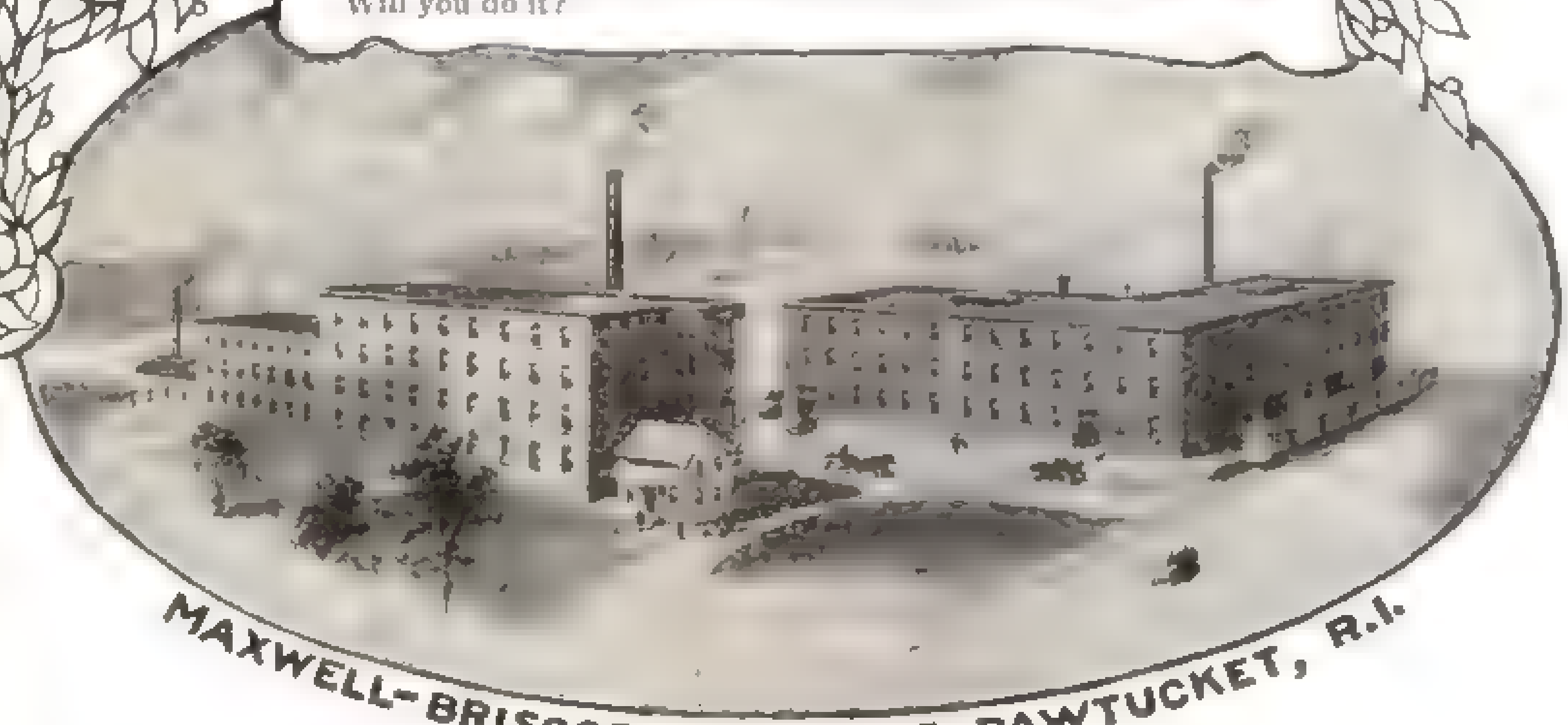
"What language will the characters speak?" asked an inquiring producer.

"I don't know as to all of them," replied Daniel Frohman, "but, of course, the hero, Chanticleer, will talk cockney."

It has cost us $4200.00 to place this announcement before you. It has taken six years to make this advertisement possible.

Won't you take ten minutes of your time to read it **all through**?

Then write us, that you want to know more about the Maxwell. Will you do it?



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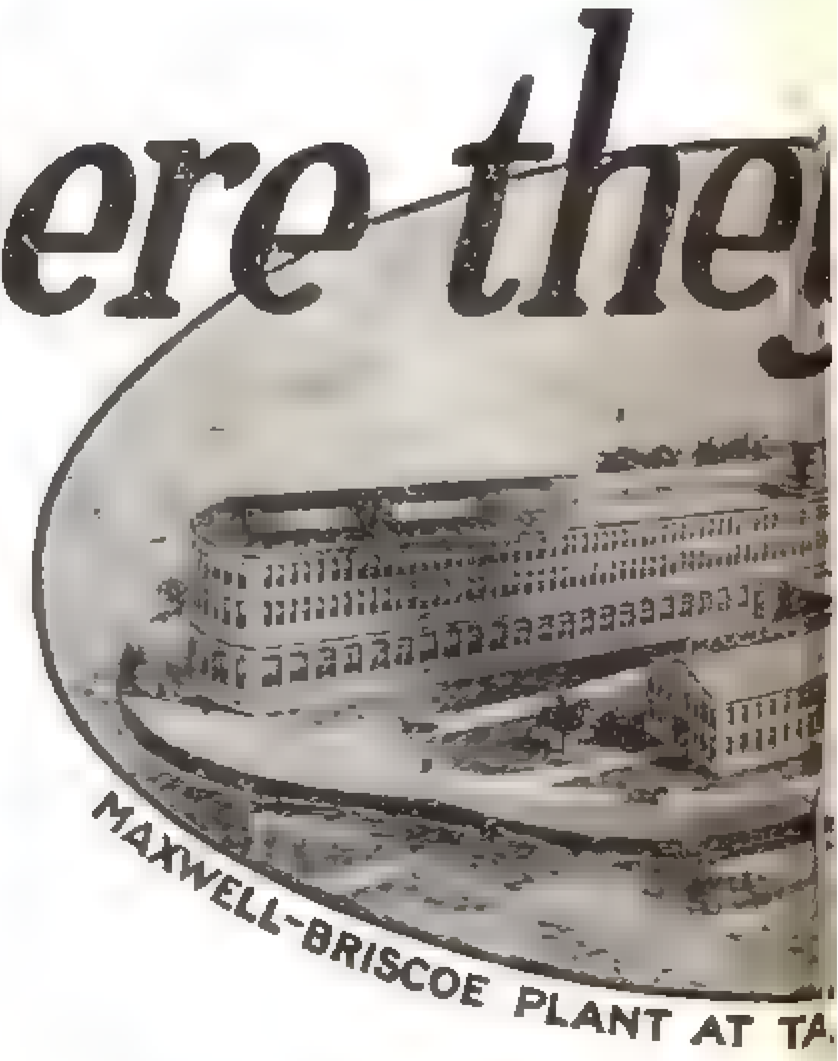

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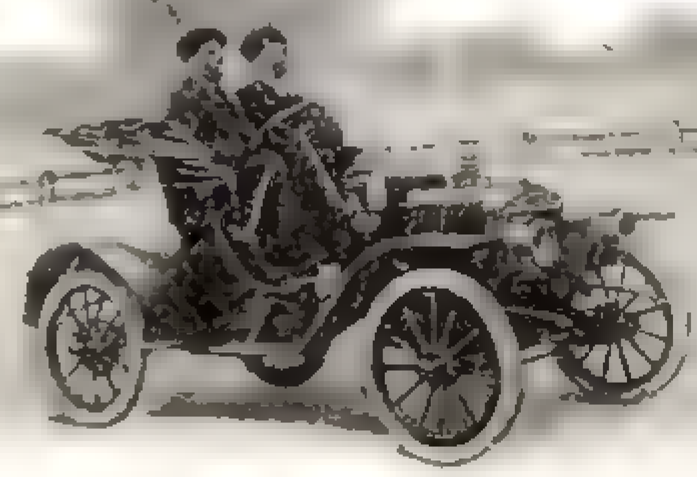

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Model LD, 2 cyl. 14 H. P.
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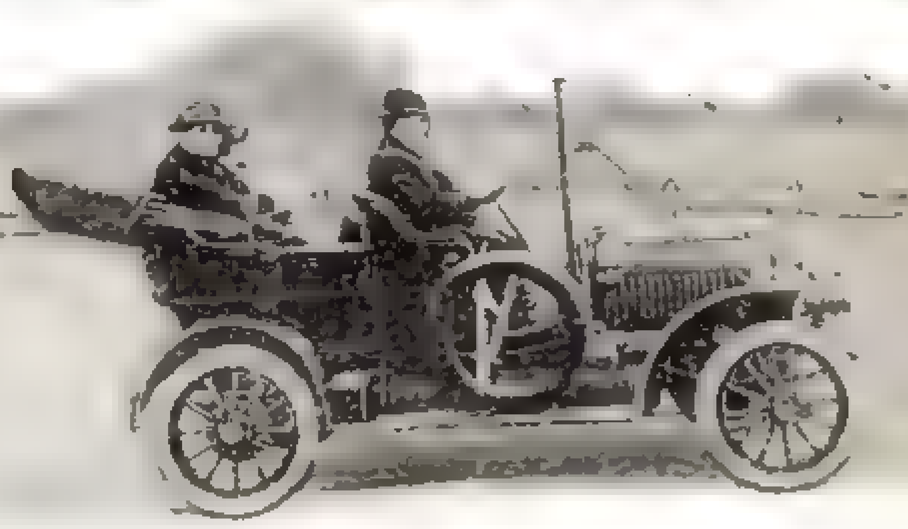

"THE STANDARD FAMILY FOUR"
Model DA, 4 cyl. 30 H. P. Five passenger touring car.
Completely equipped with magneto, oil lamps, gas lamps and generator, Price $1750.

VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS
laying the corner-stone of the Maxwell-Briscoe factory at Newcastle, Ind., June 22, 1907.

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Every owner of a Maxwell will testify that his car is *perfectly simple, simply perfect*.

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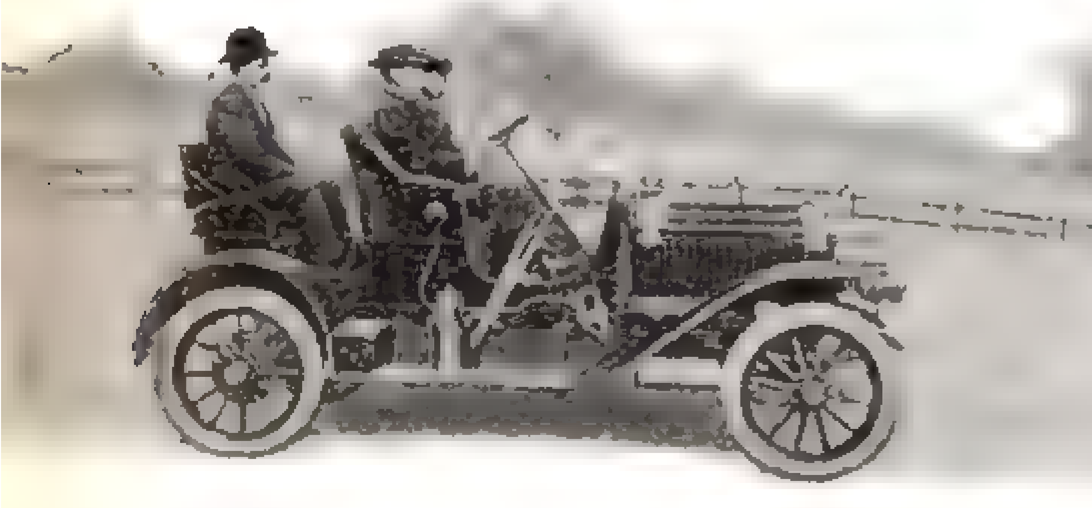

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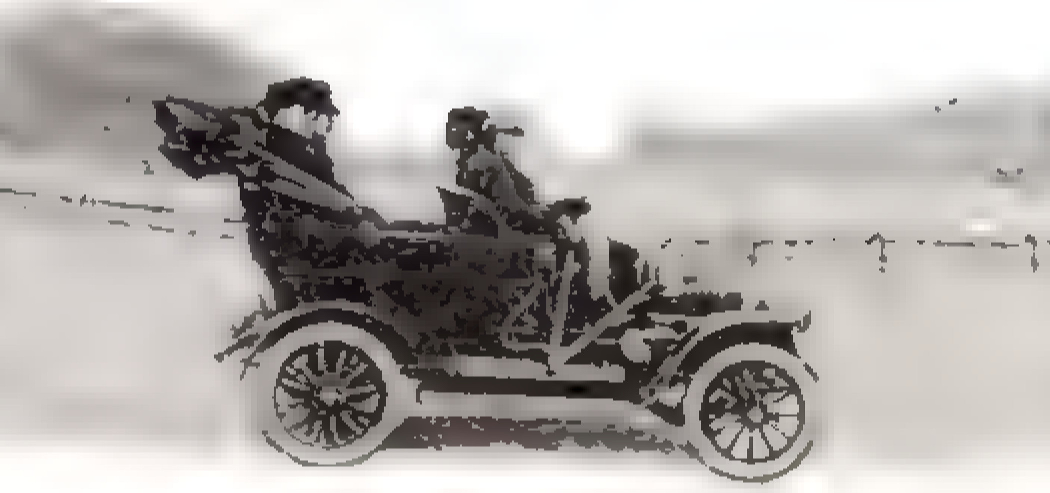

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A Personal Letter to You

DEAR SIR: I want to go into this automobile question with you frankly as man to man. One man of you, out of every ten who read this, will surely buy an automobile within the next year or two. Statistics prove it. I have studied the problems that confront the average buyer and as I have sold for our Company over 12,000 automobiles, I must necessarily understand these problems better than you.

The Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Co. has been very successful. The reason for it is that we have never permitted it to lose the element of Mr. Maxwell's close personal attention and mine. We began here at Tarrytown, six years ago, in a comparatively small way, but with an ambition founded on an ideal, to make the best moderate priced car,—best in material, workmanship and durability. To this we have been faithful by refusing to compete in price with every experiment. Our aim has always been to build the best, then set the cost—not to skimp and cut for the mere sake of "price sensationalism." We can fairly say that we have won. Our annual business has grown from $300,000 to $7,000,000, all in five years.

To get back now to the average buyer's needs. This is what I know you want: First:—Low initial cost consistent with economy of maintenance: Second, Reliability and durability: Third, Ease of management and care: Fourth, Comfort: Fifth, Appearance.

We have studied these points carefully and the Maxwell is the result of this study.

I have never found it necessary in selling Maxwells to over-claim their virtues. The intrinsic worth of Maxwell cars is not accidental or "paper claimed," but is based on sound mechanical principles backed by conscientious production and fair business treatment.

The construction of Maxwell cars is not revolutionized from year to year. These original Maxwell features, the Unit Power Plant and Three Point Support; the Multiple Disc Clutch; the Thermo-Syphon Cooling; the Shaft Drive and Metal Bodies were the same in 1904 as they are in 1909. That these principles are right is evidenced from the fact that they have been copied by many makers of the highest priced cars.

I consider Mr. J. D. Maxwell the foremost automobile designer in the world; that is why I became his partner in 1904. He is a practical man, a hater of shams and a despiser of pretense; a designer of automobiles in which simplicity is carried to perfection. The name "Maxwell car," whatever the model, stands for what 12,000 satisfied Maxwell owners prove,—that though moderate in price, Maxwell cars are made of as high grade material and workmanship, under as rigid inspection and are as durable as should be the best high priced cars.

May I send you our catalogue? It goes into the automobile question thoroughly. If you write me personally, I will spare no pains in giving you complete information—in fact I would not be fulfilling my duty either towards you, our Company or myself, if I did not. That's what I am paid for. Tell me your requirements,—the kind of a car you want, the purpose for which you want it, and let me recommend the one of our six models which will best meet your requirements.

Very truly yours,

Benj Briscoe
President.

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Barometers of Business

By Montgomery Rollins

WHERE to draw the line between investment and speculation may never be fully determined. Undoubtedly there are countless speculative ventures which can hardly be said to embrace any of the virtues of an investment, but it cannot be said that any given investment does not embrace speculation in some remote degree. The old simile that every mare is a horse, while every horse is not a mare, pertinently applies. The distinction between these two great fields for the absorption of money has, perhaps, been tersely and precisely put in the following words:

> Planting good seed in fertile soil is investment; betting on how many potatoes the seed will produce to a hill is speculation.

However much the subject-matter of this article may be, and is, applicable to sound, careful and conservative investing, it must, in the nature of things, be far more applicable to the speculative field. The writer well understands that there are—and will always continue to be—thousands who speculate. To stay its far-reaching influence and effect would be as useless as an attempt to cease tidal action, and, possibly, as little desirable; for Judge Holmes, in a United States Supreme Court decision, said: "People will endeavor to forecast the future and make agreements according to their prophecy. Speculation of this kind by competent men is the self-adjustment of society to the probability."

A Cure for Business Blindness

Let us regulate speculation, not stop it, even if we could. The house wren which tried to fill up a shed through a knothole, on the theory that they always build in a hole and fill up all waste space to get down to the proper size for a nest, needed a wiser direction of her energies, rather than a total restriction of them.

And yet, thousands buy stock who should not. Some buy because others do; some, because the daily quotations show a tremendous apparent buying on the part of others of a stock at the moment attracting attention. They are ignorant of the fact that many of the reported sales are not genuine, but "wash sales," fictitious trades made in the open market and quoted by parties between whom there is a private agreement that they shall be void: all parts of the fine art of manipulation. Many stocks go up by this process, but they come down by merit.

The fact that so many people have been over-anxious, at divers times, to relieve Wall Street of its load, bringing to themselves consequent disappointment, has created a broad feeling of distrust and antagonism toward that thoroughfare. Many believe that the denizens of that money-making section are so utterly wrong that they are not fit to be associated with in this life or the next. It suggests—if we are to believe historians—the feelings of the Aztec who, when urged at the stake to embrace Christianity that his soul might find admission to Heaven, inquired if the white men would go there. On being answered in the affirmative he exclaimed that he did not wish to become a Christian, as he did not want again to be in a place where men were so cruel.

But the easily-beguiled speculator should not charge this all up to our great money center. It is mostly his own fault and daredevil recklessness. He certainly would never buy a horse on such a sublime exhibition of faith as he usually practices when he invests or speculates, and thus he easily becomes the prey of the blatant advertisers who shout the loudest—which kind of advertising is never adopted by legitimate bankers and brokers. It seems that many are so desirous of separating themselves from their funds that they stand up to be shot at. Such people live in a perpetual state of trouble.

One object of this article is to suggest that the blind purchasing of this security or that, based merely on information in regard to the particular security, may be likened to the first toddling step of a child

The Howard Watch

There are certain pleasures in life that are worth while—that endure because they are *real.*

The possession of a HOWARD Watch is one of them. It is a satisfaction all the time, whether a man works or plays.

The wider a man's experience of life, the more he appreciates the HOWARD's qualities and comradeship.

There's many a man who would not part with the HOWARD Watch he is carrying if you offered him a thousand dollars and another HOWARD just as good. He feels the tie of long and intimate association.

Then, too, there are HOWARDS that are heirlooms—handed down from sire or grandsire and priceless because of their memories.

Any way you take it the HOWARD is the best—the most lasting watch investment. It is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD Watch—from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14-kt. solid gold case at $150.00—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.
Drop us a postal card, Dept. N, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
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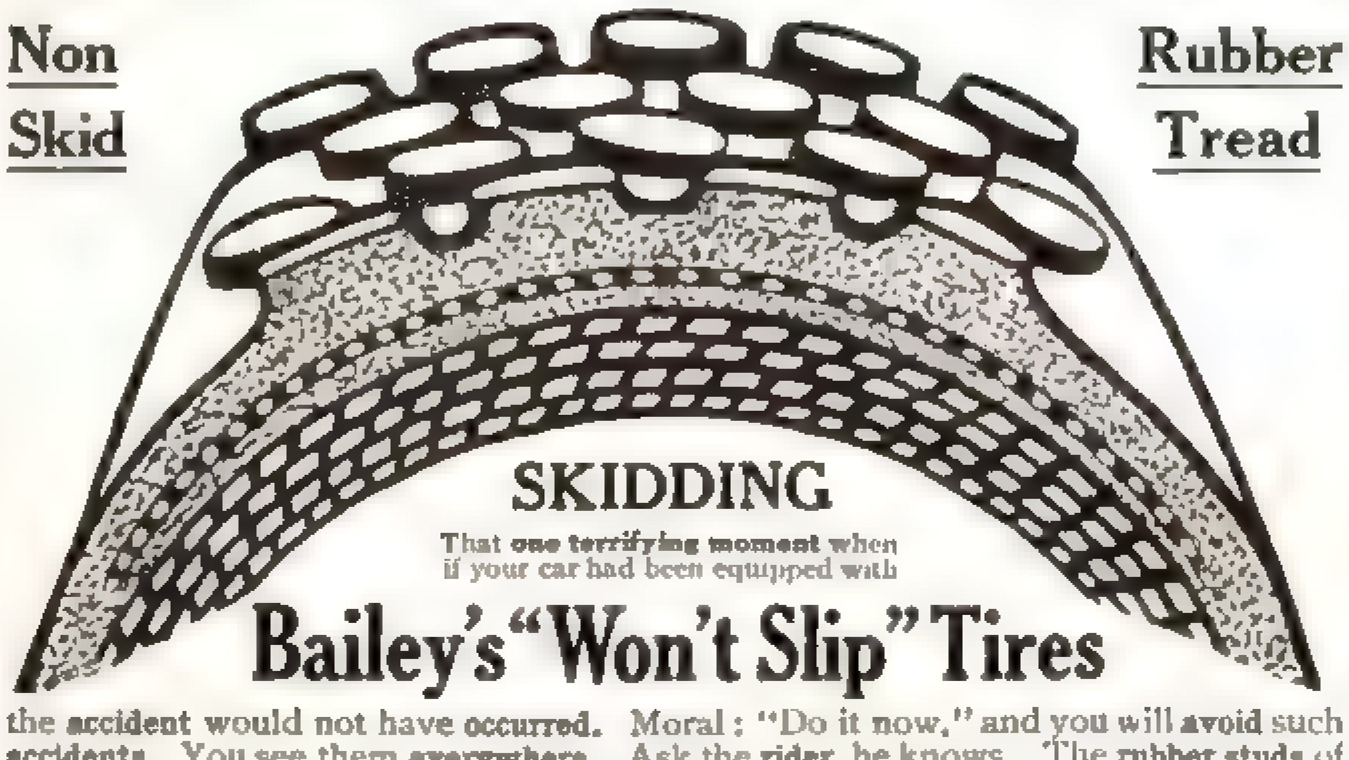
Non Skid **Rubber Tread**



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State size and color desired
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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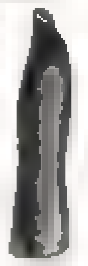

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in his greater, and really remarkable, accomplishment of walking. Such placing of money is the kindergarten stage of its handling, and, to a more complete realization of this, the "barometers of trade," so-called, must be given careful study and thought. The successful investor or speculator of the present day must be posted upon these matters; must act with greater responsibility upon his own study and research, and less upon that of ordinary newspaper gossip. Nor must he be influenced too strongly by the advice of his banker or broker, for the latter are frequently so near the scene of action that, however honestly inclined, they may fail in their judgment. Exercise your own brain power. It is easier to rely upon the advice and knowledge of others, but not profitable in the long run. It is not worth while to continue to wear knee-breeches for the sake of riding half-fare.

The barometers of trade have, by custom, come to be considered those industries which are great enough in their extent to reflect, by their good or bad state, present economic conditions and, likewise, are so sensitive to coming events that, in some instances, they unerringly foretell good or bad times, upon which speculators and investors alike must look with joy or fear.

First, we may take the railroad earnings. They strangely and accurately reflect present and often future conditions. They are also a wonderfully good index of the time. The steel companies, the car and locomotive builders, the iron mines, mostly depend for their prosperity upon a like happy condition among the transportation companies, and thus reflect the railroad earnings. For unless the railroads are busy their dependent industries must, in the nature of things, suffer. Therefore, watch the railroad earnings; beware of a continued month to month decline in these figures. It is an indisputable fact that the rise and fall in stock-market quotations follow sympathetically the rise and fall in railroad earnings. This accounts for the continued reports, during the recent financial disturbances, of the number of idle cars. It was considered, among careful students, desirable to compare the increase or decrease in the number of freight cars not in use among the railroads of the country. These statistics, however, were somewhat at fault, as comparisons were made with the year preceding. Probably never before in the history of this country did we have as then, owing to our being at the pinnacle of the most prosperous era we had ever experienced, such a large number of freight cars in proportion to our population.

The Tale the Crops Tell

Our crops are really our mainstay, for approximately half of our population is dependent upon agriculture. "Out of the soil springs prosperity." Good times will run riot when a generous plenty diffuses itself through the land. The principal crops—grain and cotton—have a tremendous influence upon our welfare, for, without these crops to move, how would the majority of the railroads keep busy? Not only are they dependent for earnings upon the crop movement, but, likewise, very much dependent upon the movement of freight engendered by the further expenditures which flush times among the farmers mean. The Government cotton report is looked for with jealous interest. The disclosing on the part of a Government employee of advance information in relation to one report has almost reached the importance of a national scandal. The weather reports through the West determine, possibly, the good or bad prospects for winter wheat; the progress of the bollworm, the pest of the cotton planter of the South, is but one of the factors which the keen financier studies constantly. The prospect of a good grain crop in the Argentines or the broad wheat fields of Russia gives a cue as to the probable demand for our own breadstuffs abroad and the likelihood of a high or low price.

The banker, the note broker, the business man and many others study the crop prospects in determining the likely effect upon the money market. As New York is our great financial center, money is often sent there when it cannot be profitably employed elsewhere; and is still further accumulated in New York, as country banks deposit it there on account of the interest allowed. With good crops the call of the harvest for currency begins to be felt. The size of the harvest and the price obtainable are most important.

INNER-PLAYER

(The term is applied to describe the player mechanism manufactured by The Cable Company.)

THE INNER-PLAYER makes it as easy to play the piano as it is to read a book.

Just as you enjoy a favorite author without a thought of the type and paper that make up the volume, you may now play any composition without the slightest attention to the technique of the keyboard.

The INNER-PLAYER Pianos are made with either the 88 or the 65 note scale

Our new INNER-PLAYER Pianos with the 88 note scale give you the full range of the keyboard—7⅓ octaves.

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We also continue the manufacture of INNER-PLAYER Pianos with the 65 note scale for buyers whose requirements are satisfied by the 65 note music.

You can play the works of Wagner, Mozart, Beethoven or of any of the other masters of composition, the latest operas, religious selections, ragtime—any class of music you like best—and yet you need not know one key from another.

An INNER-PLAYER Piano makes music a universal accomplishment. It gives the novice an acquaintance with the great composers and it broadens the repertoire of the advanced piano student. It has all the features of the ordinary instrument and also gives the important advantage of this remarkable player mechanism.

The INNER-PLAYER Pianos are pianos of which our INNER-PLAYER mechanism is a part—and these instruments are made only by us. The term INNER-PLAYER cannot properly be applied to devices or pianos of any make but ours.

There are Four INNER-PLAYER Pianos

The **CONOVER** INNER-PLAYER Piano | The **CAROLA** INNER-PLAYER Piano
The **CABLE** INNER-PLAYER Piano | The **KINGSBURY** INNER-PLAYER Piano

In appearance they resemble other handsome upright pianos and you can play them by hand in the ordinary way if you desire. But if your object is to have good music—not to acquire technique—you will prefer to use the INNER-PLAYER.

Simply insert a music roll, operate the pedals and move three little levers. The method is so simple that a child can play, and yet it places the world of music at your command.

There are other pianos containing player mechanisms but the INNER-PLAYER has patented features which enable you to control the effects and obtain *natural expression.*

The INNER-PLAYER gives you the advantages of the **Transposing Device,** the **Miniature Keyboard,** the **Solo-Aid,** the **Key-Lock,** the **Wrist-Rest,** and other exclusive and patented devices which make it *easy* for you not only to play but to express your individuality in the results you produce.

If you desire to obtain not simply mechanical but artistic effects, you will find the INNER-PLAYER the most efficient means you can use. It is so responsive to every impulse that every note is under your control—you can play the bold, strident passages or sound the softest tones with as much or as little emphasis as you choose.

Many player mechanisms are guaranteed for only a year, others not at all—but we give a written warranty for *five* years and our guarantee applies to both the piano and the INNER-PLAYER device. This is an important point for you to consider because when you purchase one of these instruments, you are assured of having one that is durable in construction.

Sign the coupon and mail it to us and we will send a richly illustrated catalog, and we will tell you of a dealer who can show you the instruments.

You will be interested in seeing how easily you can play and also in the terms on which you can buy.

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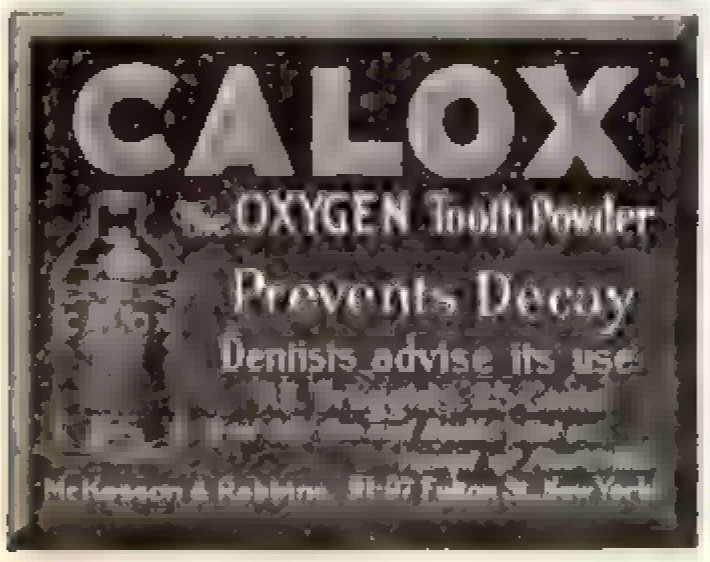

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For years it has been understood (and, in fact, it is almost tradition) that when the iron and steel industries are prosperous other departments of industry are fully occupied. The reverse is equally true. Since these trades in America have been so largely consolidated in the United States Steel Corporation, it has been considered sufficient, for the most part, to follow the earnings of that wonderfully well-managed company. Few will dispute that it gives the key to business conditions better than any other single corporation. Consequently, the earnings of this concern are well worth careful study. The exactness with which they have demonstrated general business conditions is proof of the value of trade barometers to a reasonable understanding of conditions, present and future. Still it is well also to note the country's pig-iron production each month.

The bank clearings and the New York weekly bank statement go hand in hand, and are waited for with keen interest by the successful financier. The former show, perhaps, better than anything else the volume of business actually being carried on. The gradual decline in these figures must reflect a decline in business and may often be a source of warning to the mind sensitive to such things. It is better, however, to study the clearings of the country as a whole, rather than any one city, particularly New York, as a speculative craze, or its reverse (extreme Stock Exchange dullness), would have such a tremendous influence upon the clearing-house sheet of that city that at times it might be most misleading.

Political conditions, while not a barometer of trade, must not be ignored. We are always dependent upon the wise conduct of our National Government. War clouds, even although at first not involving our own country, are naturally grist for the "bears" in the stock market.

Political Disturbances

These facts merely suggest how closely the financial fabric of the world is knitted together, and how political conditions, foreign and domestic, are signals to be read with care. Even the President's message, as it periodically approaches, is apt to cause a time of hesitation in stock-market affairs, for whether or not our Chief Executive advises legislation detrimental to our large corporations is of vital interest. The favorable effect of the reversal of the Landis decision in the Standard Oil case emphasizes this. Again, note the hesitating tendency of industrial stocks on account of pending tariff revision.

The approach of the Presidential campaign is something to which even a tyro gives consideration. Its influence is so potent that the ever-sensitive stock market is at times guided by the preponderance of wagers placed upon the election.

English consols—the Government debt of Great Britain—are most excellent barometers to follow in the matter of foreign politics. The market price of these is most sensitive to the possibility of international complications, as was evidenced by the effect of the recent injudicious utterances of the German Emperor. Unrest in India, the political situation in the Balkans, and such matters, all have a depressing effect on the price of consols.

Monetary conditions already referred to here and there in the foregoing are, after all, of great importance. Money is the representative in value of all things traded in, and the scarcity of it does not tend to improve business conditions. Yet it must not be forgotten that very low money rates may indicate poor business and that we may be far happier under reasonably stiff rates than when money, so to speak, is a drug upon the market. High money rates, however, due to overspeculation, are not desirable, and the why and wherefore of high or low interest rates must be the business of the student to ferret out.

In this connection the Bank of England money rate is of vital importance. Each week the Bank of England publishes a statement and makes an announcement as to the rate of discount at which it will handle first-class paper and notes, and this practically fixes the discount rate throughout Great Britain. Its influence is often world-wide.

Most directly associated with the monetary conditions is the rate of foreign exchange. An ebb tide of gold is not well relished by our bankers and stockbrokers. It is often of vital importance to know whether the golden stream is likely to be

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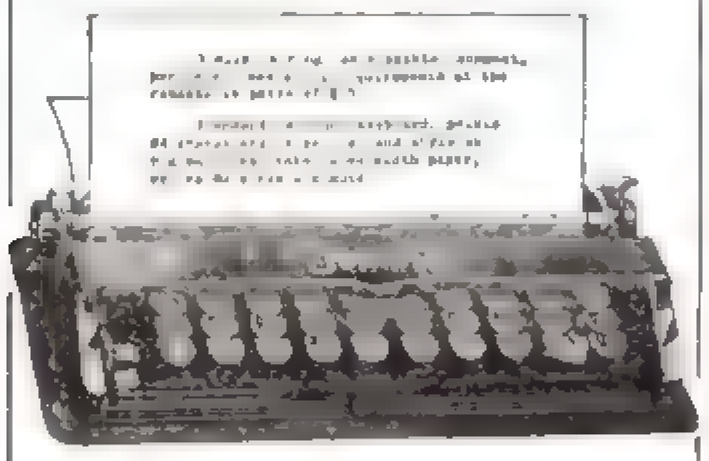

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Speed 80 Words a Minute
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announces a Clearing Sale of Pianos, owing to the Re-building of their warerooms. Nearly one thousand fine instruments are offered without reserve until all are sold.

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toward or from our shores. A shipment of five millions of gold reduces our own circulating medium to just that extent. Besides all this, the yearly gold production of the world, which is constantly upon the increase, is having an effect puzzling to the best students of economics.

Even the tide of immigration cannot be disregarded by the careful student. Thousands of immigrants, arriving at Ellis Island, for instance, indicate good conditions here and a prospect of work in the land of plenty.

All these matters are intimately bound up with what are known as "swings" from good to bad times, and the reverse. No one questions that the business of every nation experiences alternate periods of good times and inflated prices, and then hard times, accompanied by falling values. By comparison with previous cycles it is possible to determine, with a measurable degree of certainty, at about what point in one of these "swings" we happen to be. If we have passed the point of conservative values, and the swing of the pendulum is far out from the perpendicular, remember that in its backward swing it will go just that far in the contrary direction.

When all is said, bear in mind that no country can be really prosperous unless it is progressive. No nation stands still it either goes forward or backward. The normal demands of the United States without new construction would not keep our vast number of new citizens busy. People do not emigrate to countries that are not progressing. We must, by building new lines of railroads and developing a thousand and one other industries, make this country worth while to the newcomer. And upon all such things our flush and boom times are dependent. Many men, therefore, watch with interest the building permits, whether they are on the increase or decrease.

Do not forget the well-established fact that Wall Street always builds on the future; it cares little for what is past. A change in security values is always desirable; it makes but little difference which way to the professional trader, if he can, with accuracy, predetermine the trend of prices so as to permit him to act before the public does. The professional trader is one who studies all the conditions herein enumerated, and weighs them carefully before determining the prudence or imprudence of trading, and the successful investor or speculator cannot do justice to the matter and loiter away his hours in idleness. He must read, study and think, and with intelligence.

If all this has suggested a more careful and less haphazard method of placing money at interest or for speculative return, so that due consideration shall be given to the multitude of things proper to consider, the attempt to indicate the influences that affect prices will not have been in vain.

A MOTHER IN ISRAEL

(Continued from Page 7)

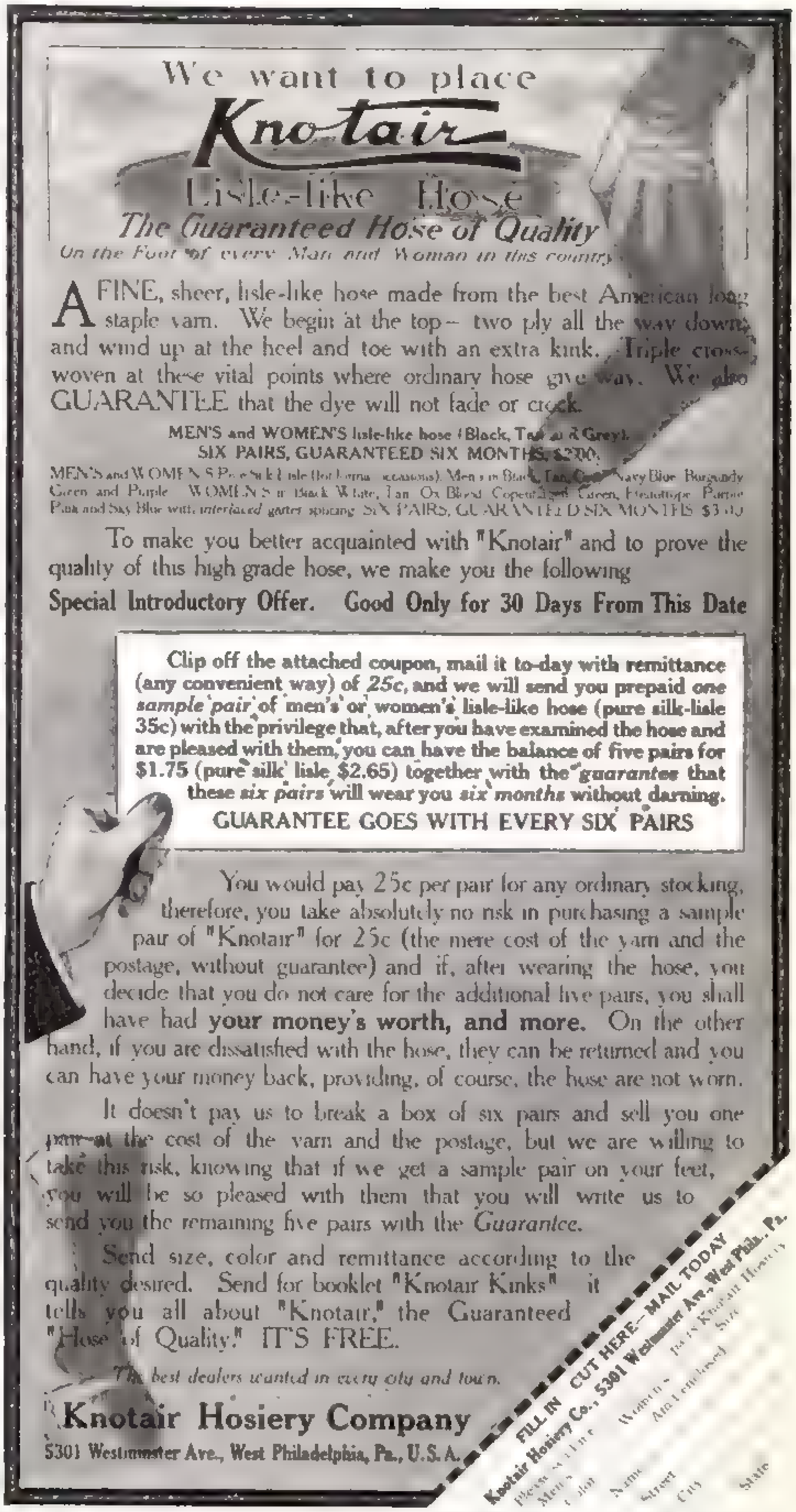
little imp, William Dean, was trailing round in a sheet, shouting: 'I'm a ghost! I'm a ghost!' perfectly happy."

"I hope she likes having her sheets trailed about that way," sniffed the Doctor's wife, still unappeased.

"Oh—she; she's superior to such trifles. She said complacently that she liked to have them cultivating a nearness to the spiritual; she wanted them to feel just as much at home in that 'sphere' as in this; and when I hinted at nerves she said she was particularly anxious they shouldn't contract what she called 'fear-thoughts.' I bet, if she had another, she'd name it *William* James. But they haven't a nerve in their bodies; they're alive all over, life's so interesting. I think, on the whole, they are the best amused children I know. Just compare them with Mrs. Montgomery-Hunt's; *she* won't let *her* darlings read the Arabian Nights—for fear of its making them nervous; and won't let them be read to at night—for fear of exciting their brains. Those children see ghosts, all right."

"Oh, well—I don't think she need worry about their *brains*," said Mrs. Lansing with sweet inconsistency.

"No," grumbled the Doctor, "she needn't. Why, imagining is just half the fun of living; any normal child will invent



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A FINE, sheer, lisle-like hose made from the best American long staple yarn. We begin at the top—two ply all the way down, and wind up at the heel and toe with an extra kink. Triple cross-woven at these vital points where ordinary hose give way. We also GUARANTEE that the dye will not fade or crock.

MEN'S and WOMEN'S lisle-like hose (Black, Tan and Grey).
SIX PAIRS, GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS, $2.00.

MEN'S and WOMEN'S Pure Silk Lisle (for formal occasions). Men's in Black, Tan, Grey, Navy Blue, Burgundy, Green and Purple. WOMEN'S in Black, White, Tan, Ox Blood, Copenhagen Green, Heliotrope, Pearl Pink and Sky Blue with *interlaced garter spacing*. SIX PAIRS, GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS $3.00

To make you better acquainted with "Knotair" and to prove the quality of this high grade hose, we make you the following

Special Introductory Offer. Good Only for 30 Days From This Date

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GUARANTEE GOES WITH EVERY SIX PAIRS

You would pay 25c per pair for any ordinary stocking, therefore, you take absolutely no risk in purchasing a sample pair of "Knotair" for 25c (the mere cost of the yarn and the postage, without guarantee) and if, after wearing the hose, you decide that you do not care for the additional five pairs, you shall have had **your money's worth, and more.** On the other hand, if you are dissatisfied with the hose, they can be returned and you can have your money back, providing, of course, the hose are not worn.

It doesn't pay us to break a box of six pairs and sell you one pair at the cost of the yarn and the postage, but we are willing to take this risk, knowing that if we get a sample pair on your feet, you will be so pleased with them that you will write us to send you the remaining five pairs with the *Guarantee*.

Send size, color and remittance according to the quality desired. Send for booklet "Knotair Kinks" it tells you all about "Knotair," the Guaranteed "Hose of Quality." IT'S FREE.

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Send 25c and we will forward package of 10 hand- [illegible] Do it now

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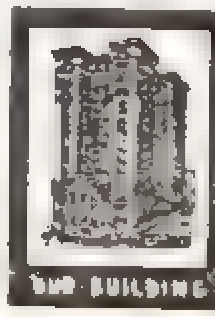

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a spook, if it's not provided. And there's another thing," he continued — "you never see the Hannay children on the street. They live in one grand, sweet song of adventure, and their mother is the leader of the orchestra. I believe if she failed to hatch out a new scheme each week they'd be disappointed; I know *I* should."

"Oh, you — you encourage her," laughed his wife helplessly.

"Well — I'd rather pay her rent than have them move away," confessed the Doctor.

He felt that he had a foretaste of what this calamity would mean to him, in the next few weeks, during which a singular languor appeared to envelop the house of Hannay. And when, at the end of a month, a sudden pall of silence fell upon the place, the Doctor began to fear the worst had happened and they *had* moved away, Arablike, in the darkness.

"Oh, it's just because the children are at school," Mrs. Lansing reassured him. "The schools opened this week."

"That doesn't account for Mrs. Hannay," said the Doctor gloomily.

His wife laughed, but in the afternoon, impelled by what she chose to nominate as the Doctor's curiosity, she strolled over; and for a paralyzed moment she saw all her husband's prophecies fulfilled on the opening of the Hannay door to her by a white-aproned, trim maid-servant. She assured Mrs. Lansing, however, that the Hannays were still in possession — only they were all out. Three successive calls produced the same information. Then Mrs. Lansing withdrew into the dignity of pride.

"*You* can go, if you choose to display your curiosity," she said witheringly to her husband, when he proposed a visit; and for once the Doctor, guilty in the conscious possession of the trait ascribed him, stoically suffered a congestion of it for several days.

It was Mrs. Hannay herself who mercifully came to his relief before the attack had become either chronic or fatal. At least the servant announced her as Mrs. Hannay; neither the Doctor nor his wife could have identified her offhand, as they stared open-eyed — and all but open-mouthed — at the erect, handsome, tailor-clad figure which walked into the lamplight and extended hands — kid-gloved — to them.

"I suppose I ought to apologize for not coming before," said Mrs. Hannay, and even her voice seemed to have undergone a subtle change to match her costume, "but the truth is, a business woman hasn't any time to make calls, any more than a business man."

"A — business woman?" faltered Mrs. Lansing.

"Yes," repeated Mrs. Hannay with tranquil emphasis, "a business woman, or perhaps I ought to say a professional one. You didn't know I'd gone into the library business? Well, I have — assistant librarian. It came about like a Providence, just when I was wondering what I should do with myself. I happened in to exchange some books just after the assistant was taken ill, and the librarian asked me if I knew any capable young man who could substitute. It came across me in a flash that I was as capable as any one, and I said: 'Yes, myself.' The librarian was taken aback at first, said they'd always had a man; and I told him then 'twould be a good thing to have a woman for a change; and he asked about my qualifications, and I told him I'd read pretty near every book in the library (he knew *that* was true, too). He stuck it out and I stuck it out, and so," wound up Mrs. Hannay tranquilly, "I got the place."

"I don't wonder you did," breathed Mrs. Lansing.

"Oh, you can get pretty much anything in this world if you make up your mind to, and I just set my heart on that library position harder than I'd ever set it on anything before. It was funny, too, because, *up* till that moment, such an idea never crossed my mind," admitted Mrs. Hannay thoughtfully. "Well, I haven't been there a month yet, but that librarian would hate worse to see me go than I would to go. But I'm not going," she spoke with energy. "I'm qualifying nights and days and Sundays; I'm learnin' the system and typewriting and stenography, in evening classes; I'll be the head of that library yet; the present one wants to go to a larger city. I see a lot of things to improve there; but that isn't all — I see a lot of things to improve all over the city, since I went there. That library is just the cornerstone of this whole town; it connects with the schools, and they connect with everything else. I'm working to get on the school board; and I'm goin' to get on the board of health, too, sooner or later. I'm going in for clean streets, and clean water, and pure food, and playgrounds, and juvenile courts, and no saloons, and a clean city generally. By the time my children are grown up we'll have a city fit for them to live in. There's an amount of graft — right there in the library and the schools! And to think that, with all this goin' on, and seven souls to answer for, I never found it out till now! But that comes of being a parasite; I've been nothin' else all my life long, and I was headin' to make parasites of every one of those children!" She spoke sternly.

"But I've put an end to all that," said that lady with decision. "I'm paying for a first-class, responsible maid — I can afford to, now I'm earning my bread — and the children are all at school — doin' well, too; not one of them's dull."

"No, I should think not," interpolated the Doctor.

"I've had every one of them choose a profession. Henry James wanted to be a circus-rider — same as every boy does; but he's goin' to study law; that'll come pretty near it" — her firm lips relaxed a trifle. "William Dean has leanin's toward experiments, *he'll* make a doctor; they're both ways of servin' your fellow-man, even if they're uncertain ones. Samuel Clemens is for the ministry, he likes to talk; and Rudyard's going to devote himself to social service."

"Goodness! why, he's only seven!" exclaimed the Doctor's wife.

"Well, he's able to *think* already," returned his parent placidly. "I don't care if they do change their minds later; I expect some of them will, but I want them to have some minds to change. Elizabeth Stuart's goin' to take up scientific poultry-raisin'; she's crazy about chickens."

"Oh, the girls, too!" faintly exclaimed Mrs. Lansing.

Mrs. Hannay looked at her — more in pity than in scorn.

"I don't myself see that a female flea's any less a flea for not bein' a male one, and the female mosquito's the one that does the bitin'," she observed. "The Lord's given Elizabeth Stuart, Mary Wilkins and Marcella Humphry a brain, and just as many hands and eyes as their brothers; and so long's He has, I take it He means 'em to use them. *I* do, anyhow. It's awful enough to think that I've been livin' on the toil of others all my life — without there bein' seven more to come after me. Mary Wilkins," she resumed firmly, "has a turn for the stage; I think that's as useful and honorable as any other business, and I shall give her the trainin' for it. I'd like to go on the stage myself," she added ruminatingly. "Marcella Humphry thinks she wants to be a trolley-car driver. I don't myself see any good and holy reason why a woman shouldn't be a trolley-car driver if she wants to. They can be anything decent they like," she concluded with emphasis, "*except* a parasite. And now I've got to rush home." She rose with a businesslike air and the Doctor opened the door for her.

"Then," he said teasingly, yet rather wistfully, "it's all over — all our good times — the Fletcherizing — Kneipping — Simple-Lifeing — raising the dead — all of it?"

Mrs. Hannay's really fine eyes rested a moment on his, as she paused on the threshold; in their twinkle a whole future Mrs. Hannay stood revealed.

"Doctor, you know what happens when there's a vacuum in Nature?"

"Yes," said the Doctor, "it gets filled."

"Just exactly!" emphasized Mrs. Hannay; and with another twinkle she stepped into the night.

The Doctor, returning to the study, brought down his hand upon the table with a force which made his wife jump.

"It's great! It's immense! What did I tell you? She's the ship that's found herself. She'll be on every board in this town within a year — and probably mayor in five. I dare say she'll run for the Presidency in ten. And I don't know any 'sacred and holy reason' why she shouldn't." Then he paused a moment and chuckled. "As for her vacuum-theory, I wonder if ——"

"I wonder if — too," said his wife promptly.

Then they both laughed.

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THE GOLD CONSPIRACY

(Continued from Page 15)

with an ingenuity that was fairly diabolical. And even now, the amiable robber, for all his childlike candor, evidently proposed to keep the whip-hand

"Of course," Jones had explained, "I have four million dollars in gold; but there's no use handing that all over. You just certify my check for a million dollars. With that I will buy a million dollars' worth of Business National stock. I'll bring that stock to the Primary National, and you make me a loan of eight hundred thousand. That will leave a deficit of two hundred thousand, which I will make good by depositing that much gold."

Now it was perfectly clear to Rector that the moment he certified the robber's check he would be absolutely committed; that act would make him irrevocably a fellow-robber. But President Carter would be home within ten days; he must do something. Jones offered him only two courses: to confess to President Carter and get kicked out, or to hand himself over, bound and gagged, so to speak, to the Prosperity Company. For some time Rector had been meditating a third course.

He pondered upon it that evening, and was far from downcast. He was thirty-six — getting old; sliding toward the sere and yellow. The bachelor apartment was empty of everything except furniture. He imagined there a fair and gracious figure, a sweet and fond companion, lovingly ministering to him, eager to anticipate his wishes. He dreamed pleasantly.

Not as a desperate, defeated man, but with a warm heart, he walked through the park the next afternoon. Turning the shoulder of rock he saw that she was there ahead of him and had preëmpted their bench. It was a lovely day, and the girl on the bench, in her simple skirt, white shirtwaist and sailor hat, seemed to belong to it. A single red rosebud was pinned to her shirtwaist. She was whiling away the time with a sketchbook and pencil, but she saw him almost at once and smiled, gathering in her skirt to make a place for him. He spoke very gravely.

"I've come to the turning point, Alice," he said. "President Carter will be home soon. I must take my stand on one side or the other. You see, I had marked out a course for myself and never dreamed but I should follow it. I was succeeding in it, too, as you know — until you stepped in. Now all that is cut off."

"Yes. It's been hard for you," she murmured quickly, looking up with friendly eyes. "I understand that better than Ben does. He's truly a great man, for he isn't afraid. But he doesn't allow for other people's fears. Yet — you've thought it all over: what this other means; the splendid opportunity; the good you may do?" She urged it eagerly.

"I've thought it over," he replied gravely. "There are very great difficulties, Alice — immense difficulties."

That seemed to disappoint her. She sketched a moment in silence; then spoke lower: "Do you see that man and boy on the bench across the roadway a little way to the right?"

He had not, in fact, noticed them, but he now saw that she was sketching them. The man was scrubby-bearded, shabby, narrow-shouldered, foreign-looking. A boy of four or five huddled at his knee.

"No doubt a workman out of work," said Alice in the lower tone. "Every one sees them nowadays. Every one says, 'Isn't it too bad!' But nobody will try to change it. Every one says, 'Oh, you can't change it; it's always been so; to change it would be too difficult!' But now comes a 'little company of poor men'" — she looked up at Rector, smiling faintly, as she repeated the phrase — "just a few men, without any money to speak of, and with no influence or position. They say, 'We will change it! We will dare everything.' They're my men! Don't you think too much of the difficulties!"

She had never flung out that way before, and Rector, somehow, seemed to catch the salt of the sea, the free sweep of the wind, the heave and dip of the deck. He reached out his hand. "Give me the sketch," he said decisively.

She tore it out and handed it to him.

"I'm going with you," he said. "I don't think I lack resolution."

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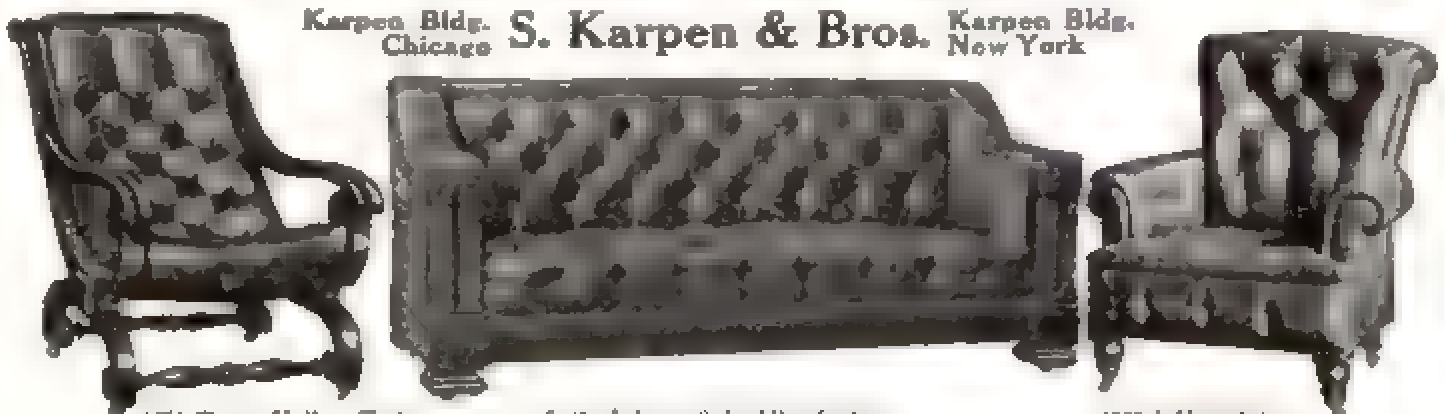

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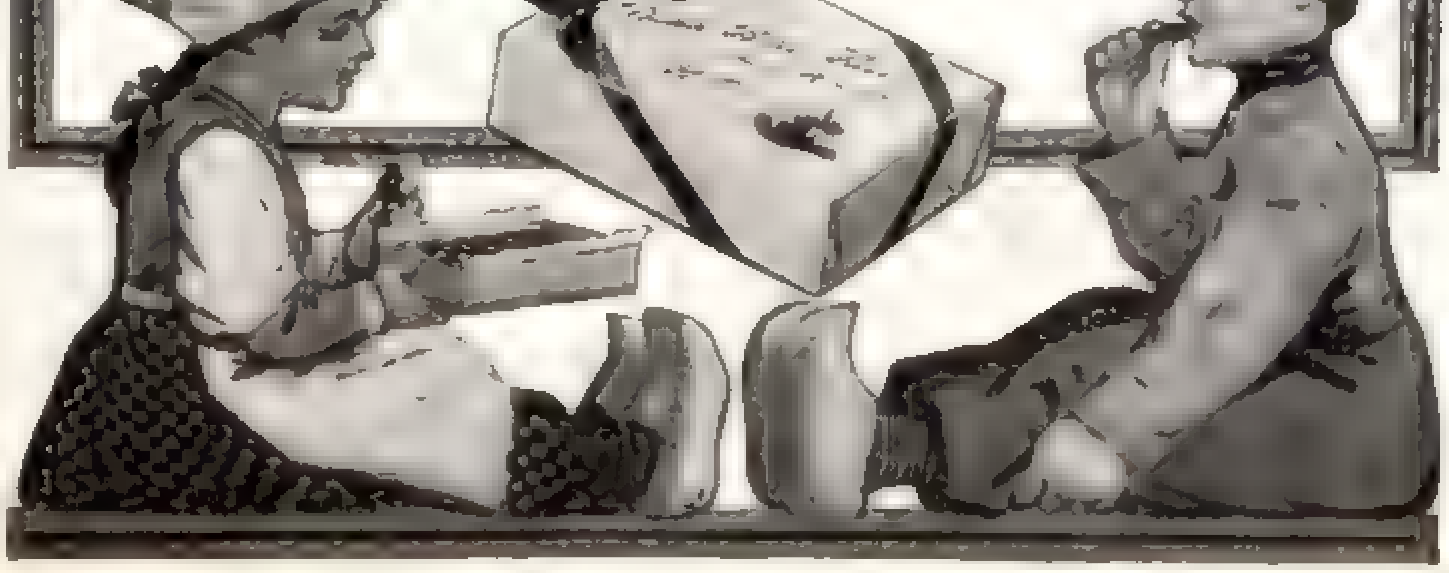

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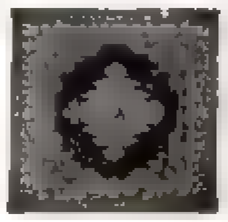

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R. Thomas Mfg. Co., 314 Barney Blk., Dayton, O.

"Ah, no," she murmured triumphantly. "I knew you didn't. And if we've caused you distress," she added happily, "we'll make it all up to you."

"You will, Alice," said the vice-president, beaming. "I must have a hostage. And so the day I certify Ben's check you will marry me?"

He saw that he had spoken too precipitately. She was staring at him with eyes as round as buttons, and had lost color.

"Oh, you know," he urged. "Of course, I've fallen in love with you. How could I help it? You and I will be a little inside clique, a ring within the ring."

"Oh!" she gasped.

"Say 'yes!' Ben shall go with me in the morning to get the license. We'll be married in the afternoon. Don't you see? Little by little, as I've fallen more and more in love with you, I've ——"

"Oh!" she moaned. "Another time. . . . I didn't—I—Oh, another time!" With which she sprang up and fled down the path.

When Rector stepped into the flat-building on One Hundredth Street he was somewhat out of breath. He had come as fast as he could without running, and he calculated that she could have been only two or three minutes ahead of him. He sprang lightly and swiftly up the stairs. The hall door of the flat was a little ajar. He bent his head, listening, and caught a sweet, penetrating sound—the sound of a woman's sob. He opened the door and went in noiselessly. The front room was empty, and as he tiptoed across it he heard some one say soothingly, "But you weren't to blame, dear; not at all to blame." He was sure it was Mrs. Jones' voice. It was clear enough in his mind: Alice, overwhelmed, had run to her nice sister-in-law. Then Alice herself spoke.

"Of course, I did—want to interest him; I did—do all I could," she was saying brokenly. "I *did* try to attach him. I *did* try to draw him on." She was evidently accusing herself, and Rector stood stock-still two steps from the half-open door to the inner room where they were. "I am to blame! But I didn't suppose—he would go and fall in love with me. And now—he has; and he—wants to marry me! And I've—degraded myself with him—and gone and spoiled everything!" she concluded passionately.

"Why, no, honey, you haven't spoiled anything; everything will still come out all right; he can't get away." That, so Rector's ears affirmed to his paralyzed brain, was a man's voice.

"I have," she protested. "I've been playing off a miserable sex interest to him—like a coquette. You know, Tommy," she pleaded tearfully, "that I never thought of that. I was so full of the other thing. It seemed that I could—get along with him better than Ben. And it was so important—to get him to come along with us. But he must have thought—I was flirting with him. I feel base."

The man laughed fondly.

Baseness being the order of the day, Rector took a step forward and craned his neck. The shabby stationer was standing in the middle of the room. He was holding Alice in his arms and she was crying on his shoulder. The vice-president drifted mechanically away.

He never knew just how long or whither he drifted, physically. Mentally, long after midnight, he was still afloat. He sat by the open window in his lonesome bachelor apartment, trying to make his lead brains think. If only that morning, when he learned of the robbery, he had vigorously overhauled the building at number thirteen and a half Money Lane, very likely he wouldn't now be sitting like a poor, wooden man, patiently waiting for President Carter to come home and kick him out.

The clock hands moved on—one, two three, the vice-president still goading himself on to think, compelling his mind to close in and grapple, going doggedly over every circumstance. Of course, they had had more than six months in which to dispose of the metal. Yet he felt very sure that it was near at hand. Again and again, with a surge of wrath, he flung himself upon the dingy stationer and his shop. There, undoubtedly, the gold first went. But as often as he attacked, the little shop and its environs slipped away, so to speak, in patent, baffling emptiness. Everything from roof to cellar had been searched. His mind grew tired. He lay down on the sofa, but at daylight he was up again, making himself think, grappling and wrestling with his problem.

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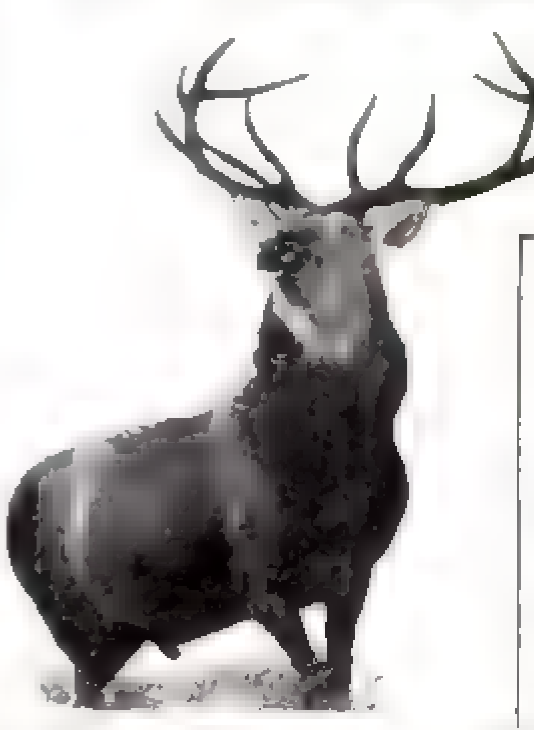

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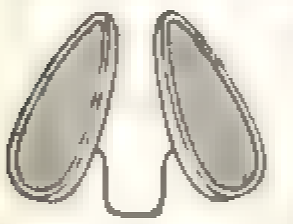

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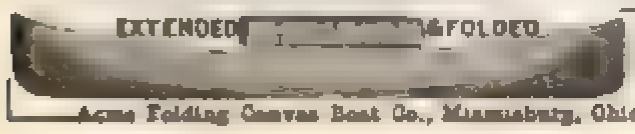

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Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio.

On the way downtown he was still at it, hardly aware of the scenes through which he passed. Yet they did finally come to him—the familiar images of the money district—that world in which his ambition lay and from which he would presently be ejected, unless he handed himself over to Jones—and the shabby stationer, who would then be Alice's husband. He remembered the rosebuds. The thought of the stationer stung, and he set his teeth.

The little stationery shop was ahead of him. A mental process which he did not understand brought its bare, exposed interior before his mind's eye, and abruptly—for the thought seemed to come from nowhere—he thrust his hand in his pocket and drew out a folded piece of paper. It held the sketch of the man and boy which Alice had given him the forenoon before. Certainly she knew how to draw, was very clever at it! With that thought his mind flamed.

He put the sketch back in his pocket and constrained himself to walk leisurely down Money Lane to number thirteen and a half. Entering the shop he merely bought a newspaper; but he could hardly keep from laughing, and when he reached the bank he went up the marble steps two at a time. Going to his room he sent for Gregory. The two conferred

To make the necessary arrangements took some time, however. In fact, it was after eleven o'clock when Gregory reappeared in the vice-president's room, his eyes sparkling.

"It's exactly as you thought," he said excitedly. "I had to manœuver a good while to get him out of the shop, but I fixed it up with the renting agent to get him to step down cellar. I jumped in as soon as the coast was clear. It's just as you thought. From anywhere in front of the counter the illusion is perfect; but the moment you step up to the vault door a child could see it. I didn't need to reach out my hand and touch the canvas to know that it was a painting. The mouth of the vault has been boarded up and the painted canvas tacked on the boards. It's a sure thing that the gold is in there."

"Get your men in line," said Rector; "have a watch kept on the place during the day, and as soon as it's dark we'll fetch back the gold. Thank Heaven, it's over with!"

Not quite, however, for he called a messenger and dispatched a note. At three o'clock, promptly, he went to the stationery shop. Alice was there, as he had asked her to be—with the stationer.

"I've found my gold," said the vice-president. "It's in that vault behind the painted canvas. I'll have it taken back into the bank this evening. The law might take a hand in this, but in view of all that has passed I will drop that part of it. You can go out of here freely, unquestioned. I give you that for a wedding present."

"I'm obliged to you," said the stationer dryly.

"The gift," said Rector, turning to face the other robber, "is more especially for the bride. She and I have been good friends—haven't we, Alice?"

Alice started back with a little gasp, and the shabby stationer cried, aghast. "For Heaven's sake! You don't imagine I'm going to marry my sister?"

There was painful silence for a moment before Rector could get his tongue to stammer, "Sister?" He looked at her incredulously.

Alice was regarding him in an intent, puzzled way. "Certainly," she said; "Tommy is my brother."

At his first announcement she had thrown up her head and put on all her dignity. Now she was evidently searching for a clew to his strange mistake. Of course, she didn't know that he had been eavesdropping the afternoon before.

That occurred to Rector, and he blushed. In his confusion he stammered: "Why—what—when may I call?"

Her level, forbidding eyes regarded him coldly. "When there are no more men out of work," she said.

After the gold was taken back into the bank that evening, Rector went home. For a victor he felt rather dumpish. The bachelor apartment seemed fearfully empty of everything except furniture, and he was undoubtedly getting old. "After all," he thought with a sigh, "their scheme might have worked out all right. And then, suddenly, "By Jove—I wonder if she could have meant when times get better!"

(THE END)

This is the Way AUTO TIRES are Made

Automobile Tires are either "Moulded" or "Wrapped Tread." It's a difference in construction.

The [illegible]

It [illegible] "moulded" tire will last only 1000 to 2000 miles, while its mate stands up perfectly for 12000 to 15000 miles of hard riding.

This irregularity—this inequality of service must always be expected in a "moulded" tire.

The "wrapped tread" tire is built up layer by layer in the same manner. But [illegible] loses durability—and strength.

This is the plain truth simply told. No matter what tire you select—SAVE ONE—it will be either "moulded" or "wrapped tread." That one—the Goodyear Quick Detachable, is BOTH. It has all the advantages of each system, with the defects of neither.

It is first put into the Goodyear [illegible] still plastic—it is removed from the press, the iron core is replaced by the air bag, the iron mould by the winding of heavy tape and it is put into a vulcanizer and left until the curing process is complete.

The iron core and the SQUEEZE weld the Goodyear Quick Detachable into an inseparable whole. The air bag then smooths out any wrinkles, furrows or irregularities—which may have been hidden from the inspector's eye. The result is a PERFECT TIRE—the Goodyear Quick Detachable. As firmly knit together in all its parts as the best "moulded" tire. As free from hidden defects as the best "wrapped tread" tire.

Every Goodyear Quick Detachable is just like every other of the same size. [illegible] 10000 to 15000 miles is by no means unusual with [illegible] good tire.

In evidence of this [illegible] goodness note the result of tests made by these big corporations, [illegible]

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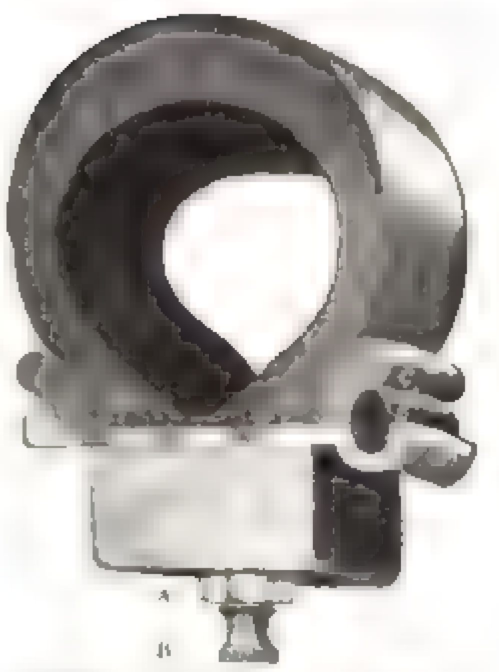

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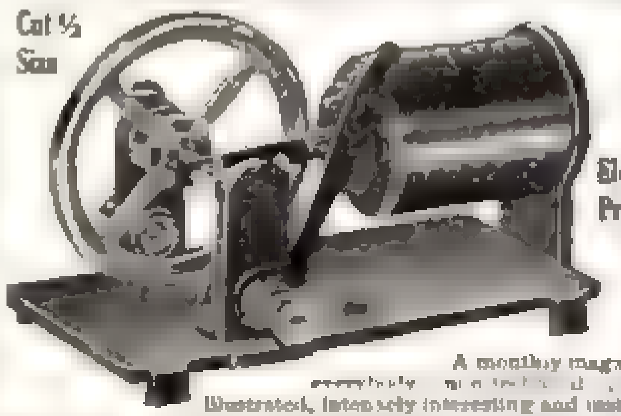

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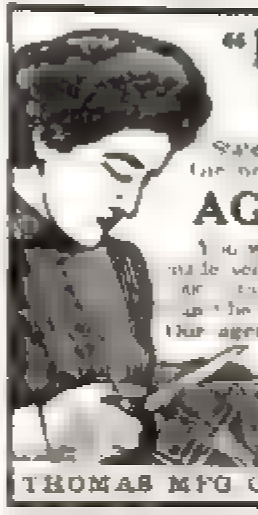

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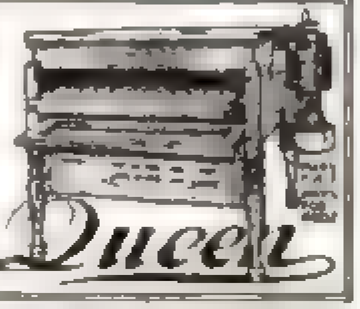

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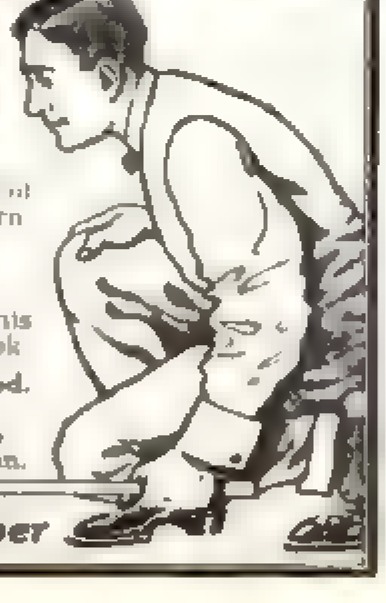

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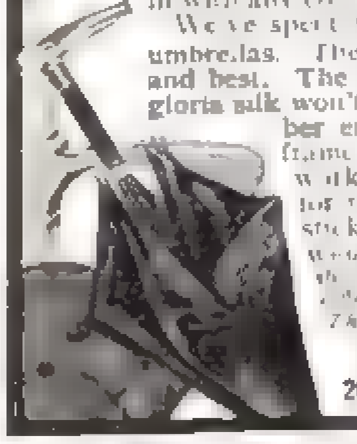

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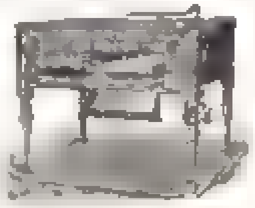

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DOES A FARM EDUCATION PAY?

(Concluded from Page 17)

own plant, and while he is still a young man has leisure for enjoyment in such ways as he may choose.

Carl Lee, also a graduate of '90's from this institution, was a Norwegian boy who had very little opportunity in the world before coming to this institution; he was handicapped here by poor primary training in the public schools, but had an ambition to accomplish something in the world, had a peculiar knack of being able to ripen cream and churn butter in such a way as to produce an unusually popular flavor. This capacity in the young man took him from here to the Wisconsin University, and from there to the University of Illinois, where he is now creamery expert of the State, and improves the grade of butter and dairy products in Illinois by passing from creamery to creamery, offering suggestions and giving advice to those who feel the need of it. Mr. Lee himself ran a dairy in the State of Iowa where something like two tons of butter a day was the regular output, and during the Spanish-American War furnished vast quantities of it to the Army for shipment to the Philippine Islands in hermetically sealed packages.

Theodore T. Kristjansen, an Icelander, came to the agricultural college from the north portion of the State, carried himself through the farm husbandry course by tending furnaces and such other chore work as he could get to do. He was badly handicapped by only a fair understanding of the English language, which he speaks with considerable accent. He comes from an Icelandic settlement of people in northern Cavalier County, and upon returning made a veritable demonstration farm out of his father's holdings, greatly to the benefit of the community. He took home a start of seed wheat from a pedigreed strain which had been bred by the experiment station, and soon had that district of the State growing a good grain instead of the old lower-yielding and poorer-grade sorts which had been grown there for years. A crop of onions which he produced were the talk of the neighborhood, many failing to credit the results until they viewed them for themselves. He was soon offered a position, however, as manager of one of the largest grain elevators, where he has not only given satisfaction to his employer, but has educated the customers by conversational methods in many lines of improvised husbandry, and today has a very wide influence for improved methods and increased production in his State.

Success With Swine and Steers

William Lanxon came to the college in 1900 with ten dollars in his pocket and a determination to get an education from helping with the farm work, and improve his efficiency and value. By a great deal of hard work at all of the odd moments which he had at hand he took the winter short course in three months of school, coming through the term with as much money as he started with. His faithful attention to all details of the work assigned to him led to a recommendation for the position as herdsman on a good stock farm. On this farm he was assigned to the charge of one of the best herds of Yorkshire swine in the world. A number of these animals were displayed in the show rings of the country that season, and before the year was over he was given full charge of the entries and showing as well as the fitting. He had great success in the winning of.prizes with heavy competition. Later he was offered a position at the college as head herdsman, which place he accepted, and set about to fit and improve the then rather low grade of animals at the institution. A grade steer which was picked up in a bunch of commercial cattle was selected by the young man as something that would develop into a show steer. This animal he carried along, having full charge of feeding and fitting, and when it was two years old he accompanied it to the International at Chicago, where it won the prize over all of the grades and crosses shown at that great exposition. His ambition for education was again aroused, and he dropped his work as herdsman for the sake of completing his education. He is now in college, scheduled to finish his work and receive his diploma this year.

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Carter Strictly Pure White Lead Paint will not Crack, Scale or Check. It Forms a Tough, Elastic film which only years of wear will remove. It wears down smooth—never needs to be burned off before repainting

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THE ITCH FOR PUBLICITY

(Concluded from Page 9)

bills, furnished by her father, the well-known operator on Wall Street. The Social Leaders see to it that their hired hands report faithfully their comings and goings, their sailings and flittings, their gowns and glitter. And do not make the mistake that any of those fine, crusted, old families that arrived, primarily, with the original Dutch or the original English, or not any more subsequent thereto than they can arrange for with the genealogists, do not participate. They all have press agents. Ask any society reporter; no, not that, for sometimes the society reporters—but, pshaw, some things must be sacred.

Following down, in the successive gradations of Society, from the top-notchers, whom we used to call the Four Hundred, to little Mrs. Martinsky, of East One Hundred and First Street, who goes up to a farmhouse in the Catskills every August for a week-end, and duly sends the captivating news of it to the papers, through Society, Almost-Society, Yearning-to-be-Society and the Climbers, either hired press agents are at work, or the personal efforts hope to supply the lack. Positively, dear brethren, one might as well live in Ballyshannon as to be in Society and get no notice of it in the papers. And those dreadful newspapers! One cannot have a quiet little function at home without its being blazoned forth in print next Sunday, which is pathetic; but think of the horror of not having it blazoned forth, a contingency carefully provided against.

These are but a few of the classes of people who seek mention for themselves. Dozens of other sorts of men and women have alert persons to see that the public does not go too long without some knowledge of their doings. Prize-fighters, actors and actresses, as individuals and for individual glory, outside of any play they may be with at the time—a female impersonator had a press agent who handed in little stories about the said female impersonator's prodigious prowess as a pugilist, a fighter, when he was not on the stage—athletes, brokers, promoters, contractors and contracting companies, politicians, professional men-about-town, art dealers, collectors, baseball players and scores of other similar toilers in the vineyard have press agents, either regularly engaged or looking out for them as a sideline.

Buying a Reputation

Now, there is nothing underhand about being the right sort of a press agent. There are scores of honest, capable, clever, industrious men in the business, doing square, legitimate, open-and-above-board work, respected, trusted and of great value, not only to the persons they represent, but to the public and the newspapers as well. But, on the other hand—and this applies particularly to those abnormally-acute persons who conglobulate in the financial district in New York—those who have noted the transparent publicity schemes into which many of these persons put money are compelled to wonder how on earth these easily-deluded folks ever got the money the press agents take away from them—there are press agents who have any confidence-man who ever worked the green-goods game looking like a resident of Posey County. The only explanation for it is that when a man gets the money-making habit he forgets everything but how to make money. So far as getting or influencing publicity for them is concerned, most of these people are so gullible it must seem a shame to many of the operators to take the checks.

The grafting press agents work by the same formula. Their scheme is to tell these wise financial and corporation persons that for a certain sum they can enlist such and such reporters or editors and get favorable mention. The truth of it is, that while there are black sheep everywhere, there are mighty few editors or reporters in New York or anywhere else who would touch a cent of money, outside of their salaries, for any such business. They are decent, hard-working and self-respecting men, who would be much more likely to kick a press agent into the gutter after a proposition of this kind than to take the money. And those who are so crooked as to take money never get anywhere nor do any good to themselves or to the person who thinks he is buying space.

Our financial and corporation people have been deluded into thinking otherwise, and tons of money have been handed over to rascally press agents, on the theory that such-and-such an honest newspaper worker could be influenced, which never got any farther than the press agent's pocket, until he spent it on himself. The heyday of this sort of thing was during the insurance investigations a few years ago. Then everybody was trying to get a character—and most everybody needed one. One big insurance man paid a press agent fifty thousand dollars to protect him in the papers, and must have been astounded at the result, for he was unmercifully lambasted every day. However, it was a good stroke for the press agent, who, as is common knowledge, disposed of about three thousand dollars of his fifty and kept the rest. Others paid similar sums to buy reporters and editors. No editor and no reporter of any standing whatever was bought, and everybody knew it but the men who paid out the money.

Painful Punishment

Those were exciting times. The papers would print almost anything that was interesting. There is no doubt that every reporter on that job was sold and resold dozens of times, without his knowledge or connivance. A few lines might get in favorable to some man interested. "There," the press agent would say, "see what I did for you this morning," and he would collect on it. It works out beautifully, from the newspaper viewpoint, at times. There was an occasion when a certain corporation had a couple of reporters in its pay at the New York City Hall. They took money and offered it to other reporters. It was refused in almost every instance, and, when the time came, the reporters who had been offered money and refused it, as every decent reporter would, hammered the everlasting tar out of this corporation, by way of proving they had not been bribed, to the intense surprise and accompanied by loud and raucous cries of pain from the corporation in question.

One morning, to show the gullibility of the corporation people, an editorial article appeared in a big New York newspaper taking the side of a corporation in a pending municipal matter. A press agent who had been working for this corporation cut out the editorial article, hustled down to his principal's office, told him he had been working to get that in for a long time and that it cost thirty thousand dollars. He got fifteen thousand. If he had shown his face in the editorial rooms of the paper, before or after that editorial article was written, he would have been thrown down the elevator shaft. He had no more to do with that editorial article than the Shah of Persia had.

The stupidity of some of the big corporation and financial people in New York who want publicity passes belief. One of them sent a press agent to circulate among the financial writers a time ago with fifty-dollar bills in envelopes, as slight tokens of esteem. It was all handed back, profanely, and next time that particular financial light came before the public he was properly spanked.

Flourishing on Others' Vanity

There are plenty of corporation and financial press agents who are square-toed, upright, decent chaps, who sail under no false colors and who do not try bribery or anything that smacks of it. They look out for the legitimate publicity for their individuals and institutions, and try to defend their people against the grafting class.

Still, the "write-up" men flourish, the bunco press agents gather in money on the pretense of being able to get in advertising, personal or otherwise, in the papers in the guise of news, the publicity firms prosper on similar flimsy grounds, the newspapers are swamped with praiseful stuff about all sorts and conditions of men and women, for the itch for publicity never ceases itching, and it is itchier in New York than anywhere else; the double-barreled moral being that man is altogether vanity, and of all sweet words of tongue or pen the sweetest are these: "I saw your name in the paper."

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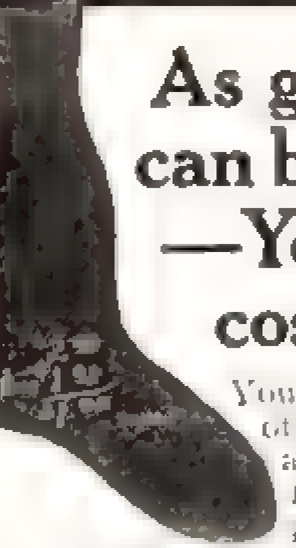

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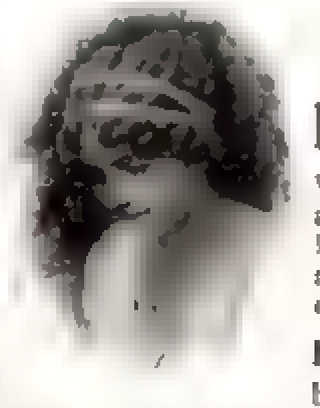

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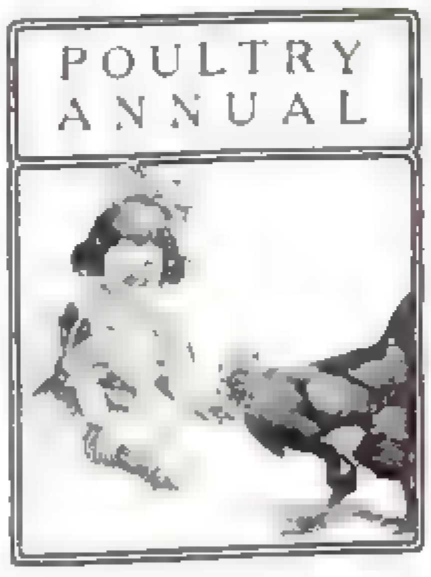

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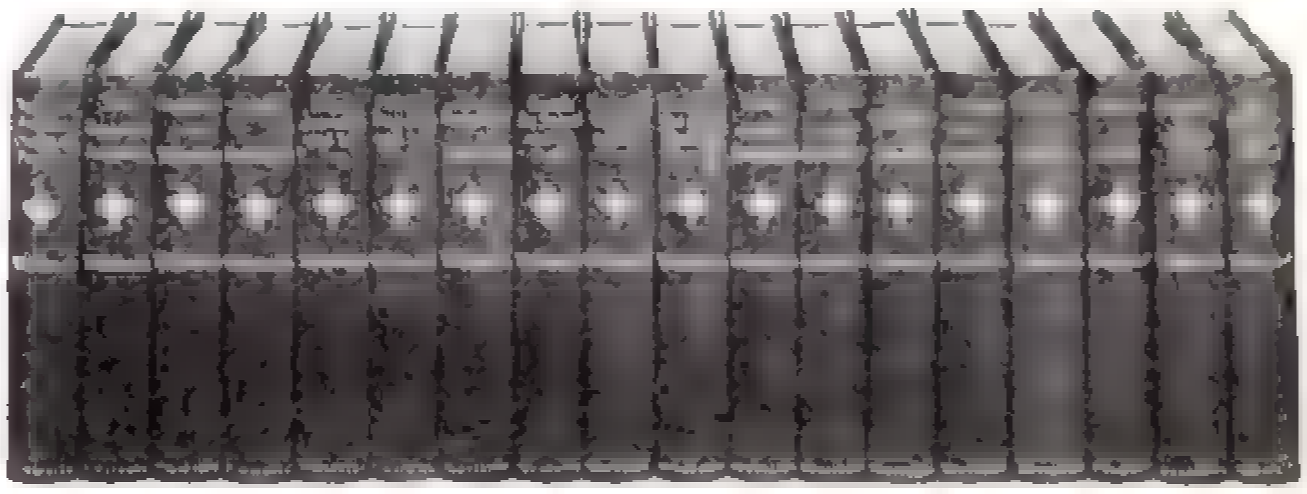

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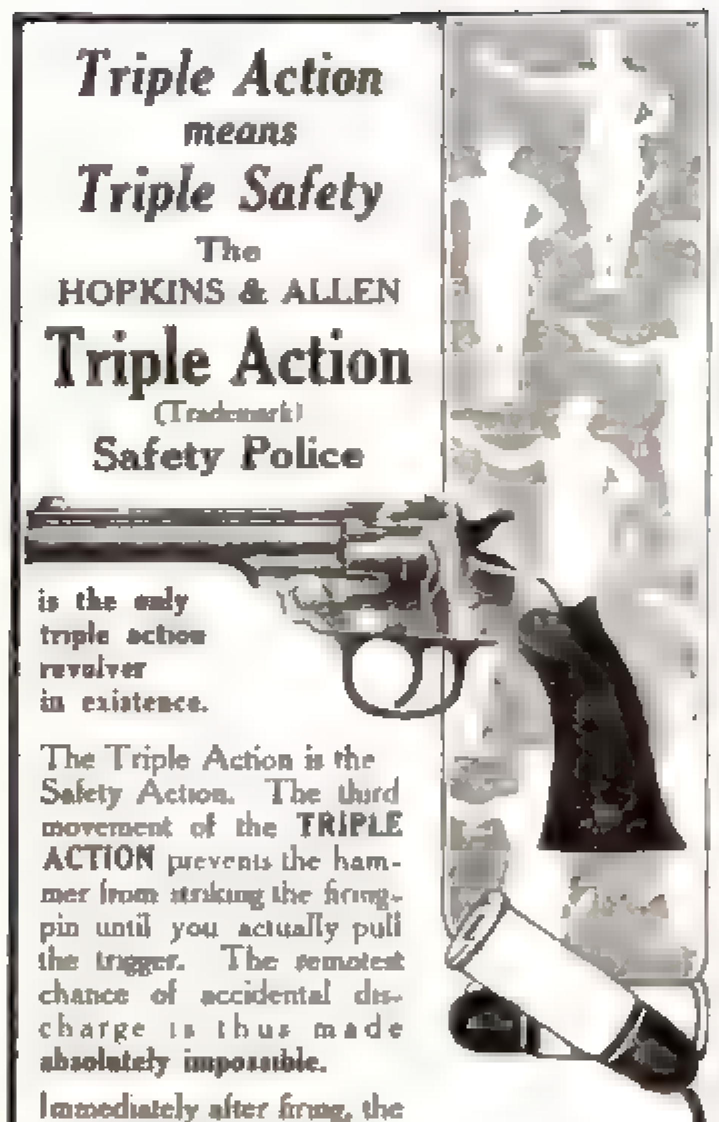

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FRENCHY

(Continued from Page 11)

were of deepest blue, her round cheeks were pink and white, and above the high collar of her blue dimity gown gleamed the whitest of necks; and to Frenchy, racial lines disappeared and the whole world was one magnificent federation where pretty women were concerned. He had one dance with her and hung deferentially at her side until her partner arrived for the next, wholly transgressing the immemorial usage that left the ladies standing in a confused crowd between dances while the gentlemen mopped their brows and prepared for another bout with dull care.

That in itself showed the fellow up as a milksop and a fool, opined Mr. MacElhern, otherwise known to the Circle Bars as Mac. Besides, it was not all; it was scarcely a starter, in fact. For, after a careful, discreet and tactful survey of the room, Frenchy made up his mind that Miss Schutzer was a divinity and the only woman present who possessed all the charms and graces which his æsthetic soul craved. He told her so. Mary Lou didn't in the least understand him, but she caught the drift of his whispered speech—who could fail to interpret the message of those eloquent eyes?—and slapped him coquettishly on the back, and told him she didn't believe he meant a word he was saying.

Frenchy, gallant gentleman that he was, went outside that Miss Schutzer might be spared the pain of seeing his agony as he gasped for breath, and returning, begged for just one leetle, leetle dance. Mary Lou not only gave him the leetle dance but four more.

"This," observed Mr. MacElhern in a savage aside—"This is not seemly."

He went over and expressed the opinion to fat Dick that foreign competition was ruining this country. Dick smiled in a nasty, sarcastic way and jerked his thumb in the direction of Mary Lou and Frenchy. They were sitting on a bench against the wall in a far corner, very close together, and Mary Lou's face was a delicious red as she listened with bent head to the Frenchman's murmured speech. Mac walked out into the road and paced up and down, battling with primal instincts.

"Say, pardner," inquired a well-grown gentleman from New Mexico, walking over to where George fiddled, "what's the nex' dance?"

"It's a new thing I done picked up, called The Nogal Girl—a polky," replied the orchestra.

"A polky? It's goin' to be a waltz, pardner, a waltz; an' you're goin' to play it good an' slow, see? My li'l' gal here's done tuckered out," said the gentleman from New Mexico in a harsh, grating voice.

A waltz it was, and in a waltz Frenchy was at his sublimest. At this juncture Mr. MacElhern stuck his gloomy countenance within the door to survey the scene, and, as ill luck would have it, beheld Mary Lou floating with closed eyes about the room, her left arm up on the Frenchman's shoulder, her golden head undeniably reposing on his clean, gray shirt. It was too much.

"You let her go, hear me?" he cried savagely, breaking between the pair, "an' take your arm away. It's my gal you're huggin', Lisette. An' you ought to take shame to yourself, Mary Lou."

"MISTER MacElhern ——" began Miss Schutzer.

"Ah, here; get away, my clown," said the Frenchman good-humoredly. "You not understand ze sublime. No, you know, nevaire. Run away, go back to camp. I stay here—for always, eh, ma'mselle?"

The answer was a shot, fired at such close range that the powder burned Lisette's neck and the weal of the bullet showed red through the copper tan beneath his ear. Mac had pulled a six-shooter awkwardly from his bosom, but before he could fire again Frenchy wrested the weapon from him with a lightning grapple and twist, and struck him with the butt between the eyes. As he staggered back, stunned and momentarily blinded, Lisette laughed easily, calming the exclaiming women with a word.

"Yes?" he mocked at MacElhern. "You not even shoot straight! Why, ev-er-y real gun-man he shoot straight an' quick. Like this."

Three spurts of flame leaped from his captured gun and the lanterns in all but one corner of the room fell to the floor with

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crash of broken glass. It was done in a second: he seemed to shake out the leaden pellets all in one movement, with the speed of light. Abashed and furious with himself at the poor figure he had made, yet secretly glad, too, now that his first paroxysm was over, that his marksmanship had been so poor, Mac backed away.

"Mary Lou, she done jiggled my arm," he apologized to the company in general.

At this the Frenchman bowed to her with fine courtesy and extended the weapon. She took it, broke the gun, and handed it back to MacElbern, empty. That done in the best possible manner, Miss Schutzer promptly burst into tears and sought the consolation which only feminine ministrations and companionship could give.

This was all very well, but what about the prestige of the Circle Bars? It did not suffice to contend that Frenchy belonged to the outfit and, therefore, his gunplay reflected glory on it. He was a foreigner and consequently a member of an inferior race, and he had publicly brought the blush of shame to the cheek of a Circle Bar boy, born and bred.

"We cain't do nothin', though, boys," said fat Dick judicially. "You-all seen the row, same as I did. An' Jim-in-ee! but Frenchy is shore sand all through. Cain't he handle that ol' gun!"

"Wal, he done stole Mac's gal," objected Reb, "an' Mac had a right to feel chafed. She's his gal, ain't she?"

"He seen her first," conceded Dick.

"No, we cain't do nothin' to him, boys; but I tell you what," cried Bob Saunders, "let's lose him. You-all willin'?"

They were. It was a black night, so dark that the senses swam when one endeavored to peer through the veil at the vague images which rose up in the path and disappeared ghostily. Five miles from Deadeye they entered the mouth of a narrow draw. Reb had ridden on, but his absence went unnoticed by Frenchy.

"Hal-loo-oo," came out of the blackness a hundred yards ahead.

"You go on, Frenchy, an' see what it is. That ol' hoss knows the trail," said Dick, and the whole party came to a halt.

Lisette urged his horse forward gingerly through the wall of darkness. Five yards took him out of touch with the party; ten yards, and a wild scramble of hoofs brought him sharp about. He surmised the trick in a flash and tugged hard on the reins to restrain his mount, eager to follow. Conquering him, he threaded the draw and endeavored to follow what seemed to him, from the feel of the horse's gait, a trail. A plainsman would have given Beanbelly his head, and the horse would have ambled safely into camp in an hour. Frenchy wasn't a plainsman and constituted himself pilot. As a result, he brought up against a butte which he had not seen on the ride over, and which he knew must be far off his road. So he turned to his left.

For an hour he wandered about, anxious to get in before daylight that he might take his part in the drive, because Uncle Henry was a disciplinarian who brooked no excuses, ever preferring deeds and results. When he hit the butte again after much rough going and several stumbles, Frenchy swore softly in his own tongue and lit one of his two remaining matches to consult the watch he wore in a strap about his wrist.

"Sunup in a hour," he said. "I sit here till she rise."

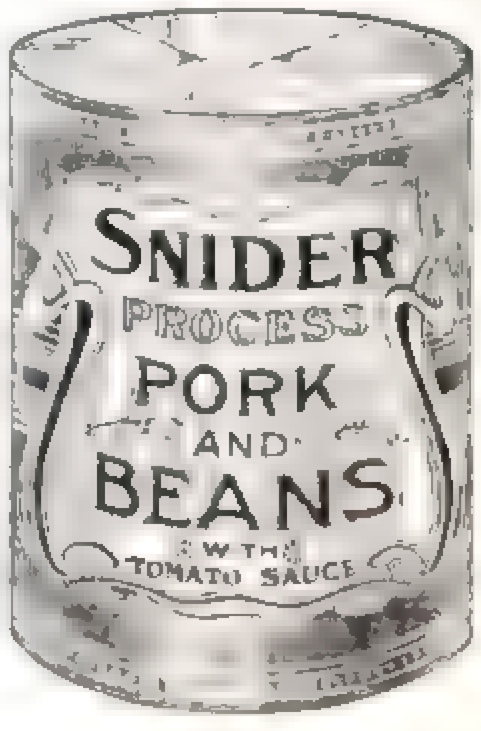
And slipping from the saddle he seated himself cross-legged, the reins over his arm, and smoked tranquilly. He nodded approvingly when the coyotes' chorus got into swing to herald the new day.

"I not like this place, though," he muttered to his horse. "Too many holes of dog, an' so big snakes. I not like ze hydrophobique skunk, neither; damn."

When dawn came, in a long, gray shiver from east to west, Frenchy rose, stretched himself and mounted. In the saddle he looked over his shoulder. Deadeye was plainly visible—a loose jumble of low, crude buildings strung along the trail. He felt in his pockets—nineteen dollars.

"I get ze hell anyways," he said philosophically, "an' I will get of it ze good, yes? Zey leave me here alone, my clowns."

Thereupon he rode back into Deadeye. Two days later Uncle Henry himself headed a relief expedition which scoured the country for a distance of thirty miles each way. They failed to find Frenchy, but at the end of a hard day's ride they swashed through the dust of Deadeye's



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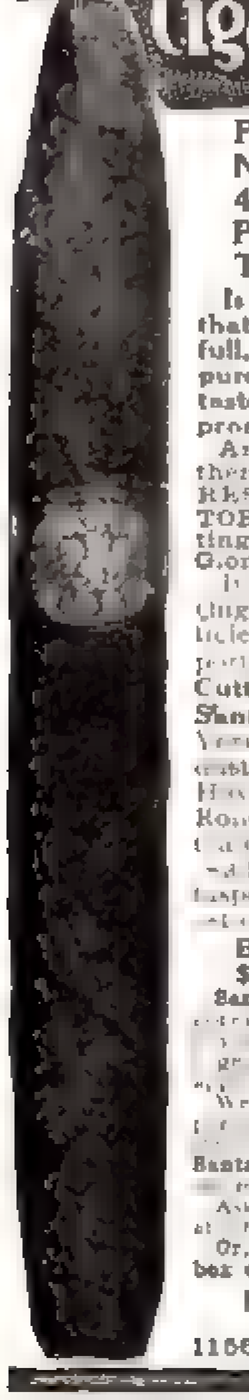

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only street, and stopped at Hous Terryberry's place for refreshment.

Happening to gaze from a window in idle contemplation of the wall of the neighboring house, Uncle Henry slowly put down his glass and rubbed his eyes, fascinated. There, in the shade of the overhanging roof, sat Frenchy, tilted back on a stool against the wall, strumming a guitar; and there, facing him, rocked Mary Lou in her father's big, cane armchair.

"It's this way, Frenchy," explained the wagon-boss kindly, an hour later. "We ain't got anythin' ag'in' you; nothin' but the nicest kind of feelin's. Only we come to the conclusion this ain't no place for a man like you. You go in an' git your time tomorrow. Tell Jem I sent you.

"An' remember, Frenchy, we're all your friends. Don't forgit it. Vive ze republic! But this country ain't sort of eddicated up to you yet. See what I mean? You're sort of too rich for our blood. I reckon that's it; yes, sir."

Mournfully the Frenchman rode down the thread of trail that led to the ranch-house and, for him, to the great outer world where they eat at tables and wear white collars and toil in offices and do other foolish things. All his gayety was gone; even the tripping measures of It's Delightful to be Married sounded hollow mockery in his ears, and he desisted from a feeble attempt to hum. There was no use in trying to coat the pill; he had been dismissed, fired, kicked out, and it hurt. The swift patter of hoofs on turf caused him to raise his head. A small urchin was speeding at right angles to him on a bony sorrel, flogging the animal with the tattered remnants of a quirt. He would cross the trail twenty paces in front.

"Hey, *mon enfant! Qu'est-ce?* What's ze mattaire?"

"The ol' woman — my mother," panted the boy. "Got to git a doctor. Cain't wait."

Frenchy spurred after the straining sorrel and slowed him down.

"How far to ze docteur?"

"Steerton. Here, lemme go. She's dyin', I tell you. You lemme go. I got to ride nineteen mile. . . . Take that, then."

He swished venomously at Lisette with the quirt. The Frenchman appeared not to feel the stinging slashes across his shoulders, and turned his own horse and the sorrel.

"Now, we ride like ze hell, see? I — I am a docteur. I was a soldier once, a soldier of *la belle France.*"

He said it proudly. Without a word, the boy slapped his heels into his mount's ribs and they went away at a scrambling run.

"There, down there in that li'l' draw. No; look more to the right. That's our house. She's — she's awful sick, the ol' woman, sir."

As they pounded over a rise and swept through a crazy gate in the half-grown fence that surrounded the section in which the house stood, Frenchy caught a sound that stirred his heart's blood with pity. His spurs raked his horse's sides and he left the boy behind; but his spurs were off and he was treading lightly, gently as a woman, when he entered the low door of the sod-roofed log structure.

"Now," he said, coming out five minutes later, "you stay out here, *mon enfant.* You deestract your so good mother. What can you do? Ah, carry ze water. An' when you get enough, get some more, eh? *Que sert de pleurer?* Cease, stop — er — quit crying. Cease, *mon enfant,* cut it out."

Late in the afternoon Frenchy emerged from the bare, two-roomed house and flung himself down on his back in the shade of a lone cottonwood tree. He took out paper and tobacco and, rolling himself a cigarette, closed his eyes as he sent a thin wisp of smoke curling upward among the branches. He was tired, so tired, a compelling languor deadening his faculties and his limbs after hours of superb ministrations at high tension. Well, he had won the fight. And he was content. Inside the house a thin, reedy wail voiced the complaint of a newcomer into this vale of tears, and beside her lay a woman, with a great peace in her eyes. Hovering moodily near the bed the son eyed the arrival dubiously, not at all certain that he ought to like her.

"Go round up my horse, *mon enfant,*" called Frenchy, raising himself on one elbow; and when it was brought: "Now, I should for ze ranchhouse ride. But somebody must go tell your father, an' you

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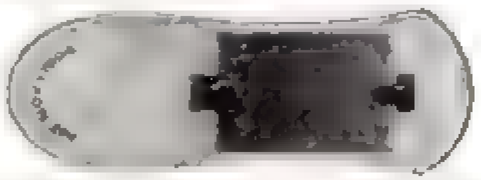

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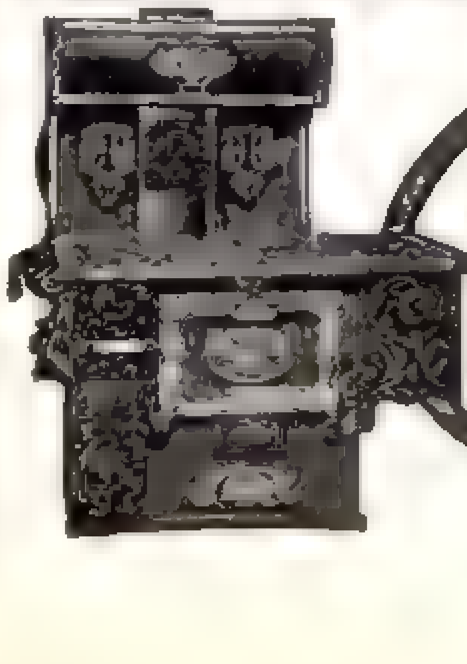

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cannot leave your so good mother an' *petite* sister. Therefore will I go; yes, though they fire me, keeck me out."

It was dusk when a solitary figure appeared to Mit against the skyline of pale yellow, where the sun was reluctantly going to rest. It loomed gigantic for a minute and then came on toward camp, assuming real proportions on a nearer view. Uncle Henry paused from spreading his blankets to gaze.

"It cain't be Frenchy, shorely," he said in a dazed tone.

"Hello, my clowns," cried a tired voice. "I am back, you see! No, Uncle Henery, not for to stay."

He walked over to where Dick was squatting, whittling a stick and listening to the lugubrious song of Jack the Cowboy.

"Ah, Deeck! You had better ride for ze home, yes? You have helped out ze census, Deeck."

Said Uncle Henry: "Have some supper, Frenchy. Dave'll find something, won't you, Dave? You cain't go on tonight. You kin sleep with me, Frenchy."

"*Merci*," said Frenchy, "t'anks."

All the boys were saddling up for the day's drive when Dick rode in again next morning—all but Lisette, who was combing his hair with his fingers, crouched beside the campfire. Fat Dick threw his saddle to the ground with a long, tremulous sigh. His eyes fixed on the Frenchman with a peculiar, awed stare, he walked over to him, and in front of the whole camp whirled him to his feet and seized his hand.

"She'd 'a' died," he said brokenly. "She'd 'a' died, shore."

Then he started blubbering like a child. Old Dave fell to blaspheming in appalling fashion, and dumped out an entire pot of newly-cooked beans into Bob Saunders' slicker. Frenchy himself was visibly shaken at Dick's emotion.

"No, don't go for to kiss me, Frenchy," said Dick restrainingly. "I understand."

Lisette walked away to saddle up, and Uncle Henry followed. Uncle Henry was not a rapid thinker, but he always contended he was sure when he did get to thinking, and he had been sweating hard over his thoughts for five minutes.

"Frenchy, where you goin'?" he asked in a surprised, grieved tone. "You ain't figurin' to leave us this-away?"

"Ah, yes, Uncle Henery."

"But you don't need for to go. We—we kind of need a good cowhand like you, Frenchy."

"T'anks, Uncle Henery. No, I go. I not do any good here. An' I go to marry one boo-teeful lady."

"I cain't be at the weddin', Frenchy," Mac explained. "But hyar's my hair bridle."

A pair of gold spurs was jammed into his reluctant hands; they gave him a Mexican saddle, heavy with silver. Uncle Henry, with one of those happy thoughts which came only to Uncle Henry, dug into his war-bag and presented him with a new rawhide quirt and two plugs of tobacco, chewing. Old Dave came over with a Navajo blanket.

"I got a li'l' ol' calf over in the home pasture," remarked Ben, looking far away into the distance, and addressing nobody in particular. "He's a good calf, too, that li'l' rascal. He wears the A P Bar on him. You give me your ad-dress in Par-ee, Frenchy, an' I'll send him to you, shore. It won't cost you a cent of freight, neither."

Dick was prowling about him, following his every movement like a dog. He said not a word and proffered him nothing, for Dick was a gentleman in his instincts.

"*Messieurs*," said Lisette, facing them, and his voice was shaking—"*Messieurs*, I to you will apologize for any words I have evaire use. You are ze brave men."

"An' you done got that li'l' gal with the five-thousand-dollar dress, Frenchy?" asked the cook, with the liveliest interest.

"Ah, yes, one boo-teeful lady. I marry her soon."

"Here's wishin' you luck, Frenchy. *Adios*," said Uncle Henry.

"An' a dozen li'l' Frenchies," cried old Dave.

It was an inspiration. Nobody in the outfit could have thought of just the right thing to say but old Dave, and they gazed at him in envious admiration. Sometimes Uncle Henry wondered darkly if Dave hadn't been a society man in his day; at any rate, he must have seen a deal of life.

Frenchy bowed to them, his hand on his heart.

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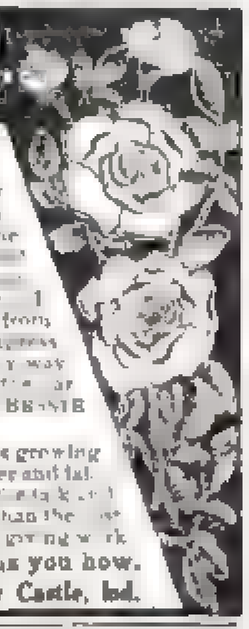

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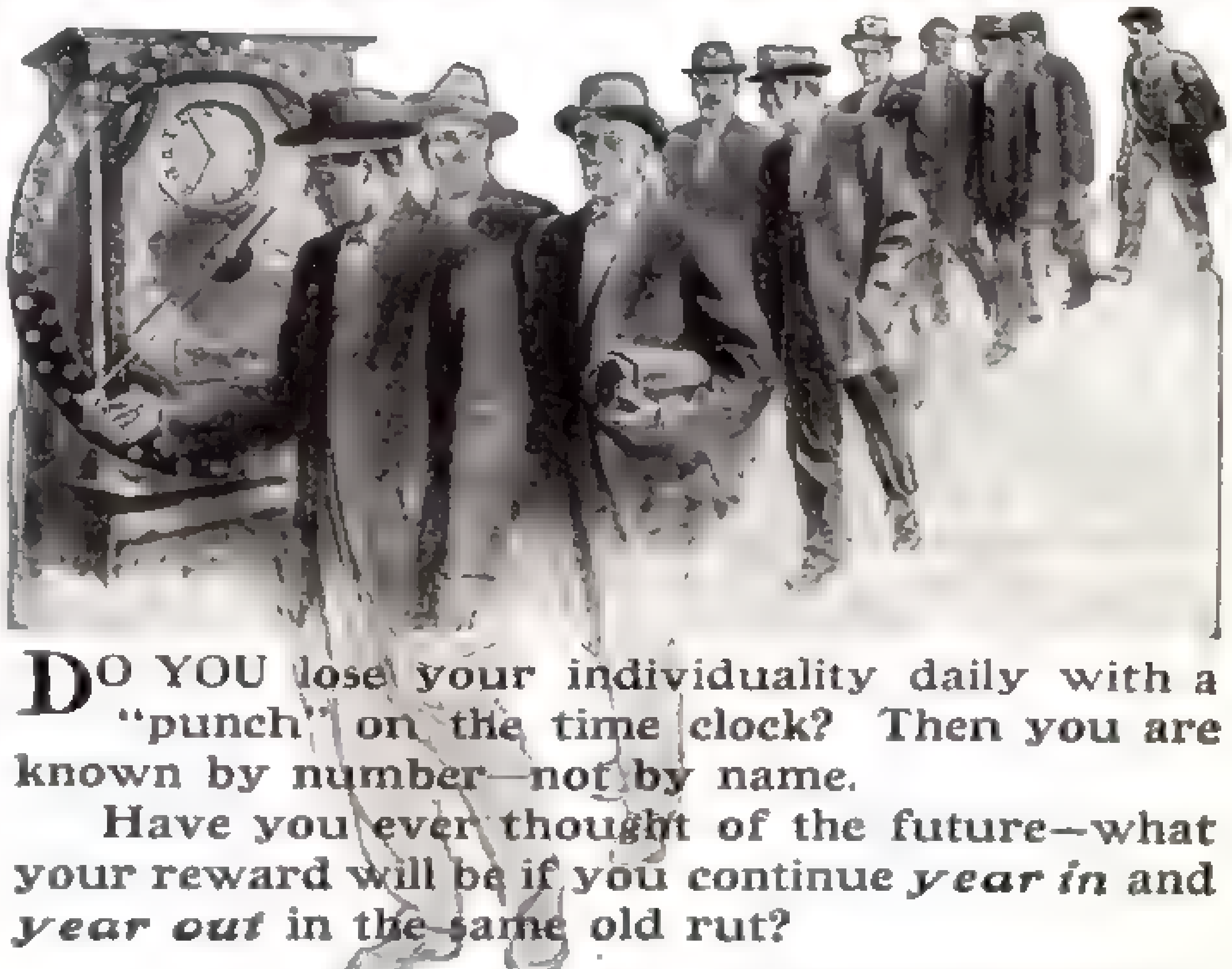

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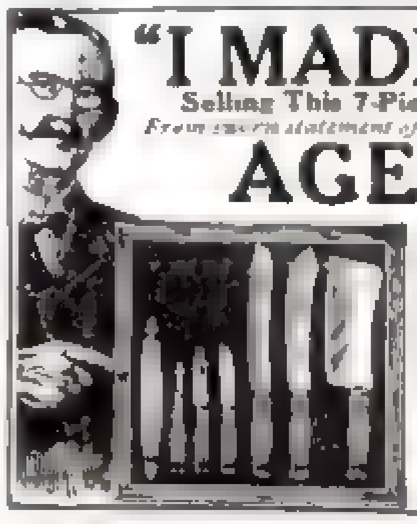

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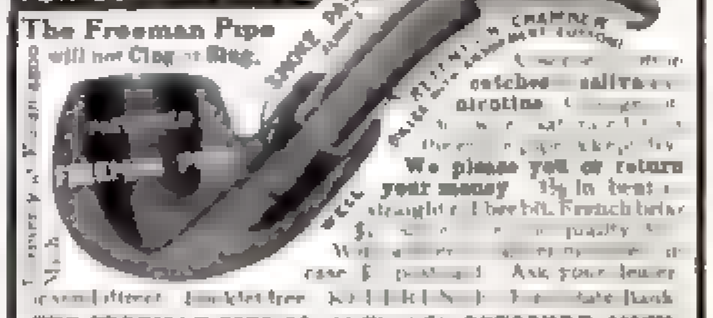

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HENRY S. LOTZ
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THE CONFESSIONS OF A CON MAN

Continued from Page 4)

him. I've always had a notion that he was just playing to make a great stake to meet some emergency. Holding out cards was his specialty. He had a hand twice as big as mine. He could palm a pair of kings and keep them palmed for ten minutes, while he dealt and played and made gestures. I'd have liked to stay with him—but Jim Ross caught me.

At the end of the year Ross and I were in Quincy with five or six hundred dollars apiece in our pockets. We went up against a faro game. When we woke next morning, broke, he laid it all to me. He acted so disagreeable that I punched him one for luck and went away from him forever. A few years later Ross died of heart failure in a Turkish bath.

It was a good time for a visit home, and I beat my way back to Windville. My mother took me in hand. She had no exact knowledge of what I'd been doing, though she knew that it was something pretty disreputable. I promised her to brace up, and I proved that I meant it by getting a job carrying water for a railroad camp. In two weeks I was timekeeper, and in six weeks gang boss. Before the end of the summer I had taken a sub-contract and was running thirty teams. I've figured since what I might have been if I'd stopped right there and stuck to straight business. But we finished that job. I took another contract farther up the line, was cheated by the man in charge, and drifted back to the old poker room in Windville.

There I met "Lumber Swede," the best straight poker-player I ever knew. He was an ignorant Scandinavian—I don't believe that he could write his own name. He'd been a common lumber-jack, had learned poker in the camps, and had developed great card sense. Lumber Swede was a cheater, all right, but he could have come pretty near making a living playing straight. He earned his hundreds of thousands, like the rest of us, and at one time he had saved a pretty good pile; but the race-track got him. When I saw him last he was working as booster in a Chicago poker club. You know the game has changed a lot in recent years. It's all in the hands of "clubs"—entrance fee and qualifications for membership, a wink at the doorkeeper. These club games are all jackpots, and a quarter of the opening stakes is the percentage to the house. This rakeoff is so high that it doesn't pay the house to run a crooked game. But they need boosters to stimulate interest and to keep the game running. As soon as the place opens the Swede comes in and starts a game. When he has filled the table and accumulated a waiting list, he says something about going to business, cashes in, and retires to the saloon downstairs, where he stays until he's summoned to stir up interest again. Of course, being the best poker-player in the country, he wins more than he loses. He gets a percentage on all his winnings and a hundred dollars a month besides. So he's settled down in life with a steady job; and I must say that he has finished better than most of the cheaters I used to know.

Lumber Swede's Squeeze Wheel

When he met me in the poker-room at Windville he was all heated up over a "squeeze wheel" which he had just bought—the device was new then. He thought there was a fortune in it. Being still pretty green, I did, too. When he proposed partnership I jumped at the chance.

The squeeze wheel? It goes by various names. The gamblers call all such devices "spindles." Any one who has followed country fairs must have seen it in operation. It's a big pin, like a clock hand, revolving around a circle which is spaced off for prizes—ten dollars in one space, five in another, a dollar in others, a lot of blanks, two spaces marked "conditional" and one "lose." The wheel goes around; wherever the little indicator at the point of the pin stops, there is your prize—or your lemon.

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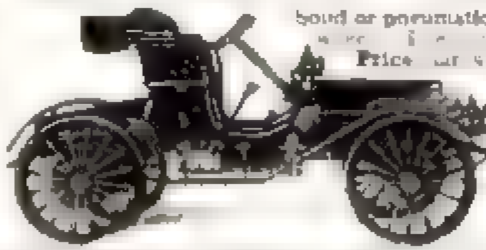

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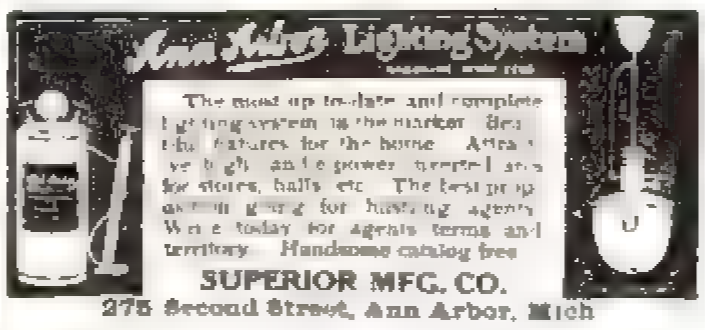

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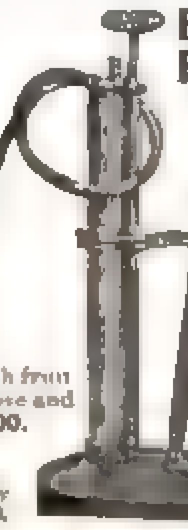

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the knob is under a stack of gold-pieces upon which the operator keeps his hand while the merry wheel goes around.

That was the country-fair season. The Swede figured on going from fair to fair, cleaning up the grangers and making a million. He was badly fooled. In some places the authorities stopped us; in others, we fizzled out because neither of us knew how to handle boosters. Fixing the authorities and shoving the boosters are the whole works in such a game. We were a ridiculous team for squeeze wheel—a green kid and a silent Swede. I laugh about it yet. By the end of a fortnight we had only four hundred dollars left between us, and we lost all that on a faro bank.

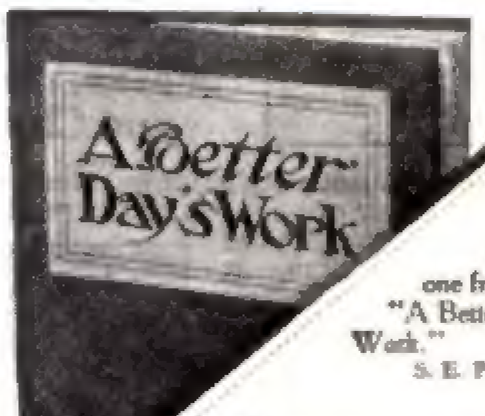
I remember that expedition chiefly because on it I first met some three-card-monte men—Jim Barnes and his gang. He was a great hero to me, for I was still only a small cheater, and he was the best "broad-spieler" on the road. He had in his gang the ex-city marshal of Leadville. When the vigilants cleaned up that town and lynched two footpads, the marshal figured that they might be turning their attention to the city government next, and left between two days. Now he owns a cattle-ranch in Texas and gambles only for fun, and his pal is doing well in the hotel business. I mention this because such a finish is exceptional among professional gamblers. These were old-time monte men, who wore no disguises, and looked what they were. From hearing them talk I got a great hunch for that game. Years later, and after monte had got in pretty bad repute, I became a member of the firm which rejuvenated it, and made it one of the best-paying propositions on the road.

I've wished at times that I'd stayed with Lumber Swede. He had a long, cool, scheming head and wonderful card sense, but he couldn't express himself. With him to pull things off and me to work the line of con-talk which I acquired in my later experience, we should have made one of the greatest combinations in the country. But I had to be going, and back I drifted toward Illinois, making for any town where I heard there was a good game, tying up with any older gambler who was willing to steer me. McCafferty, who belongs to that period, was the best all-around poker cheater I ever met, just as Lumber Swede was the best straight player. Marked cards, cold decks, stacks, glass—all tricks looked the same to him. Hayden, with whom I cleaned up a game at Springfield, dropped the cards and took up general graft at about the time I did. For years we ran in and out of each other's operations.

The Phony Poolroom Enterprise

Hayden is in bad just now. They have a new game in the West which hasn't been named as yet. It is a play for big money, and it needs an elaborate plant. The grafters hook some rich, old, country sport and tell him the story of a great prize-fight winning they are going to pull off. They've found a young phenom. He is going up against a man of established reputation. They want to get their money down on the unknown, but the poolrooms won't take bets from them because they are professional gamblers. Will Mr. Sucker act as their betting commissioner? They approach him because he is a man of standing, and also a patron of sport. They will pay his expenses to Chicago. It will only be necessary for him to take along a draft for twenty-five thousand dollars to show as a guarantee that he is what he purports to be. They lead him and his draft to the training quarters; they give him a chance to see both pugilists at work. Any judge of fighters can perceive that it is a cinch. Gradually, and without any direct steer from the grafters, the sucker gets enthusiastic himself, cashes his twenty-five thousand, and bets it—in a phony poolroom. The "fight" comes off, and his man lays down. Only the old-time "cross," though with fine, new variations. Hayden pulled this off two or three times; but something went wrong, as things are bound to go wrong in games which require so many cappers and confederates, and now he's under indictment and heavy bail.

I had gained a reputation in the Middle West, and that led to my job at Hot Springs. That's still a pretty tough town, but it's Purity Village compared to those days. Everything was as wide open as a saloon door and as crooked as a corkscrew. Three different houses employed me as official cheater. In two of them I used



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marked cards. In the other my partner and I worked the glass. That device isn't used very often now. You know the "kitty" in a poker table—the square hole or slit at the center into which you slip the house percentage? Well, on two sides of the kitty were little mirrors, so that a man sitting opposite either of them could see in them the underside of the cards as he dealt. Those mirrors rested away down in the kitty until wanted for use; a touch on a spring inside the table-leg brought them to position. It was better than marked cards, in that it did not require so much concentration to follow the hands. On your deal, you could read and remember all the hands in a game of five players.

I was kept in reserve to skin good-things—rich Easterners with a roll, usually. When such a man showed up around any of the three houses they would send a hurry call for me. The house attended to all the steering and fixing; I simply performed the operation and got half the money.

I have come, through experience, to be superstitious about one thing: a great, big stake will always slip through my fingers. I could land a moderate winning, up to a thousand or two; but whenever I started for a large roll something would happen. Those fellows who skinned that rich trust magnate out of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, in one night of faro, sound like a fairy tale to me. I began to notice this at Hot Springs. The president of an Eastern flour company came into town on a tear, throwing his money right and left. One of my houses telephoned to me; they had him playing, and he was half-drunk. I worked the cold deck on him all that night. I won three hundred and fifty dollars in cash and his check for eight thousand dollars. I went to bed stuck on myself.

But the gambling-houses were squabbling among themselves; my boss, whom we'll call Finnigan, had a quarrel over the privileges with a rival whom we'll call Jones. The news of my killing got around that night. Jones, for revenge, telephoned to my sucker first thing in the morning, telling him that he had been cheated. The flour man had the check stopped. The same identical thing happened in the case of a young Englishman, holder of a minor title, whom I beat out of five thousand dollars with marked cards.

A Winter at Hot Springs

I passed the next winter in Hot Springs. But I never did so well again. I was getting too well known. My partner and I did find one rich sucker. We had him nibbling, when I came down with fever and nearly died. My partner, as I afterward learned, carried the deal through and won sixteen hundred dollars. He skipped without dividing, leaving me broke and in the hospital. He used the money to pay off the mortgage on his mother's farm. You've heard tell of honor among thieves. I've found precious little of it. There is generosity, though. Gamblers are always staking their busted comrades. Now I met that very man two years later, when I'd been against faro and was temporarily on my uppers; and he gave me a hundred dollars.

When I was broke or sick or in trouble I naturally turned back toward Windville. I was only a young boy, after all. I landed there without a bean, ready for any engagement. And just then old Doctor Benedict came to town on his annual visit. He offered me a partnership, and I joined him.

Old Doctor Benedict, America's Greatest Optician, was a professional card cheater, who used the spectacle business as a blind. Ahead of his arrival he would insert in the town paper an advertisement which read something like this:

> Old Doctor Benedict, the Marvelous Optician, is Coming With His Australian Pebble Lenses, the Optical Discovery of the Age. Corrects Errors and Aberrations of Vision Which Have Resisted the Skill of the Greatest European Surgeons. Watch for Old Doctor Benedict and His Corps of Expert Assistants. Palace Hotel, Wednesday, from 10 to 4.

I was the corps of assistants. We'd arrive with five trunks—four empty, and the fifth holding our clothes, together with a line of cheap, stock spectacles, graded by ages. The doctor would pose around the lobby in a tall hat and a long coat, and I would sit behind a big ledger which was one of our properties. When the customer appeared, Doctor Benedict would give him a fine lecture on defective vision, and would make him squint at a set of alphabet cards. I'd be busy making phony entries in the ledger as the Doctor talked them off to me. In the course of his hocus-pocus he would slip in the real question: "How old are you?" We'll suppose that the sucker answered "Fifty-two." After a little more guff, Doctor Benedict would go over to our trunk and select the regular stock spectacles for a man of fifty-two. He'd get them adjusted with a lot more phony talk, and collect whatever the sucker looked to be good for.

From this public position we were able to spy out the poker-games and to pose, in towns where I wasn't known, as easy-marks. We did pretty well, but I hated him worse than a rattlesnake, for he held out profits and had disgusting habits. His finish was funny. He worked up such a reputation for his Australian Pebble Lenses that it paid him to cut out gambling altogether, and devote himself wholly to the spectacle business.

The Luck of Slippery Sills

My last regular partner in card cheating was Slippery Sills, with whom I'd done a turn here and there ever since I broke in. Slippery was good at his trade, but an awful drunkard. He had the nerve of the damned. They tell this story on him: A little gambling-house in Missouri kept posted on the wall an offer of a silk hat for every straight flush. Let me tell you, a straight flush is an uncommon hand in poker. In all my experiences I've never known one to be held on the square. Well, Slippery was playing cold decks there one night. He cleaned out every one in the place. I guess they knew he was a cheater, but the principle of that house was to let a man go for one sitting, and bar him afterward. When every one had enough, Slippery looked up and saw that sign. "Let's play a sociable game for a quarter limit," he said; "I need a silk hat." On the second hand he showed a straight flush. Inside of an hour he had won eight silk hats on eight straight flushes and no one could tell how he did it.

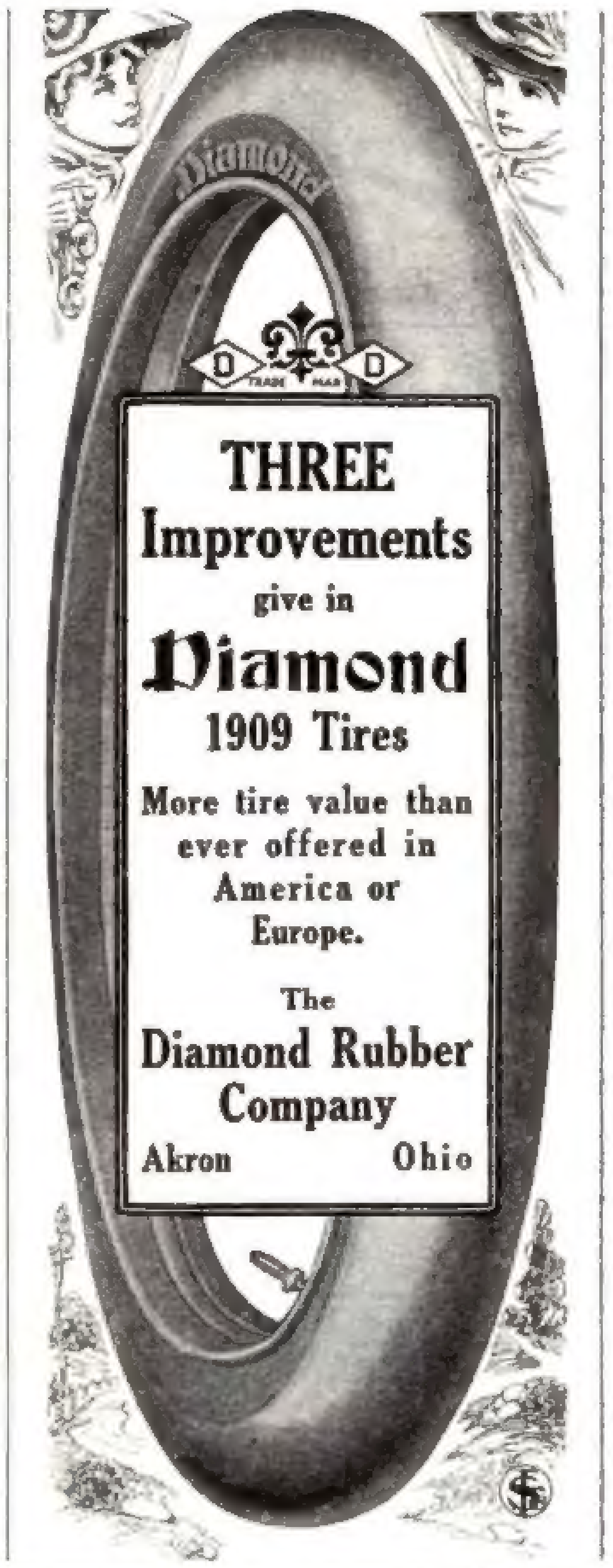
I was barred once from a good game in Springfield, Missouri. I went over to St. Louis and found Slippery. He was flat broke. I offered to stake him and take him into the Springfield game. He accepted. If I remember right, I gave him a hundred dollars. About midnight I wandered over to that house to see how things were going. While I was barred from playing, they were glad to see me personally. Slippery Sills was looking over a whole breastwork of chips.

He did not seem to need any assistance from me; so I went back to the hotel and turned in. I woke early. Slippery hadn't come in yet. I dressed and went out to look for him. I found him asleep on the billiard-table in the barroom, without a dollar in his clothes. He had been drinking while he played. Along toward morning the booze had got to him. The house had rung in another cheater on him at this point, and had taken away all his winnings, and my hundred besides.

One morning about eight years ago I stood on the station platform at Seymour. A freight train pulled in, and a frightful specimen of a hobo rolled off from the brake-beam. He saw me watching him, and he struck me at once for a quarter. His face touched a button in my memory somewhere. I looked him over carefully, and recognized what was left of Slippery Sills. He got five dollars.

In the spring of 1886 I got acquainted with a grafter who ran the O'Leary Belt for a circus. He persuaded me that circus graft had card cheating beaten forty ways. I listened to his spiel, and it ended in my taking a job as his booster handler with the promise of a partnership as soon as I learned the game.

He gave me the circus fever; for several years from that time I was never happy away from the smell of sawdust.



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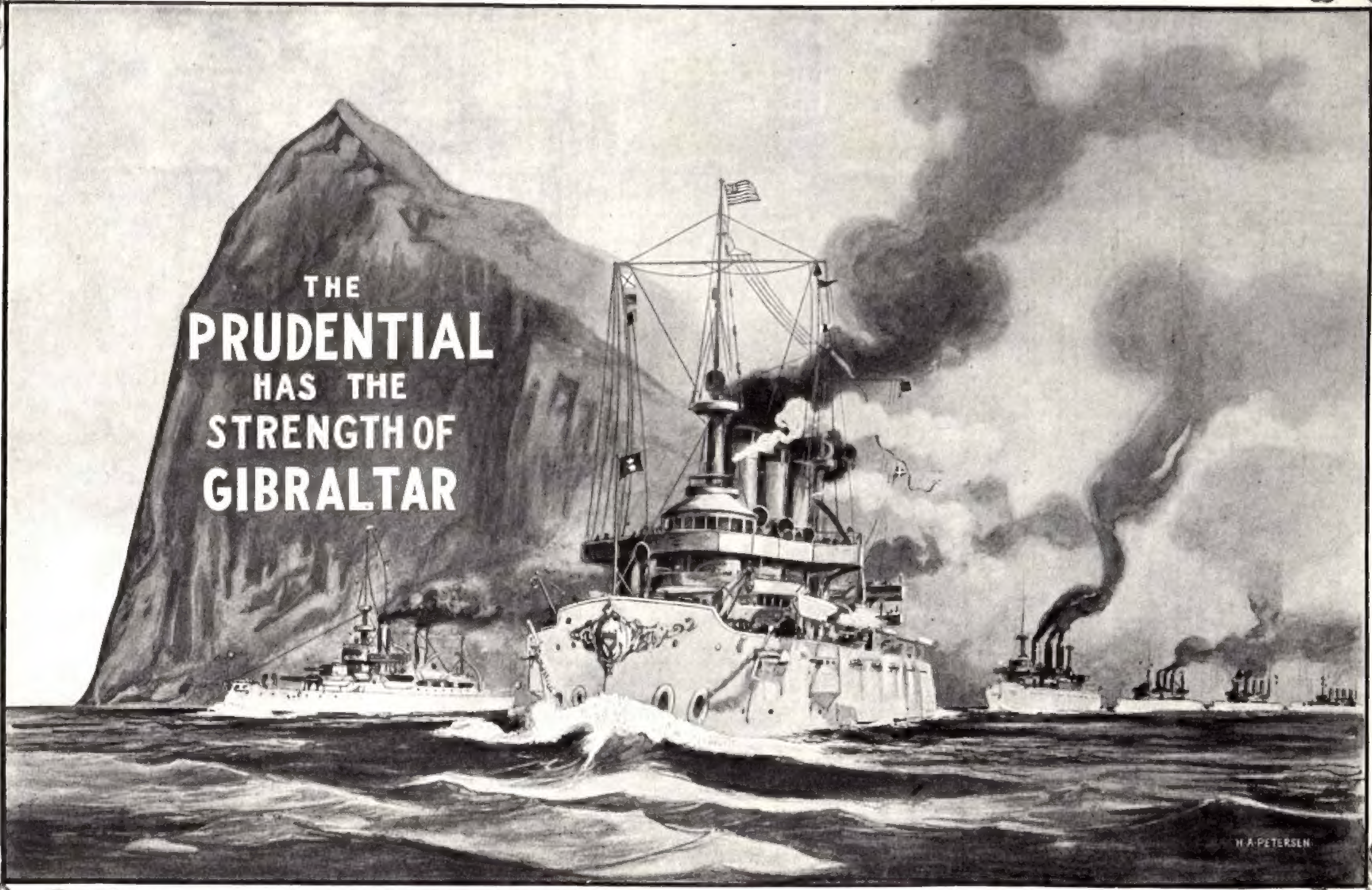
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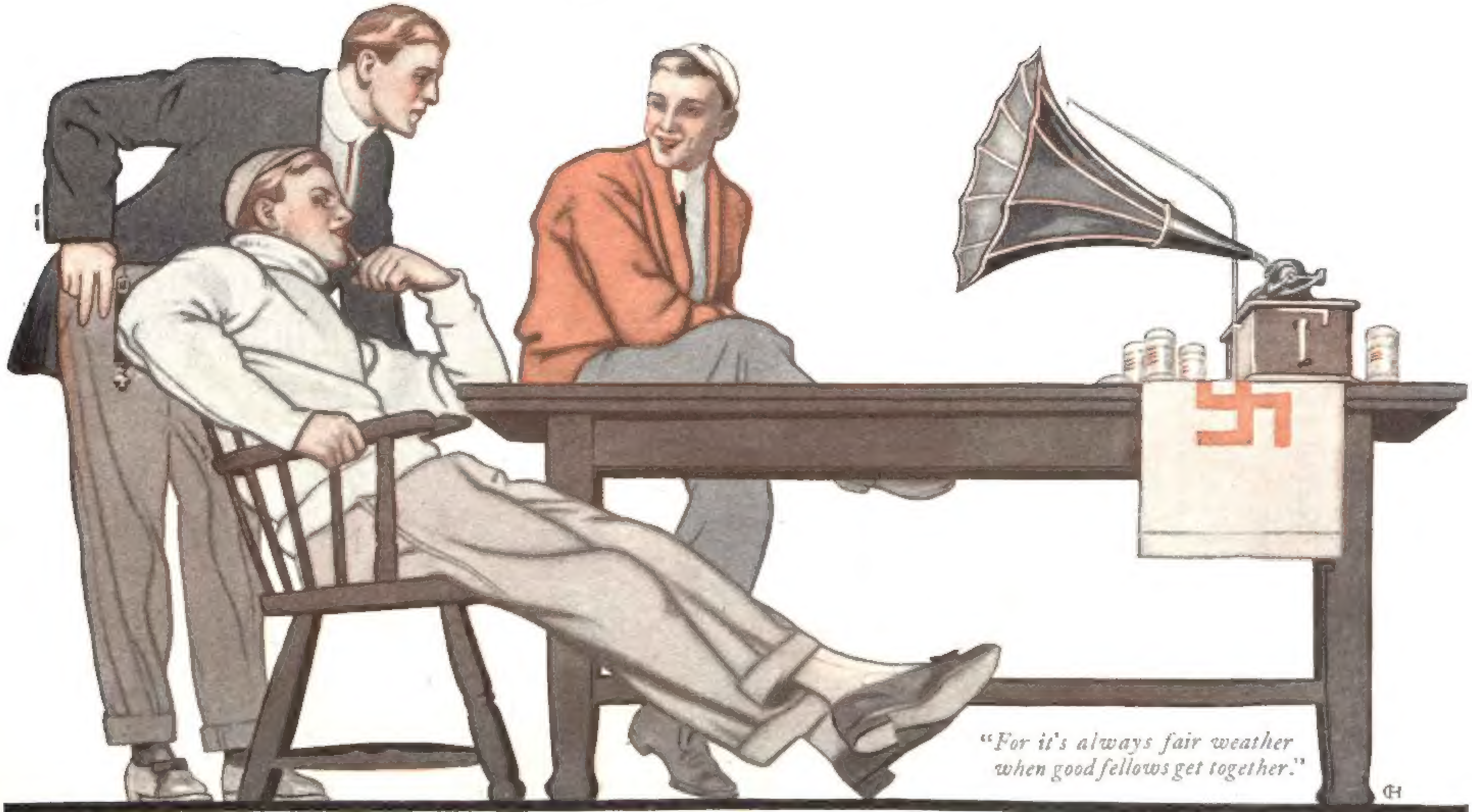

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